

THE  
UNIVERSAL  
SPECTATOR.

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By HENRY STONECASTLE of  
*Northumberland, Esq;*

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V O L. II.

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*Inter cuncta leges, & percunctabere doctos,  
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,  
Ne te semper inops agitet, vexetque Cupido,  
Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium spes.  
Virtutem doctrina paret, naturane donet:  
Quid Minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum.*

Hor. 1 L. Epist. 48.

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L O N D O N:

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UNIVERSAL  
SPECTATOR

BY HENRY STONOR



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THE  
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By HENRY STONECASTLE, of Northumberland, Esq;

VOL. II.

*O miseræ hominum mentes, O pectora cæca!  
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisq; periclis,  
Degitur hoc ævi quodcunq; est!* *Lucret.*

*From my House in the Minorities.*



NOTHING is in itself so trifling or ridiculous, but that by the *Folly, Ignorance, Laziness, or Partiality* of Mankind, it may be made the Cause of much Confusion in the World. Examples of this Kind are but too frequent among ourselves.—— Do we not often *bate, revile and persecute* one another, for Things, which, if fairly examin'd, would be found of no Importance? Are not our Quarrels in *Religion* chiefly

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about *Words* or *Forms*, which in themselves are neither *Good* nor *Evil*? What Mischief have some certain *Sounds* produced, though impossible to be understood? How has *Ignorance*, *Humour* and *Vanity* been exerted, to prove the *pulling off a Hat* unlawful; and with what *Obstinacy* is it still opposed? How often has *bowing*, or *not bowing*, been supported and condemn'd, with the utmost Heat and Violence? What Disputes have the *Fashion and Colour of Dress* occasion'd? And when shall we be agreed whether 'tis most our Duty to *sit*, to *stand*, or *kneel*?— Things so unaccountable, that one would wonder how they ever could be received, by Length of Time seem Sacred, and we think it impious to examine them; while we reject the most useful Truths, through *Bigotry*, *Prejudice*, and *false Zeal*.

THOSE are happy who can shake off the Force of *Prejudice*: To do this we must look Abroad: We shall readily discern the Faults of others, though we are blinded to our own. — I make no Doubt what follows will appear to us ridiculous enough: It's a brief Account of the mighty Bustle and Disturbance, which a Thing so indifferent as *Coffee*, has at several Times, and in several Places, occasion'd amongst the *Mahometans*. We may laugh at them, and justly too: But I fear the *Christians* have often made no less ado about Things as light and trifling.

' ABOUT the Middle of the fifteenth Century, the Governor of *Mecca*, under the *Egyptan* Sultan, coming out of a *Mosque* one Evening after Prayers, observed several People, who were to spend the Night in Devotion, drinking something in a Corner of it. He was much offended, believing it had been *Wine*, which is absolutely forbidden by *Mahomet*; but, upon Examination, was inform'd they were drinking *Coffee*. Being newly come to *Mecca*, and a Stranger to this Liquor, he ask'd many Questions about the Use and Virtues of it; and was told, it exhilarated and reviv'd the Spirits, and that much Merriment pass'd at the publick Houses where it was sold. This made him apprehend that *Coffee* was intoxicating, and consequently forbidden by the Law.

' NEXT

NEXT Day, he called together the *Officers* of *Justice*, the *Doctors of the Law*, with the *Priests* and *Chief Men* of the City, to whom he told what had happen'd in the *Mosque* the Night before, and also what he had learn'd touching the *publick Coffee-Houses*; adding, that he resolv'd to remedy this Abuse, and for that Purpose had conven'd them. The *Doctors* answer'd, that indeed, there were frequent Disorders at the *publick Coffee-Houses*, contrary to pure *Mahometism*; but as to *Coffee* itself, it would be proper to examine whether it was prejudicial either to Body or Mind, or could occasion such Disorders; for, if not, to put the *Houses* down would be sufficient, without forbidding the private Use of it. This was referr'd to the Consideration of two of the most eminent *Physicians* in all *Mecca*, (though in Truth of mean Abilities) and they declar'd, that *Coffee* was *cold and dry*, very unwholesome, and apt to disturb the Brain. One of the *Doctors* reply'd, that an ancient *Arabian Physician* of great Note, had maintain'd *Coffee* to be *hot and dry*, comfortable to the Brain, and very wholesome. The two *Physicians* said, that the *Berries* he wrote about were call'd indeed by the same Name, but notwithstanding, were of a different Nature from the *Coffee* now in Use. And, without attempting to prove this, went on roundly to infer, that since *Coffee* disorder'd the Understanding, it ought to be held unlawful.

MOST of the Assembly approv'd this Determination; and some, out of *prejudice* or *blind Zeal*, did not scruple to affirm, that *Coffee* had actually turn'd their Brain: Nay, one declared, that it intoxicated like *Wine*; which to know, he must have been drunk with *Wine*, as in his Warmth, being ask'd the Question, he confess'd; which cost him the *Bastinado*, a Punishment always inflict'd for drinking *Wine*. — The *MUTTA* of *Mecca* was the only Person that undertook the Defence of *Coffee*, which he did with much Heat and Earnestness; but all his Arguments, however just and reasonable, only drew on him the Rage and Calumny of the *furious Zealots*. In short, *Coffee* was solemnly condemn'd as a Thing forbidden by the Law; and this *Condemnation*, sign'd by the *Governor* and several of



the *Doctors*, was immediately sent away, as a Dispatch of great Importance, to the *Sultan* at *Grand Cairo*. An Order, at the same Time, was publish'd throughout *Mecca*, forbidding the Use of *Coffee*, either in publick or in private; and the *Officers of Justice* were directed to shut up all the *Coffee-Houses* and burn all the *Coffee* they could find.

BUT the Lovers of *Coffee*, who were very numerous at *Mecca*, continued drinking it at their Houses, being persuaded the *Condemnation* was unjust, since the *MUFTI* had not approv'd it: Though one of them, being surpriz'd in the Fact, suffer'd the *Bastinado*, and was afterwards expos'd upon an *Ass*, and led through all the publick Places with his Face towards the *Ass's* Tail. — But the *Governor* of *Mecca's* Zeal was not agreeable to the *Sultan*, who wonder'd he should dare to condemn a Thing at *Mecca*, which was much esteem'd at *Grand Cairo*, the Capital of his Dominions, where *Doctors* of more Authority than those at *Mecca* had all along approv'd it. An Order, therefore, was dispatch'd to revoke the *Prohibition*; commanding to regulate the Disorders only in the *Coffee-Houses*, if any were committed there; adding, that the best Things might be abused, but, it was not therefore needful absolutely to forbid them. — The *Governor* was forced to obey, though much against his Will, which caused great Rejoycings at *Mecca* amongst the People.

AFTER *Coffee* was thus restor'd at *Mecca*, for many Years it met with no Opposition; 'till about the Year 1524, the *Cadi*, or *Chief Judge*, shut up the publick *Coffee-Houses*, on account of some Disturbances which happen'd at them; though without hindering People from drinking it at Home. But his *Successor* open'd them again, and every Body behav'd with such Decorum, that the Magistrate was no more oblig'd to make use of his Authority. Notwithstanding, in the Time of *SOLYMAN the Great*, an Order came to *Mecca*, to forbid the drinking *Coffee*; but being granted unawares, at the Request of a *Court Lady*, over-scrupulous in that Point, and her Interest failing, it was never put in Execution.

BEFORE

BEFORE the *Sultan* of *Egypt* at *Grand Cairo* revok'd his *Governor* of *Mecca's* Order against *Coffee*, he summon'd all the *Doctors* of the Law, to consult with them about it; and they proved, by substantial Reasons, the *Folly* and *Ignorance* of those at *Mecca*, which establish'd the Use of it at *Grand Cairo* much more than ever. But, in the End, this great City also was disturb'd on this Account as much as *Mecca* had been before; for a scrupulous *Doctor* sent a Question in these Words to all the *Doctors*: *What do you think of Coffee, which is drank in Company, under the Notion of being lawful; notwithstanding it occasions great Disorders, intoxicates the Brain, and destroys the Health? Is it lawful or unlawful?* underneath he sign'd his own Opinion, *that it's unlawful*. But his Brethren differ'd from him; it being certain that *Coffee* did not the Mischief he complain'd of, and so, for that Time, the Disturbance was soon over.

BUT ten Years after, a *Preacher* inveigh'd bitterly against it, as a Thing unlawful, maintaining, that those who drank it could not be true *Musselmen*; and stirr'd up a *Mob* of his Auditors, in such a Manner, that going out of the *Mosque*, they fell upon the *Coffee-Houses*, broke the Pots and Cups, and abused the Company found there. This form'd two Parties in the City; one affirm'd that *Coffee* was prohibited by the Law, which the other positively deny'd. Whereupon, to preserve Things quiet, all the *Doctors* were called together, who unanimously declared, that as the Question had been before declared in favour of *Coffee* by their Predecessors, they were of the same Opinion, and that it was very needful to restrain the headlong Zeal of *Bigots*, and the Ignorance of *Preachers*. Hereupon, the *Judge* who presid'd, order'd all the Assembly to be serv'd with *Coffee*, and drank of it himself, whereby all Controversy was ended, and it became more fashionable than before. However, four Years after, an *Officer of Justice* finding many People at a *Coffee-House*, during the Time of *Ramadan*, or the *Mahometan Lent*, put them into Prison, and order'd them the *Rastinado*; though not upon a Supposition of *Coffee's* being unlawful, but because they drank it pub-

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‘ lically in a Time of Devotion, and at an Hour which  
‘ was unseasonable.

‘ A T *Constantinople*, when this Liquor was most in  
‘ Use, the *Religious* complained that the *Coffee-Houses*  
‘ were crowded, whilst the *Mosques* were all deserted.  
‘ The *Priests* murmur’d extremely at it, and the *Preachers*  
‘ clamour’d loudly against *Coffee*, affirming it to be un-  
‘ lawful, and that it was more sinful to go to a *Coffee-*  
‘ *House* than to a *Tavern*. After much Noise and Bustle,  
‘ the *Priests* united to obtain a solemn *Condemnation* of  
‘ this Liquor. They maintain’d, that *Coffee* roasted is  
‘ a Sort of *Coal*, and every Thing that has the least Ap-  
‘ pearance of a *Coal* is forbidden by the *Alcoran*. The  
‘ Question, drawn up in Form, was presented to the  
‘ *Chief MUFTI*, requesting him to determine it : And  
‘ he, without much Consideration, was pleased to pro-  
‘ nounce conformable to the *Priests* Desire, that *Coffee*  
‘ is prohibited by the Law of *Mahomet*.

‘ IT is not permitted to call in Doubt the *Chief*  
‘ *MUFTI*’s Determination, so that all the *Coffee-Houses*  
‘ were immediately shut up, and *Officers* appointed to  
‘ prevent the drinking it in any Manner whatever. But  
‘ notwithstanding all their Diligence, they could never  
‘ intirely hinder the drinking of it in private. — The  
‘ Rigour of this Sentence was made Use of against *Coffee*  
‘ till *AMURATH* the Third again indulg’d a Liberty  
‘ which he did not believe to be contrary to Religion.  
‘ The *Order* against it was not indeed revok’d, (for that  
‘ would have been opposing the *Chief MUFTI*) but the  
‘ Use of it in private Houses was conniv’d at, and the  
‘ *Officers* were allow’d, for a small Sum of Money, to  
‘ permit it to be sold, provided it was done secretly.  
‘ Some few Years after, a new *Chief MUFTI*, wiser,  
‘ or less scrupulous, than his Predecessor, declar’d, that  
‘ *Coffee* ought not to be thought a *Coal*, or that the Li-  
‘ quor of it was in any wise forbidden by the Law. Im-  
‘ mediately upon this, *Coffee* was universally restor’d ;  
‘ the *Doctors*, *Zealots*, *Preachers*, and *MUFTI* himself  
‘ drank it freely, and their Example was followed by  
‘ the whole Court and City.’ — Thus we see what Dis-  
‘ putes and Quarrels Trifles can occasion, when they stir  
‘ up the Passions of Mankind.

IT can't be improper, at the End of this Discourse, to say somewhat in behalf of *Coffee*, as it is used by us at present.—In Quality it is hot and dry, comfortable to the Brain and reviving to the Spirits; it seems a rational, and, therefore, a present Remedy for the Cold, Moisture, and Gloominess of our Climate, which produce the Spleen, the Scurvy, Consumptions, Catarrhs, Coughs, and many other Disorders. Under any Fatigue of Body or Mind, it is wonderfully refreshing: Nothing gives more immediate Ease in Head-Aches; and for troublesome Defluxions of Rheum, the Steam drawn up the Nostrils proves generally very useful.—Our Coffee-Houses are likewise another Advantage owing to it: Places the most convenient that could be perhaps contriv'd, for the Amusement of an idle Hour, or the Dispatch of Business. At these, a Man may be refresh'd with wholesome Liquors, and inform'd of all that passes in the World, for the meere Trifle of Expence; and find, at the same Time, an Opportunity of learning the Inclinations, Humours and Passions of Mankind, without having much to do with them.

\* \*



*From my House in the Minorities.*

A MIDDLE State of Life, I mean free from uneasy Pomp, and above the Want of Necessaries, has ever been esteem'd the happiest, and been made the Choice of wise and experienced Men. Shew and Equipage, Titles, Flatterers and a Crowd of Followers, very often make the Man envy'd, who really merits our Compassion; while, on the other Hand, the Man whose Happiness ought to be envy'd, is, by the Meanness of an Outside Appearance, the Subject of our Contempt. Only the Great can tell how dear their Grandeur costs them; which, such have assur'd us, is not to be purchas'd at a



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lower Rate than their Quiet ; for no sooner are they subjected to State, but they become Slaves to Care, Fear and Jealousy. Though we have this Assurance from those who have experienced the fatal Truth, yet so much are we allur'd by sounding Titles, the Glare of Equipage, and the Charms we figure to ourselves in Power, that no Admonition will stop us in the vain Pursuit of Greatness. We take all Things to be as they appear, and very often, for fear of being undeceiv'd, are industrious in imposing on ourselves : We are enamour'd with the Glitter of the Diadem, but don't examine what a Wreath of Care encircles the Head that wears it. The Power, the Figure, the numerous Levee, &c. of a first Minister, make the superficial Man think such a one the sole Favourite of Heaven, on whom the choicest Blessings are diffus'd ; while, it's very probable, he himself would esteem it the greatest, to be deliver'd from all this empty Show, and sighs after that Content and Ease he envies in his Tenants.

*SIMILIS*, a Commander under the Emperor *Adrian*, having obtained Permission to retire seven Years before his Death, order'd this Epiraph to be cut on his Tomb.

SIMILIS HIC JACET, CUJUS ÆTAS QUIDEM  
MULTORUM ANNORUM FUIT. SEPTEM TA-  
MEN DUNTAXAT VIXIT ANNIS.

*Here lies SIMILIS, who died in an advanced Age,  
yet lived but Seven Years.*

*SUATOCOP IUS* King of *Bohemia* and *Moravia*, being defeated in a Battle by the Emperor, retired to a Mountain, where, meeting with three Hermits, he lived with them unknown (feeding on the spontaneous Fruits of the Earth) 'till he found his Dissolution draw near ; he then called them together, told them who he was, and added, ' I have experienced both the Cares of Royalty  
' and the sweet Repose of a retired Life ; the fearless  
' Sleep we here Enjoy, renders the Herbs and Roots sa-  
' voury, and gives a Relish to our Water ; whereas the  
' Dangers and continual Cares which attend a Regal  
' State, embitter every Repast, and dash our Wine with  
' Poison

‘ Poison. I have in this latter Part of my Time, which  
 ‘ I have led with you, found a real Happiness; the Years  
 ‘ I sat upon the Throne, ought not to be reckon’d among  
 ‘ those I’ve liv’d: I’ve only one Request to make,  
 ‘ which is, that you will bury me in the Place where I  
 ‘ die.’

CHARLES V. said, that he found more Satisfaction, more Content in his Monastick Solitude, than all the Victories, all the Triumphs of his past Life did ever afford him, though they made him esteem’d the most fortunate among Princes.

THEODATUS, King of the *Goths*, writing to the Emperor *Justinian*, desir’d he would immediately send Somebody, to whom he might resign for the Emperor all his States, and ask’d no more than 1200 Crowns a-Year to support him: ‘ For (says he in that Letter) rather than  
 ‘ I would undergo the Cares, and the Fatigues of Royalty,  
 ‘ I would till the Ground, and eat my Bread by the Sweat  
 ‘ of my Brow.

PLATO tells us, ‘ That the Soul of *Ulysses*, being  
 ‘ to actuate a new Body, he had (and was the last) the  
 ‘ Liberty to chuse his State of Life; several were laid  
 ‘ before him; but the Cares, the Toils he heretofore experienced in an exalted Rank, having quite extinguish’d  
 ‘ all Ambition, he search’d after that of a private Person, remote from all Affairs; and one contemptible  
 ‘ in the Eyes of others being shewn him, he made Choice  
 ‘ of that, and said, had he before had the same Knowledge and Liberty, he would before have made the same  
 ‘ Choice.

BUT, can any wonder that a wise Man should prefer the Substance to the Shadow? Content is hardly, if ever, to be found but in private Life: All the Grandeur and State of an exalted Rank, is no more than the gilding over a Pill, which, though it may please, takes nothing from the Bitterness of the Medicine. Glaring Figures are only a poor falacious Show of Content and Happiness, to allure the Giddy and Thoughtless; for without this Bait, the Hook would be perceiv’d, and hardly any would be found so publick-spirited to sacrifice his own Repose for that of other People.

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COUNT from *Julius Cæsar* to *Charlemagne*, and we shall find about 30 Emperors who have fallen by the Hands of others, and four who died by their own: The former shew how little this dangerous Honour ought to be courted; and the latter, how void it is of affording Content, since these sought Refuge even in Death. *Petrarch* making Reflection on the violent Deaths of so many Emperors, introduces, in a Dialogue, a Person glorying in the Command of an Army; to whom he makes this Answer: ‘I should esteem thee in less Danger, wert thou at the Head of a Number of Bears or Tigers; for these Beasts may be render’d tractable; but the Hearts of a great many Men are never to be tamed; and one determin’d and resenting Breast, is sufficient for thy Destruction. Beasts grin, or give some other Token of their Fury before they attack; but Man gives the Sign of his Anger in the Blow only. Those whom thou callest thine, and who call thee their Lord, are a Number of venal Souls, to be corrupted with Money; or may, perhaps, through Caprice and Inconstancy, revolt, and, from being thy Guard, become thine Enemies; the Smiles of their Countenances may be changed to menacing and furious Looks, and those Hands which they stretch’d out to swear thee Obedience, become thine Executioners. And can’st thou think this either impossible or strange? Did not the Army of *Cæsar* mutiny against him at *Placentia*? Was not the Emperor *Alexander Severus* butcher’d by his own Soldiers? the *Maximinians*, Father and Son, did they not soon after fall a Sacrifice to their Troops? Were not *Balbinus* and *Maximus* murder’d by their Men? Did not that excellent Captain, *Probus*, share the same Fate? Are not *Gratian* and the young *Valentinian* in the same List; the one betray’d by his Legions, the other by one of the principal of his Followers? In a Word, how many more gallant Men, who have bravely expos’d themselves to, and escap’d the Swords of their Enemies, have fallen by those of their Followers? What hast thou then to boast of, but the precarious Command of a many-headed Monster, which, instigated by Want, Avarice, or Revenge, will consider no Consequences, nor be stopp’d by any Obstacles, from  
‘perpe-

‘perpetrating any Crime their unruly Passion shall dictate.

*SATURNINUS* knew this; for when the Soldiers had, spight of his Resistance, cloath’d him with the Imperial Robe, he spoke to them to this Purpose: —  
 ‘Brother Soldiers, did you know the Danger of commanding, I have not so ill deserv’d of you as to believe you would condemn me to it: A Sword hangs continually over the Heads of those that govern, and they are on every Side environ’d with Darts and Launces; they are apprehensive even of their Guards, and jealous of those with whom they converse. They have no Relish of what they eat; they tread a slippery Path; in War they are not sure of the Fidelity of their Counsellors, and must answer for the Success. Besides, every Age is liable to Censure. If a Man advanced in Years governs, he is taxed with Dorage, or Inactivity; and if he’s young he wants Experience. In a Word, I esteem this Robe a Winding-Sheet, which you present me.’

IT is not (as I have by Example shew’d) the Rank of Princes only, which is expos’d to Care and Danger; their Favourites are not less liable to Caprice and Envy, of which, our own History affords us many Examples; and, without quoting the Antients, we are able to shew the tragical End of more than one, whose greatest Crime was the Favour of his Prince. *Buckingham* is almost within our Memory; a Man to whom our Historians give an excellent Character, though they do not exempt him from the Frailties of human Nature; he was generous; he was just; he was brave: But, he was beloved by the King, and rais’d by his Favours to great Titles, possess’d great Posts, and had acquired a large Estate; Crimes sufficient to make him guilty of Peculation, Mismanagement, Weakness and Oppression, to condemn him by the publick Voice, and execute him by the Hand of an *Enthusiast*.

K





*Polemo, vino gravis, unguentis delibutus, pellucida  
Veste amictus, patentem Xenocratis scholam intravit,  
Val. Max.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

**I** MET in your Paper t'other Day, an Account of the *modern Town Beaux*, which, when I had read, I could not but think a slight Sketch of our *Scholarick Beaux*, would make no disagreeable Supplement.

CAMBRIDGE has its *Clody's*, as well as *St. James's* or *Drury-Lane*; our *Chapels* are as well furnish'd with *Toupees* as *St. Stephens's*; and I know not which is the politer Congregation, the *Court of Requests*, or *St. Mary's*. Some People think it as impossible for a fine Gentleman, as a neat Shoe, to be made any where but in *Paris*. But for the Honour of the *University* I say it, we have several, who have scarce ever been out of the *Vice Chancellor's* Precincts, who can toss back the Tie of a Wig, or open a Snuff-Box with as good a Grace, as if they had been bred in the *Louvre*, and breathed no Air but the *Tuilleries*. Whatever the Ladies may think, we are not the awkward Bookish Things they take us for; at least, if there be here and there a dull poring Fellow, who is of a singular Opinion, that Learning and good Sense may possibly be of Service to him in Life; for one such, you will meet twenty pretty, powder'd, well-bred Dunces; who, though educated in Ignorance, and confirm'd in fashionable Stupidity, yet know the World perfectly; (a modern Term for knowing nothing in the World :) And spite of an innate Antipathy to *Lectures*, would gladly attend them, provided they dissected a *Masquerade*, or solved the knotty Problems of *Quadrille*; if instead of *Justinian*, *Callipædia* was to be explained; and for *Zenophon* and *Herodotus*, the delightful Travels of  
Cyrus

*Cyrus* or *Gulliver*. One of these deep-learn'd Gentlemen told me the other Day, he could not conceive how *Demosthenes* came to write in *Greek*, since he had been informed, he was one of the smartest *Petit Maitres* of his Time; he perceiving me smile, reply'd with a pretty Lisp, ' Why, is it not shocking, any Language should be talk'd in *England*, except *French* and *Italian* !

I KNOW some of our pretty Fellows, who dress for *Philosophical Lectures*, as they would for a Ball; and don't go so much to hear, as to be seen. Observe *Florio* there, with a most composed Countenance, and settled Attention; you may, perhaps, imagine him listening to the *Professor*; no, he is studying to form his Features into an engaging Indolence; and whilst his *Philosophical Teacher* is explaining the attractive Quality of the *Loadstone*, he is practising the *Magnetick* Virtue of drawing the Eyes of the Audience upon him; he looks with Contempt on a *Prism*, when the Light is so much more gracefully refracted from the *Brilliant* on his Finger; and desires to learn nothing from *Opticks* but the true Art of an Ogle. *Billy Butterfly* is a Fop of a different Constitution; he is continually interrupting the Endeavours of the honest Man, who is taking true Pains to instruct his Pupils, by some Piece of senseless Impertinence; and does not only insist on being a Blockhead himself, but won't suffer any one near him to learn any thing. In the Midst of an admirable Discourse of *Natural Philosophy*, he yawns, and — *Was any Thing so stupid?* If he sees any one more attentive than the rest, he whispers to his Admirer and Rival in Modishness and Ignorance, *Clodio: My Life on't, some poor Dog! Thank our Stars, Jack, you and I were born to our Thousands.*

AS for their private Studies, they seldom rise above a Novel or a Play, to make themselves Company for the Ladies; and in this too it rarely happens, but a *Cambridge Toast* is able to puzzle a *Cambridge Fop*.

And now, Sir, do you really think, we can with Justice, (as we often are) be called uncouth Savages? If I thought you still of that Opinion, I would produce you a Letter from a *Master of Arts*, as fashionably spelt as if it had been dated from the *Temple*, or *White's*. Nay, I have known a Disputant in the Schools get the better  
of

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of the Question, by the superior Weight of *Pulvillio* in his Wig, and the convincing Argument of *Jessamine*; or, like *Belinda*, subdue his Adversary by a well directed Charge of *Havannah*.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

College, Cambridge,  
Dec. 28.



*Virgo licet taceat, pro Virgine cubilis Aetas  
Exigit, et Patrem, vel sine Voce, monet.*

Emblem.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

AS I am always ready to advise my Friends in the best Manner I can, several of them, who are pleased to entertain a good Opinion of my Judgment, fail not to consult me on all Occasions of Difficulty or Importance. Mr. PRIMROSE is one of these, a Gentleman with whom a Friendship that began at School has continued ever since, uninterrupted, and been improved from Time to Time by mutual kind Offices. In his Youth he served as a Volunteer, for some Campaigns, but being disappointed of Preferment in the Military Way, by my Persuasion he apply'd himself to Merchandize, in which he has been so fortunate as to gain a large Estate, and is now a Plumb at least. Soon after his beginning Trade, I recommended a Wife to him, not so much for the largeness of her Fortune, (though it was considerable) as for her Discretion and the Sweetness of her Temper; they married, and since that Time, have liv'd in one continued Course of Love and Tendernefs. This makes him often say, that to me he owes his Happiness; and in all Affairs he consults me as an Oracle. One Daughter and two Sons are the Offspring of their Joys, and, though educated in a Manner widely different from that in fashion, they

they are such Children as virtuous Parents would wish to have.

PREMISING this, — as he and I use no Ceremony with each other, when I awaked this Morning I found him at my Bed-side. After common Civilities were passed, I enquired of him to what Accident I was obliged for the Pleasure of this early Visit; he answer'd with a Smile, that his own Curiosity and Impatience were the Causes of it: — And pulling out his Pocket-Book, told me, that having left it in his Chamber the Day before, when, at Night, he called for it, he found something written, which he wanted to know my Thoughts of. So he gave me the Book, open, in a Place that seem'd to be quite blank, 'till desiring him to reach my Spectacles, I discovered in a mighty fair and beautiful *Italian* Hand, these Words, *To Day I am just Sixteen*, and signed underneath, LETITIA PRIMROSE.

— This is the Daughter of my Friend, and deservedly his Favourite. Her Person is tall, genteel and amiable, her Complexion fair and sanguine, her Constitution healthy, her Temper unreserv'd and cheerful, and her Conversation embellish'd with an infinite deal of Wit; to which I must add, that she's the most affectionate Child alive. — After a little Conversation, I told him, that it seem'd to me, Mrs. LETTICE thought herself old enough for Marrimony, and in this Manner called upon him to provide a Husband for her. Why, truly, says he, that was my own Opinion of the Matter, and since it agrees with yours, I'll take Care out of Hand to do the best I can for her: She's a good Girl, and if ten thousand Pounds will buy a Bedfellow, she shan't lye long alone. I commended his Resolution, and advis'd him in his Choice, not so much to aim at making his Daughter great as happy. Marry her, said I, to a Man of Business, one that improves his Fortune daily, and knows how to enjoy with good CEconomy what he gains by Industry: With such a one, of her own Rank, she will run much less Hazard, than with some idle Lord or trifling Courtier, who has nothing else to do but pursue his Pleasures and indulge his vicious Inclinations; with whom a Place or a Title will be found but little capable of giving Happiness, while his Estate is squandering away



away in Luxury and Debauchery; who values nothing but her Money, and will soon despise and hate her, if for no other Reason, because she is his Wife. Let the Husband you provide be of such a Temper as may suit with her's; it's not enough to have Sense and Good-Nature, unless they take a Turn agreeable to her own Manner; she is gay and free, and should he be over serious and reserv'd, ten to one but in a little while she imagines him a Churl, and he her an Impertinent. As to Age, you can't well judge of a Man under five and twenty; and considering her Youth, one above those Years would be too old. But, before you look Abroad, search the inmost Recesses of her Heart, and if you find her to have a particular Esteem for any Body, prefer him before all the World, if so be other Circumstances will give you Leave; nay, dispense with many Things, should there be a mutual Passion: For though to give a Daughter up to Ruin, and let her marry wholly on the Score of Love, would be great Imprudence, it seems to me not much more Wisdom to bestow her where there is none at all. In short, never marry her to a Man she does not like, or one who don't like her: Such Matches are always miserable. — Mr. PRIMROSE thank'd me, with an Assurance that he would follow my Advice. As soon as he was gone, my Maid came up, and told me, a Porter had waited for some Time, with a Letter, which he was order'd to deliver into no Hands but my own. I open'd it, and found as follows.

*Mr. Spectator,*

I Address myself to you as my Patron, since you are an Advocate for the Female Sex, and beg your generous Aid without any farther Preface. — I'm the younger Daughter of a Baronet, in the West of England, whose Estate yields generally about 1200 *l.* per Annum, free from all Deductions. At the Age of fifteen I was courted by many, but my good Father Sir HARRY gave to all a flat Denial, thinking his Daughter too young to encounter the Cares of a marry'd State: Notwithstanding this, I was continually haunted by one Spark or other, 'till at last Cupid shot his Arrow so dextrously, I had no longer Power, but must resign myself

‘ myself a Victim to Love. My Father being acquainted  
‘ herewith, flew into such impetuous Rage, that he  
‘ vow’d he would disown me as a Child, if I ever mar-  
‘ ried my ALONZO, though he could give no other  
‘ Reason than that he was not rich enough. The more  
‘ I pleaded, the more was he inrag’d, and at length, to  
‘ my inexpressible Grief, he propos’d one of Sixty to be  
‘ the Partner of my Joys, setting him forth in all the  
‘ advantageous Colours possible; that he was of an excel-  
‘ lent Temper, and——and——and was very rich, and  
‘ very likely would soon leave me Mistress of all his  
‘ Thousands. But this had no other Effect than to raise  
‘ my well-fix’d Esteem of my ALONZO. My Father  
‘ would not hear the mention of his Name, and in his  
‘ Fury protested that he would never see me more if I  
‘ marry’d him, or any one else than Mr. SENEX: And  
‘ upon my not complying, I was shut out of Doors,  
‘ and was forced to run counter to my native Modesty,  
‘ and beg Relief of my ALONZO. We marry’d, and  
‘ were mutually happy for some Time: A short Time  
‘ indeed! so transient and uncertain is all earthly Bliss!  
‘ —— In about two Years, Death cut off my dear  
‘ ALONZO, and with him all my Comfort. His Effects  
‘ being in Factors Hands beyond-Sea, they failed: So  
‘ that after the Funeral Charges were defrayed, I had  
‘ little left but some Household Furniture to maintain my  
‘ self and Child. My Father all this while has deny’d  
‘ me Relief, though by Letters and Friends, I have re-  
‘ peated my low Submissions to him. All avails me no-  
‘ thing, and as he casts me off while living, he has sent  
‘ me Word, I shall reap no Advantage by his Death,  
‘ having expressly in his Will cut me off from any Share  
‘ of his Estate: And all this, Mr. Spectator, because I  
‘ would not marry one I could not love. Pray, Sir,  
‘ interceed for me; my Father may hear Reason from you  
‘ though not from me: He reads your Papers, and when  
‘ he finds himself apply’d to, may, perhaps, put on  
‘ Bowels of Compassion for the Fruit of his own Body,  
‘ and send some Assistance to

*His distress’d Daughter,*

AMELIA.

WOULD all Parents, like my Friend Mr. PRIM-ROSE, provide Husbands for their Daughters when their Time of Life requires them, we should meet with few of these unhappy Stories; and that, in my Opinion, is as much their Duty as to furnish them with Food and Cloathing.——In the present Case, all this Mischief had been prevented, would Sir HARRY have believ'd his Daughter fit for Marriage, at an Age, when, no Doubt, she thought herself so. His rejecting all Kind of Offers made AMELIA judge her Condition desperate; and his refusing to chuse a Husband for her, seem'd to leave her an entire Liberty of making her own Choice. In Truth, he neglected her before she neglected him, and her Fault, though great, should not be thought unpardonable. As for Mr. SENEX, he was not offer'd 'till her Affections were pre-engag'd; though had he been so before, his unequal Age was a very reasonable Objection, and would have justified her refusing him: For no Parent has Authority to marry a Child against her Inclinations, and in such a Manner as must make her wretched.——Sir HARRY's turning her out of Doors for this Refusal, put her under some Necessity of seeking Shelter from ALONZO, and seems no small Alleviation of her Fault in marrying him.——I would intreat Sir HARRY to consider, whether he proceeded to this Extremity through a real Concern for his Daughter's Happiness, or meerly to gratify his own Passion. I fear it could not be the first; and the last is, I am sure, a Reason he won't attempt to vindicate.——Upon the whole, she his still is Daughter, and in Distress, two Circumstances which loudly plead for Pity; her Disobedience has already received its Punishment, and Resentment must not always last from a Father towards his own Child, a Child that kneels before him and implores his Mercy, for her own and her helpless Infant's Sake. Methinks I see her (like *Isabella* in the *Fatal Marriage*, on the like Occasion,) leading in the pretty Innocent to interceed for Pardon, and in her very Words applying to Sir Harry.

*When I lost my Husband: —— I then believ'd  
The Measure of my Sorrows had been full:*

*But*

*But every Moment of my growing Days  
Makes room for Woes, and adds them to the Sum!—  
All the kind Helps that Heav'n in Pity rais'd,  
(In charitable Pity to our Wants)  
At last have left us.——Now bereft of all,  
But this last Tryal of a cruel Father,  
To save us both from sinking.——Come my Babe!  
Kneel with me, knock at Nature in his Heart.——  
Let the Resemblance of a once-lov'd Child  
Speak in this little one, who never wrong'd you,  
And plead the Fatherless and Widow's Cause.——  
O! if you ever hope to be forgiven,  
(As you will need to be forgiven too)  
Forget our Faults, that Heaven may pardon yours!*

\*  
\*



——*Dictum sapienti sat est.*

*Teren. Phor.*

*From my House in the Minories.*

**T**HE following Letter abounds with so much good Sense, and is wrote in so genteel and masterly a Manner, that I make no Doubt of obliging my Readers by its Publication.

*Advice from a Guardian, in a Letter to a young Gentleman at the University.*

**S I R,**  
**Y**OUR Father's Friendship having inclined him to appoint me your Guardian, I must confess, I have comply'd with his Request with some Satisfaction, since I have always found so great a Willingness in yourself to come into any Measures I have  
thought



‘ thought proper for the *Management* of your *Affairs*.  
 ‘ I need not, I’m persuaded, take any Pains to convince  
 ‘ you, I have always endeavour’d to do the best I could :  
 ‘ But I think, I shall not quite fulfil my *good Intentions*  
 ‘ for your *Service*, if I do not give you my *Thoughts*,  
 ‘ upon what should be the *Rule* of your *Conduct* upon  
 ‘ your setting out into the *World*. You will be little  
 ‘ the better for finding your *Affairs* in good Order, if  
 ‘ you do not learn to keep them so : and that is a Matter  
 ‘ not extremely *difficult* : Yet neither is it so *easy* as it  
 ‘ were to be wish’d, since *daily Experience* convinces  
 ‘ us how few succeed in it.

‘ ’TIS no small Part of Wisdom to guard against  
 ‘ Folly, and, perhaps, it might be a surer Way of in-  
 ‘ structing a *young Man*, to tell him what he *should not*  
 ‘ do, than what he *should*. There are so many *Tempta-*  
 ‘ *tions*, and what is worse, so many *Promoters* of them  
 ‘ to be met with, that I hope you will not imagine it to  
 ‘ proceed from *Spleen*, if I acquaint you, that you can-  
 ‘ not be too much upon your Guard against them. ’Tis  
 ‘ pretty hard to discover, at first Sight, an *ill Design*,  
 ‘ especially when cover’d with much *Shew of Civility*,  
 ‘ and, perhaps, a good deal of *Address*. Those who  
 ‘ make it their Business to deceive others, have generally  
 ‘ well study’d all the Arts of it, which are seldom dis-  
 ‘ covered by an *honest Man*, but at his own Expence. —  
 ‘ The best Defence for you on such Occasions is *Caution* :  
 ‘ By which I do not mean, that you should look *coldly* on  
 ‘ every one that speaks to you, or shew an *awkward*  
 ‘ *Shyness* in your Behaviour : You may converse with  
 ‘ *Easiness* and *Familiarity*, and yet not run into too  
 ‘ much *Openness* or *Intimacy*. An extraordinary *Fond-*  
 ‘ *ness* for your *Person*, and a mighty *Zeal* for your *Inte-*  
 ‘ *rest*, are always a little suspicious in one quite a *Stran-*  
 ‘ *ger* to you. I will not undertake to say, there is no  
 ‘ such Thing as *Inclination* at first Sight that has an Air  
 ‘ of *Sympathy*, but I may venture to assure you, it is ex-  
 ‘ ceeding rare, and a Happiness very unusual in the  
 ‘ common Course of the World. — There are a Sort  
 ‘ of *Land Pyrates* that make a shift to live comfortably  
 ‘ upon the *Trade of plundering* without Distinction :  
 ‘ They hang out *false Colours* like their *Brethren at Sea*,  
 ‘ and

and think themselves pretty sure of their *Prey*, if they can but bring them *to board*. Of these you must be exceeding careful, since they appear in all *Shapes*, and there are more *Partners* of the *Trade* than can decently join in the Practice of it in Publick. And here, I must not omit cautioning you against another *Enemy*, that is the *Money Jobber*, a more plausible, and consequently a more mischievous *Creature* than the former. With the *Gamesters* you have, at least, some *Chance*, *Fortune* may favour you, and generously assist the weaker Side: But against these *grave* and *licenc'd Pick-pockets* there is no Defence; if they scatter but a little of their *Ink* upon you, or like *Conjurers* get you once into their Circle, you are undone. — *Nec missura Cutem nisi plena Cruoris Hirudo.*

TOO much *Confidence in yourself* is always dangerous; especially in an Age when your own *natural good Sense* is all you have to trust to; which, without disparaging it, I may say, is *not sufficient*, without the Assistance of *Experience* to apply it rightly.

SUCH Reflections are absolutely necessary to carry about with you in *London*, but I would not have you quite lay them aside in the *Country* neither. — As soon as you come down to —, you will find yourself surrounded by your *Neighbours*, who will probably call themselves your *Friends*. I can easily judge, that the first Mark of their Kindness to you will be offering their Assistance to bring you into *Parliament*. I would recommend you, by no means, to jump at such *Proposals*, if it were only for fear of *bad Company*, and the Danger of being drown'd in so much *wet Popularity*. Besides, give me Leave to put you in Mind, that those *Offers of Service*, as they are commonly called, are a little too like those you meet with in the *Exchange*, where every *Shop-keeper* so civilly invites you to come and fool away your Money in *Toys* and *Baubles*, upon which he is to set his own Price. I'm sorry to say, that the greatest Struggles we have seen to get into the *House of Commons*, and the odd Reasons some People are apt to assign for them, have made a *Scarc* there scarce creditable enough to make amends for the *prodigious Expence* of it. — A *Family Interest* is not

' not to be lost, you'll be told; but if it should be true,  
 ' that you must keep it up at the Peril of the *Family*  
 ' *Estate*, I think there's no Difficulty in making your  
 ' Choice. — The *Service of your Country* is another  
 ' Argument on such Occasions; but, to this I should  
 ' answer, that you are so much more sure of doing your-  
 ' self *Harm* than your Country any *Good*, that it is  
 ' hardly Prudence to engage with the Odds against you.  
 ' The too great Temptation to meddle with *Politicks*, is,  
 ' I have often thought, a Fault of our *Constitution*. Every  
 ' Man, almost, fancies he has a Right to judge of *Mat-*  
 ' *ters*, which but few have either *Talents* or *Opportunity*  
 ' to make themselves Masters of. There are more  
 ' *Evils* occasion'd by this than one would at first ima-  
 ' gine; and it is not the least of them, that in a *Coun-*  
 ' *try* where so many *People* think they are qualify'd to  
 ' make *Laws*, there are few to be found that are avilling  
 ' to submit to any. — I would not, however, be un-  
 ' derstood to exclude you from a *Post* your *Ancestors*  
 ' have enjoy'd, and your *Estate* and *Property* so well en-  
 ' title you to. But I think, it would not be amiss, to  
 ' look into the *History* of other *Countries*, and get a little  
 ' better acquainted with your *own*, before you set up;  
 ' that when you come to offer yourself to your Country,  
 ' you may justly be allowed as capable as any other Gen-  
 ' tleman in it.

' THERE is another Attempt will be made on you,  
 ' which I should not deal fairly with you, if I did not  
 ' give you Notice of; and that is by your *Female Kin-*  
 ' *dred*. They will no sooner get you amongst them,  
 ' than they will be proposing *Wives* to you, of which,  
 ' no Doubt, they have *Lists* already in their Pockets.  
 ' Whether it is from the greater Share of *Trouble* that  
 ' falls to the Lot of that *Sex* in the *peopling of this*  
 ' *World*, which makes it necessary the *Desire of it*  
 ' should be more strongly imprinted on their Minds, or  
 ' whether it is that they hear of nothing else in the  
 ' *Nursery*: Whether, in short, it be *Inclination* or *Fa-*  
 ' *shion*, certain it is, that *Matrimony* is the first Thing  
 ' that gets into a *Woman's Head*, and the last that goes  
 ' out of it. This being the Case, as for many Reasons,  
 ' I think you should not reject their *Proposals* as if you  
 ' absolutely



absolutely dislik'd the Thing, so on the other Hand it will be, in my Opinion, improper to give a *serious Answer* to any Thing of that Sort too soon.——To see People running to *Church* to be marry'd, as they do to a *Sermon*, because the *Bell rings*, and they see others go before them, one would imagine, it was either a *Sort of Engagement* one could not chuse but like, or, at least, that it might be got out of as soon as one pleased. Whereas, so many Things are requisite to make the *Marriage State agreeable*, that a Man must be very fond of a *Fiddle* and a *Sack Posset*, if he will enter into it without giving himself Time to consider them. Besides, for a *Gentleman* to send his *Rent-Roll* to be examin'd by others before he is thoroughly acquainted with it himself, is a pretty ridiculous as well as hasty Proceeding. To have an *Estate* parcell'd out into *Jointures* and *Provisions*, and as it were cut into *Sippets*: To be ty'd in a *Manner Neck* and *Heels*, and from the *Possession* to become but a better Sort of a *Steward* of your own Fortune.——You had need be well assur'd your *Trammels* will sit easy, before you suffer them to be so fast put on.

AS I am advising you against one Sort of *Furniture* for your House, you'll give me Leave to recommend another, and that is, *good Books*, which you'll find very much wanting there. I do not care to use the *Word Library*, for that looks to me like setting up an *Equipage of Learning*, which has always more of *Show* than *Use* in it. I'm afraid your Life will be but a very short as well as a painful one, if you can't pass good Part of your Time by yourself: And I don't see how that can well be done, unless you are a *Lover of Reading*. 'Tis the *Good* of that Sort of *Company*, that you may have it when you will, lay it aside when you please, and change it as often as you have a Mind, without Scandal or Offence. This is a Pleasure that will grow upon you; and, together with the *Entertainment*, it brings so much *Benefit*, that I dare promise, you'll not regret the Time you spend this Way. Without it, you must either be perpetually in a *Crowd*, which will be attended with many and great *Inconveniences*; or must fall into a *Solitude*, which, if it does

not



## 24 *The UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

‘ not arise from it at first, must at last, however, end  
 ‘ in downright *Stupidity*. ——— What a melancholy  
 ‘ Sight is many a *Country Gentleman*, when the Weather  
 ‘ will not give him Leave to stir out, and he happens to  
 ‘ have no *Bottle Companions* to make amends for it within  
 ‘ Doors! The meanest Servant in the Family makes as  
 ‘ good a Shift, and a better Figure than his Master. ———  
 ‘ But I will not press it upon you any farther.

‘ *THERE* are so few *general Rules* to be laid down  
 ‘ for your Carriage, that, I think, I need not trouble  
 ‘ you with any long Detail upon that Head. The *Tem-*  
 ‘ *pers* and *Inclinations of Mankind* are as different as  
 ‘ their *Shapes*, and we might as well go about to fix a  
 ‘ certain Measure for every one’s *Dress*, as an *universal*  
 ‘ *Standard* for their *Behaviour*. There is nothing *sits*  
 ‘ *well* upon a *Man* that is not in some Sort *natural* to  
 ‘ him, and what we admire in *one*, would, perhaps,  
 ‘ appear highly absurd in *another*. There are *two Things*,  
 ‘ however, both very common in the World, which  
 ‘ never yet became any one, and those are *Affectation* and  
 ‘ *Ill-nature*. The *first*, indeed, only makes a *Man ri-*  
 ‘ *diculous*, but the other *obnoxious* to his *Company*. An  
 ‘ *affected Man*, like a *bad Actor*, the more he endeavours  
 ‘ to please, the more his *Faults* appear. There is some-  
 ‘ thing looks like counterfeit about him, and our *Pride*  
 ‘ will always prejudice us against those who endeavour to  
 ‘ impose on us. If you ever happen’d to meet with  
 ‘ an *awkward Mimic*, as now and then such a *Creature*  
 ‘ is to be found, you have, in my Opinion, the nearest  
 ‘ Resemblance of an *affected Fellow*; and I need not, I  
 ‘ think, say any Thing more, to warn you against being  
 ‘ like one.

‘ *ILL-NATURE* in the Sense I here take it, is  
 ‘ setting up for a *Wit* at the *Expence of others*. The Ea-  
 ‘ siness of succeeding in this *Character*, is what I sup-  
 ‘ pose, makes so many pretend to it. But a little Reflec-  
 ‘ tion, must, methinks, convince you, that he is very  
 ‘ unfit for a *Companion*, who, you have Reason to be-  
 ‘ lieve, can never be made a *Friend*. When you consid-  
 ‘ er such a Man in his true Light, rejoicing at the *Fol-*  
 ‘ *lies*, and even at the *Failings* of his *Acquaintance*,  
 ‘ thriving, as it were, upon their *Misfortunes*, and ex-  
 ‘ posing

' posing with the greatest Pleasure all their *weak Sides* ;  
 ' surely, a *Picture so unamiable*, must strike such *Hor-*  
 ' *ror* on the *Imagination*, as to make you so far from  
 ' endeavouring to resemble such an one, that I fancy  
 ' you'd be asham'd to be seen with him. ——— *Fine*  
 ' *Raillery* requires a very delicate Turn of Thought, as  
 ' well as Accuracy of Judgment. *This*, therefore, can  
 ' be the Province but of few, since but very few can be  
 ' capable of it? and yet, even this is what I should not  
 ' desire in a Person I wish'd well to. 'Tis a *dangerous*  
 ' *Talent* ; the *Use* and *Abuse* of it bordering so near upon  
 ' each other, that 'tis scarce possible, at all Times,  
 ' rightly to distinguish them ; and the Consequence of a  
 ' *Mistake*, is at best *disagreeable*, and may be *fatal*. ———  
 ' A good Understanding, improv'd by reading the *best*  
 ' *Books*, and keeping the *best Company*, will make you  
 ' welcome wherever you go, without the mean Helps of  
 ' *Railing* and *Scandal*. An ingenious and sprightly *Con-*  
 ' *versation* upon the most indifferent Subjects, is what  
 ' distinguishes a *Man of fine Parts*, from the meer *Men*  
 ' *of the Town*. A superficial Knowledge of the *World*,  
 ' and of the *Stile* and *Language in Vogue*, set off with a  
 ' *shewy Dress*, and a *forward Air*, is all that is required  
 ' to set up this Kind of *Gentleman* ; and that so many  
 ' of them make the Figure they do, is more owing to  
 ' the *shameful Ignorance* of others, than any *Merit* of  
 ' *their own*. The visible Increase of this Sort of *Gentry*,  
 ' is, I doubt, a Forerunner of the *Depravity* of our  
 ' *Taste*, and must at last, end in the general Extinction  
 ' of all *good Sense* and *good Manners* among us. I must,  
 ' therefore, above all Things, intreat you, not to put  
 ' yourself upon a level with those, who either never had  
 ' a good Education, or never knew how to profit by it.

' I WOULD not have you endeavour too much to  
 ' *shine in Company* ; neither would I have you think you  
 ' don't recommend yourself at all, if you are not always  
 ' doing it. There is a *Jealousy* in *Mankind*, which  
 ' you must take Care not to *raise* ; or otherwise, instead  
 ' of *applauding*, they will be looking for something to  
 ' *censure*, and you will miss of your End by a too open  
 ' Pursuit of it. 'Tis a *common Error*, among young *Peo-*  
 ' *ple*, to judge of their *Wit* by the *Mirth* it occasions.

26 *The* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

‘ This is a very wrong *Standard*, and the Way to be led  
 ‘ into great Absurdities. *Laughter* is not always a Sign  
 ‘ of being *pleased*; or if it were, it is what the *least*  
 ‘ *knowing* are usually so remarkable for, that a *wise*  
 ‘ *Man* should as little value himself upon raising it in  
 ‘ *others*, as he would have Reason to do for setting the  
 ‘ Example of it himself. ‘Tis very observable, the lower  
 ‘ the *Diversion*, the louder is the *Laugh*; and for this  
 ‘ Reason, an *Harlequin* or a *Merry Andrew* is, by some  
 ‘ Sort of *Wits*, preferred before all other *Dramatick Per-*  
 ‘ *formances*. Besides, a *Man* of that *Species* of *Plea-*  
 ‘ *santry* I am mentioning, seldom fails, one Time or  
 ‘ other, to dwindle into a *Jester*, a Character our An-  
 ‘ cestors used very properly to distinguish by a *Party*  
 ‘ *colour’d Coat*, and a *Cap and Feather*.

‘ ‘Tis so common to call Things by *wrong Names*,  
 ‘ that it will be convenient to examine into their *Na-*  
 ‘ *tures*, without taking them too much upon Trust, for  
 ‘ Fear of being deceiv’d. Thus downright *Impudence* is  
 ‘ very frequently cover’d under the Notion of a *good Af-*  
 ‘ *surance*. The one is necessary, but the other intolerable;  
 ‘ and the Difference between them so obvious, that  
 ‘ ‘tis all Experience can do, to convince us, ‘tis possible  
 ‘ they should be taken one for the other. An *im-*  
 ‘ *pudent Fellow*, like a *noisy Bully*, imposes for a Mo-  
 ‘ ment, but becomes very despicable as soon as he is dis-  
 ‘ cover’d. A *Man* may as well pretend to set a *Value*  
 ‘ upon his own *Money*, as upon his own *Merits*, since  
 ‘ whatever they may be in his *Opinion*, they can pass  
 ‘ in *Dealing* but at the common Rate. To deceive the  
 ‘ *Ignorant*, is neither very difficult nor desirable; ‘tis  
 ‘ like *shining by Candle-light*, which is always most ad-  
 ‘ vantageous to Things of least Value. If you aim there-  
 ‘ fore at *Applause*, you must take the Pains to deserve it,  
 ‘ or else, I’m afraid you’ll be in Danger of a Disap-  
 ‘ pointment.—*True Merit*, which is the *Beauty* of the  
 ‘ *Mind*, is like that of the *Body*; it’s impossible long to  
 ‘ conceal it where it really is, or to counterfeit it where  
 ‘ it is not. As *Patches* and *Paint* make *Ugliness* the more  
 ‘ remarkable; so an *assuming Coxcomb* is in a Manner  
 ‘ a double one; while he is taking as much Pains to ex-  
 ‘ pose



pose his own *Nakedness*, as if he was afraid his *Imperfections* should pass unobserved.

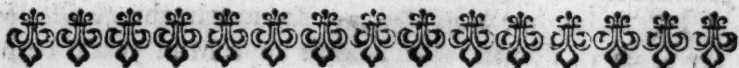
IT is become now-a-days, so much the *Fashion* to lay aside all *Forms*, that I don't apprehend you'll be in any Danger of being over-run with them. It is well if you don't fall into the other Extreme. Some *People* are so much afraid of being thought *Ceremonious*, that they can't afford to be *commonly civil*: But such would do well to consider, that *Decency* and *good Sense* are so very near a-kin, that whoever lays aside the one, will forfeit his Title to the other. To treat all the World alike, is a *senseless Affectation*: You may as well shut your Eyes, on Purpose to over-run the first Body you meet, and then value yourself upon so genteel a Blindness. Since all *Societies* have thought some *Distinctions* necessary, 'tis ridiculous to pretend to abolish them by *private Authority*. 'Tis the proper Business of *Judgment* to direct you in your *Behaviour*, and the Way to make it useful, is to consult it often; for it's with this *Counsellor* as with all others, the more they are employed, the more skilful they grow.

AND now I am about to release you from the farther Trouble of a *long Letter*, I must desire you to take Notice, that if I don't mention the several Duties incumbent on you, 'tis because I doubt not but you are well instructed in them already. Besides, they are to be met with in almost every *Book of Education*, the Number of which, I should make a Conscience of *Encreasing*. All I intended was, only to caution you against certain Errors, from which, perhaps, (small as they may seem) some of the greatest Uneasinesses of Life do most commonly arise.

AS I have thought it necessary to point out to you some few Things I would have you avoid, so you'll give me Leave to conclude with these three, which I must recommend to your Practice, *viz. Be not interested: Keep your Temper: And do not run into Extreams.*

\* \* \*





*Inter utrumque tene.*

Ovid.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

I HAD the other Day the Level of a *Theodolite* in my Hand; the Difficulty I found in fixing the Bubble in the Centre, which with the least Motion flew to either Extreme, made me reflect on the Care and Pains necessary to keep a just Medium in the Conduct of Life; for the Frailty of our Nature, which makes us easily give Ear to our darling Passions, carries us imperceptibly beyond that just Medium in which Reason would fix and keep us; as the trembling of the Hand makes the Bubble pass the Centre, which it will keep, when set upon the Instrument, and levelled by the Wheels. We are naturally prone to run from one Extreme to another; and it is by listening to Reason only, that we can check this Propensity; for Moderation is the Consequence of Right Reasoning; and we ought not to wonder that so few mind this happy Mean, when so many act first, and think after; or else allow their Passion to vote with Reason when they deliberate: For we are easily inclined to determine on the Side of our Inclinations, and can readily find a Number of Arguments to back what we wish; and to deceive ourselves, we misname every Thing, throw a Cloak of Truth over Error, and cover Vice with the Name of Virtue. Thus, the Miser flatters himself that he is only frugal, and Frugality is a Medium betwixt Extravagance and Avarice, which every prudent Man ought to observe. The Extravagant will tell you, he walks in the Path of Generosity, which is found between a lavish Prodigality and Covetousness. The Coward calls himself prudent; the rash Man, brave; the Revengeful, a Man of nice Honour, who shews a just Resentment; the Pusillanimous is a thorough Philosopher, whom nothing can move; the Cheat, a Man of Under-  
standing;

standing; an oppressing Tyrant, knows the Art of Governing; and a mean and degenerate People, who yield their Necks to the Yoke, cover their Baseness with the Epithet of Loyalty; the Atheist is a Man of a bright Genius; and the Bigot, truly zealous. Thus we please ourselves with Words, and while we are in the greatest Extremes, imagine we have found the happy Medium, in which Virtue alone consists.

BUT if at any Time we are undeceiv'd, and our Error shewn us, we endeavour to repair our Mistake by as great an one, and we rarely weigh Things thoroughly in the Balance of Reason, and examine every Consequence of our Actions before we enter upon them. So I've known a Miser become a Spendthrift; a Spendthrift grow miserable; a Coward turn Bully; a Bigot fall into a licentious Way of Life; and a Rake take the Cowl. I shall give but one Instance of this, though I could produce many, not only of the latter Extream, but of those others I have mention'd. Why I chuse the following is, it happened a few Years since, is known to many, and the Gentleman still alive. Mr. ———, known in Town by the Appellation of a Beau, had a fine Equipage, a fine Estate, and was a Man of so much Wit, that he openly professed he had no Religion, which, according to his Definition, was a political Yoke, to keep the Vulgar in Awe and Obedience. What Lengths a Man of such Morals will go, I need not say; but it's very certain, he gave a loose to his Passions, and had no Checks upon him to hinder his gratifying his Inclinations; he liv'd in Ease and Luxury; and the only Care he knew was, that of finding out Variety of Pleasure. Thus, 'till he was Seven and Twenty, he liv'd, envy'd by the Thoughtless, and pried by the Few; the Model of Drefs; the Darling of the Fair Sex; (every Beauty endeavouring by the Force of her Charms to fix him hers;) and the Patron of Wit. The Town talk'd of nothing but of him, who was the Soul of every Party of Pleasure, and enliven'd every gay Assembly. In a Word, he laid out all his Time in Plays, Balls, Concerts, Assemblies, and Masquerades; was by Turns a Votary to the *Paphian* Goddess, and the Jovial God. When all on a sudden, Mr. ——— disappear'd; none knew where he was gone,

or the Cause of his withdrawing; for he had not hurt his Estate with all his Gallantry. This was Matter of Speculation for the Town, and many vain Conjectures were made upon his sudden vanishing. A Year or two past, and he not appearing, was as much forgot as if no such Meteor had ever blaz'd. About some ten Years after, an Acquaintance of mine, in his Travels, went to see a Convent of *Carthusians*; the Prior receiv'd him with great Complaisance, (as indeed, to do Justice to the Religious Orders, they are very courteous and obliging to Strangers) and in every Thing satisfy'd my Friend's Curiosity; after he had seen the Convent, the Prior ask'd him by his Name, if he would not take some Refreshment? He, surpris'd to hear himself nam'd, ask'd the Father by what Means he knew him? Sir, said he, as you pass'd the Cell of one of our *Religious*, he told me who you was; he's an *English* Gentleman, and has been with us several Years. My Friend ask'd if he might be permitted to see and speak to this *Religious*; which was allow'd him, and, to his very great Surprize, he found him the lost Mr. ———, who, satiated with what he had falsly esteem'd the Pleasures of Life, and satisfy'd by Experience (to use his own Words) that the World could afford none, left *England*, turn'd *Roman*, and took into the most austere Order, that he might by Morrification make Atonement for his past Luxury, and secure to himself in another World, what was vainly sought for in this.

I DON'T by the present Story condemn any Man for going into *Religion*, who really believes that there is no other Way for him to secure his Happiness, and who finds himself too weak to withstand the Temptations of the World: But I am strongly of Opinion, that few would go thus from one Extream to another, and much fewer would afterwards repent their Transition, and complain of the Hardships and Difficulties they meet with in the Change, would they coolly lay before them every Consequence, and not act by Fits and Starts. I knew a Gentleman, and aver it for Truth, who was Church of *England* Man, Dissenter, Quaker, and Roman Catholick, in which last Perswasion he dy'd soon after his Change, or it's more than probable he had try'd some

some other, if not come back to the first; and what Account can be given for this Fickleness, but his changing first, and considering afterwards: He did not act by Reason, but Whim; and never examin'd whether he was right or wrong, 'till he had made his Choice. I know a fair Lady, who learns to reason from Consequences, and never perceiv'd Consequences by Reason. Whatever Whim takes her, she that Moment goes upon it; and if you offer her Advice, she stops you with, *I'll have it done; or, I'll do it; I care not what follows.*

VICTORIA was a Lady, whom all the Gentlemen of her Country desired for a Wife, and a great many good Matches were propos'd to her Father, who was a Humourist; he agreed to three or four, but on some little Dispute or other, which he always rais'd when the Deeds were to be executed, broke off with all. This so enraged the young Lady, that she swore to her Mother, as they two were at Table, that she would marry the first Man who would ask her: The good Lady did not fail in her Duty; she exhorted her to avoid all Extreams, and laid before her the fatal Consequence of so rash a Procedure. But Passion had shut her Eyes against Reason. The Coachman reminding her after Dinner of her Oath, ask'd her to marry him; she, enrag'd with her Father's having, as she thought, made her the Jest of the County, stuck to her Oath; and her Father immediately turn'd her out of Doors, with her Husband: They took a little Cottage hard by, where VICTORIA, with a Parcel of hungry and ragged Children about the Wheel she spun at for Bread, had Leisure to reflect on having quitted that Medium, in which Duty and Reason should have kept her; while her Father, knowing no Medium in his Resentment, broke his Heart.

K



To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

THE sober and well-disposed Part of this University are much pleas'd with a just and elegant Description of our Scholastick Beaux, publish'd in your Journal of the 10th of last Month. Nevertheless, with Submission to the worthy Gentleman who wrote that Letter, I must observe, his Argument in one Place proves too much, and therefore (according to a noted Maxim among us) proves nothing at all. Your Correspondent in general affirms, that he can produce a Letter from a Master of Arts, as fashionably spelt, as if it had been dated from the *Temple*, or *White's*. The *Masters of Arts* (such I mean) who have taken their Degrees in a regular Way, challenge him to give an Instance. His Assertion therefore was too Universal, and should have been specifically restrain'd to the *Royal Squadron*. Those *Petit-Maitres*, who at the Time of their Admission to that brave Degree, instead of seven Years standing, were hardly out of the *State*, as we call it, of Non-Entity, had scarce left, or perhaps were never bred at any School; those indeed may still have Occasion for a Spelling-Book.

AS at first, they were an Infringement upon our Privileges, they now continue to be a Nuisance to our Discipline. They introduce the *Foppery* and *Idleness* so deservedly expos'd by your ingenious Correspondent. And it is no Wonder that our Youth should be discouraged from meriting Degrees by Virtue, Learning, and a due Length of Time, Qualifications requisite by our Statutes, when, with Indignation I speak it, they behold such Swarms of *Musbroom Graduates* without either.

I am,

S I R, Yours, &c.

— College, Cambridge, Feb. 1.

ACADEMICUS.



*Stemmata quid faciunt, quid prodest, Pontice, longo  
Sanguine censerì, pictosq; ostendere Vultus  
Majorum? —————*

*Nobilitas sola est atq; unica Virtus.*

Juvenal.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

I AM a Surgeon, at your Worship's Service, and pretty eminent in my Profession, wherein I am continually endeavouring to make Discoveries for the Benefit of Mankind; but, at present, beg Leave to lay before you an Experiment, that is, I think, entirely new as well as curious, and which, I hope, the *Virtuosi* will improve.

HAVING, you must know, heard much Talk of *Noble Blood*, and observ'd, that several Persons who have nothing else to boast, pride themselves exceedingly therein, as if it was somewhat very extraordinary; I was resolv'd, if possible, by Trial, to find out in what Respect the Blood of a *Man of Quality* is more valuable than that of a *Plebeian*. Accordingly, last Tuesday Morning, being sent for to a *Noble Lord*, who was under a slight Indisposition, I extracted from the Vein of his Left Arm ten Ounces of pure Blood; which, after standing a Day for the Physician's Inspection, by a small Bribe to the *Valet*, I got Leave to carry home with me. The same Morning, at my own House, I had likewise taken away the same Quantity from an honest laborious *Tradesman* in my Neighbourhood, who had a Disorder much of the same Kind. Being thus prepar'd, to work I went, and comparing them together, the chief Difference that appeared to View was, that his *Lordship's* was

much more frothy and full of Bubbles, which, being swell'd with Air, took up a larger Space considerably than the *Tradesman's* did; though, upon weighing them with the greatest Exactness, I found it lighter by thirty-five Grains. The Quantity of *Serum* (being pour'd off) in both was near the same, but the *Nobleman's* was mighty brackish to the Taste, and had a Sort of Oiliness on the Surface, that reflected all the Colours of the Rainbow. Examining the two congealed Cakes, my *Neighbour's* was of a bright and florid Red, and adhered together in one solid Mass, without any Cavities or Spunginess at all; his *Lordship's* was of a blackish Colour, and had many Holes in every Part, which contain'd an ill-smelling corrupted Matter. — After trying them several Ways beside, which afforded no Difference worth relating, I put each Cake, with its proper *Serum*, into a Vessel prepar'd on Purpose, to see what might be done by the Force of Fire, which reduces all Things to their original Principles. The Effect was, that from the *Tradesman's* Blood I got about two Ounces of Phlegm, some alkalious Spirit, nine Drachms of fixed Salt, and a small Quantity of clear Oil; my *Lord's* afforded me one Ounce and half of Phlegm, half an Ounce of a corrosive acid Spirit, volatile Salt two Drachms, and near an Ounce of a sulphureous foetid Oil; all the rest was *Caput Mortuum*.

I HAVE here related the Particulars as they occur'd to me in the Process of my Enquiries, but submit the Reason of them to the Disquisition of the Learned; and only observe upon the whole, that in my Opinion, there did not appear any Thing in the Blood of this *Noble Lord* extraordinary enough to occasion any mighty Bustle, or make a Man imagine himself above the rest of his Fellow Creatures. On the contrary, whatever Difference I found, was to his *Lordship's* Disadvantage, since the *Tradesman's* Blood along the whole Experiment, discovered itself to be more pure and wholesome than his *Lordship's*. The Cause of this, perhaps, might be found out; but that's not my present Business, and therefore I shall conclude

clude with assuring you that I am your weekly Reader,  
and humble Servant.

SIMEON PROBE.

Several skilful *Anatomists* (says a famous *Italian Writer*) have long ago made it evident, that the *Bones, Nerves, Flesh, and Bowels* of all *Mankind*, are form'd of the same *Materials*, and dispos'd in the same *Manner*; which is a most convincing *Proof*, that *true Nobility* is situated in the *Mind*, and not in the *Blood*. This may prevent my *Correspondent* from giving himself any farther needless *Trouble* on this *Account*, since *Benevolence, Sagacity, Probity, and Magnificence*, are the only *Tokens* of a superior and noble *Soul*. However, the foregoing *Experiment* may be a just *Reproof* of that extravagant *Boast* of *Blood and Family*, which many *People* are so full of. Were *Titles* and *Preferment* never given but as the *Reward* of *Virtue*, (which is far from being the *Case*) even then they could confer no *true Honour* any longer than while they are accompany'd by the same *Virtues* they are bestow'd on. A *worthless Son* can surely claim no *Merit* from a *deserving Parent*, whose *Example* is his *Reproach*, and to whose *Name* he is a living *Shame*: Nor is a *Man* of *Virtue* at all the better, though he could trace up his *Ancestors* to the *Conquest*, if their *Wealth* and *Dignity*, (as sometimes has happen'd) have been acquir'd by *Means* for which they deserv'd the *Hangman*. *Personal Merit* is all a *Man* can call his own: Whosoever strictly adheres to *Honesty* and *Truth*, and leads a regular and virtuous *Life*, is more truly *Noble*, though he were a *Butcher's Son*, than a debauch'd abandon'd *Profligate*, were he descended from the illustrious *Houses* of *Austria* or *Bourbon*. When *ULDARICK* Count of *Sicily* demanded a *Conference* with *HUNIADES* Governor of *Hungary*, he was desired to come to him in his *Camp*; at which, being much affronted, he answer'd with a vast deal of *Haughtiness* and *Vanity*, that it was below him, who was a *Prince* by long *Descent*, to wait on One who was the first of all his *Family* that had ever been advanced to *Honour*. *HUNIADES* handsomely reply'd, I don't compare myself with your *Ancestors*, but with you.

PEOPLE



PEOPLE who are thus puffed up, should remember, that *all Mankind* descend from the same *Original*, and that, as *Monf. Bruyere* says, there are few Families but what at one End are related to the *greatest Princes*, and at the other to the *meanest Peasants*.

TO be born of this or that *Family*, is certainly no *Merit*, because it is wholly out of our own Choice or Power: But the more *illustrious* our *Ancestors* have been, the greater *Infamy* shall we deserve if we *degenerate*, since their bright *Example* is a *Pattern* continually placed before us, which we should believe ourselves bound and oblig'd to imitate. When a *flattering Courtier* was extolling *ALPHONSO* King of *Arragon*, that he was a *King* himself, Son of a *King*, Nephew of a *King*, and Brother of a *King*: For my Part, says he very modestly, I set but little Value on what you so much esteem; for that I am a *King's Son* is no Praise of mine, but of my *Ancestors*, whose *Justice*, *Temperance*, and *Wisdom*, gain'd them a Crown.

I WOULD not have it imagin'd, that I intend any Thing here to the Prejudice of *Nobility*, or would diminish that Glory which Persons of *high Birth* and *exalted Merit* receive from and reflect back to their renown'd *Forefathers*. Names and Titles handed down from Generation to Generation, through a long and valuable *Posterity*, demand the utmost Veneration, whilst they adorn those who inherit all the noble Qualifications of their admir'd *Ancestors*. But it excites *Resentment* to behold some, who without one single Virtue of *their own*, are continually vaunting of their *Family* and their *Honour*: As to the first, I have already shewn its Value; and so far as concerns the last, I shall insist on but one Thing, which, I believe, will easily be granted me; that what *Rank* or *Station* soever a Man is placed in, be he *Lord*, or *Duke*, or *Prince*, if his *Life* is debauch'd or vicious, if his *Mind* is corrupted with *Pride*, *Disimulation*, or *Ingratitude*; in a Word, if he be not *strictly honest*, he can't possibly be a *Man of Honour*. A modern *Writer* expresses himself with much Severity on this Occasion.

Let *high Birth* triumph! what can be more great?  
Nothing — but *Merit* in a *low Estate*.

To Virtue's humblest Son let none prefer  
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.  
Shall Men, like *Figures*, pass for high, or base,  
Slight, or important, only by their Place?  
Titles are Marks of *honest* Men, and *wise*;  
The Fool, or Knave, that wears a Title, *lies*.

*Universal Passion.*

As what follows has a near Relation to the present  
*Subject*, I think proper to insert it here.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

HAVING for many Years, with indefatigable Pains  
and Labour, apply'd myself to the Study of the  
*occult Sciences*, I have at last thereby happily discover'd,  
and brought to great Perfection, a *certain and infallible*  
*Secret*, whereby I can take all *Spots* and *Stains* out of  
*Families*, so as to make them wonderfully *pure* and *clean*,  
and without any *Soil* or *Blemish* whatsoever. And, as  
this *Discovery* will be of singular Service to the *Nobility*  
and *Gentry*, I take this Method of acquainting them,  
that, for a *valuable Consideration*, I will undertake, upon  
sending me their *Pedigrees*, to return them back in a  
few Days, entirely free from all manner of *Blots* and  
*Defilements*, and that without any Razure or visible Al-  
teration; and will engage myself to keep them *clean*  
for many Years, (barring Accidents) at a very small Ex-  
pence. — I intend to wait on you very speedily, and  
shall *brighten up* your Honour's *Family* as a Specimen of  
my Art. In the mean while, I am,

*Your humble Servant,*

MARTIN HUSH.

P. S. I have likewise a *Nostrum* to purge away all  
*Impurities of Blood*.

I WOULD advise all those who value themselves  
overmuch upon *Family*, to make Use of this happy *Se-*  
*cret* as soon as possible;

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*Nunc*



*Nunc age Dardanium prolem quæ deinde sequatur  
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente Nepotes,  
Illustres animas, nostrum qui in nomen ituras,  
Expeditam dicis, & te tua fata docebo.* Virg.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

I NEVER heard any rational Account given for *Dreams*, or of any reasonable Man, who ever took farther Notice of them, than to laugh at the Chimæra's form'd in his Imagination, while his Senses were lock'd up in Sleep. Though I don't pretend to account for, or draw any Conclusions from it, yet I have often remark'd in myself, that when I have been very intent on any Thing in the Day-time, it has prov'd the Entertainment of the Night. That, following the *Masquerade*, presented me with something of the same Nature with what I had there remark'd; for I dream'd I was in a vast extended Plain, where I observ'd a great many who had been of my Acquaintance, and whom I knew to have been long since dead. Their Dresses, as here on Earth, differ'd according to their former Quality. As I was gazing about me, I perceiv'd a great Part of the Company flock towards the East End of the Plain; and though, when I first came among them, I did not see a Face but what spoke Care, yet I thought the Countenance of every Particular began to clear up as they pass'd by me. My Curiosity led me with the Crowd, and I had not gone far, before I saw a large and very strong-built Pile, which, by the Structure, seem'd very antique, though it had suffer'd nothing by the Length of Time; the Building was uniform, and without the least Ornament; the Walls, which at a little Distance appear'd cover'd with Moss, when I came near to examine them, were of polish'd Stone, and shew'd every Object such as it really was; for no Disguise was reflected from this Building.

In

In my Way to it, I had scrap'd Acquaintance with a Gentleman very handsomly dress'd, attended by two Servants in Livery, and had ask'd him the Name of the Plain, who were the Inhabitants, and what was the Pile before us? Sir, said he, this is a Place of which the Antients never had the least Notion; tho' Rewards and Punishments in a future Life, they learn'd from that innate Light by which the Creator has reveal'd himself to Mortals. This, Sir, is the Region of those Souls who leave the World with Regret, are anxious for their Posterity, and whose greatest Crime is so far their Distrust of Providence, as to imagine *their own Care* could better provide for their Families. This Anxiety continues with us, and is the Punishment we feel. The Temple you see is the *Temple of Truth*; which is, at Times, (to us unknown) discover'd to them who have suffer'd according to the inscrutable Decrees of Providence, (his stated Time) the Cares and Anxieties which perplex'd their Minds, made their Exit from the World so terrible, and their Confinement here almost a Hell. To others it is still invisible, wrapp'd in obscurest Clouds; when these are dispell'd, we know our Deliverance is near, and that we shall (passing through this glorious Plain) leave our Care behind, and know no more.

WE came up to the Porch, and the first whom I saw enter was a venerable old Gentleman, whom I had known in Life, and who had marry'd a young Lady of Fifteen at the Age of Fifty, and had left seven Children; I enter'd the great Hall with him, and saw *Truth* seated on an Adamantine Throne: She was beautiful beyond Expression, and in Robes of Whiteness which my Eyes could scarce support; Fortitude, Loyalty, Friendship, and Good-Nature, were her Attendants. No sooner had my quondam Acquaintance paid his Devoirs, but *Truth*, in a majestick (yet harmonious) Tone of Voice, order'd him to be shewn for whom he had suffer'd: Immediately his Lady cross'd the Hall, led by a Farmer of his own, with two Children following them: See, says *Truth*, the Father of your two eldest Sons. The rest shall follow those to whom they owe their Lives. No sooner had she spoke, but his Butler led in another; and his Steward follow'd with four more. The Sur-  
prize



prize in which I saw the old Gentleman was not greater than my own, who had ever believ'd this Lady of impenetrable Virtue, no one being more strict in keeping a Decorum in her Family, or more remarkable for frequenting the Church.

WHILE I was ruminating on what I had seen, I found myself without the Gates of the Temple, I knew not how; and, I must own, was not a little diverted to see how different the Figures of the Company were reflected from the Walls, to what they were in the Persons; in the former they had the Badge of their Fathers Quality or Profession; in the latter they appear'd according to the Rank of their supposed or real Fathers. I saw a *Cobler* with a *Baronet's Coronet* on his Head, and an *Earl* with a *Posilion's Leather Jacket*. A Gentleman in a *Velvet Suit* embroider'd, reflected from the Walls, appear'd with a Roll of *Linnen* under his Arms, and his Stockings splash'd up to his Hams. A certain *great Monarch* reflected a *Cardinal*, and several *Men of Quality* one and the same Figure, of a *tall raw-bon'd Bishop*; these latter I found had but one Father, they were all *Muscovites*, as appear'd by the Figure of the Bishop being in the Dress of the *Grecian Church*. A great Number on the Walls (who in their Persons spoke a superior Rank) were Monks, Jesuits and Cordeliers. Some, indeed, there were who differ'd in nothing from what they appear'd before they approach'd the Temple; but their Number was not very considerable. I follow'd a few of these into the great Hall, but did not find they had all been as happy in their Wives, as their Fathers had been. While I was in the Hall, I observ'd all who came in had suffer'd a long and grievous Punishment for other People's Children, for their own worthless Offspring, or without Cause; For as the real or supposed Descendents of every Particular pass'd along, I remark'd, some of the former were so despicable, that the Fathers averted their Sight, and were ashamed to own so degenerate a Race; and others, by their Virtues, and the Figures they made, gave an unspeakable Pleasure to their Parents, who unanimously owned, that Providence had done for them what all their Care could not have effected, and what their highest Ambition would not suffer them to hope.

THE Son of a *French Grocer*, to the no small Joy of his Father, pass'd by with a very splendid Equipage, and was environ'd by *Justice, Fidelity*, and a whole Crowd of *Virtues*: A poor *Thresher*, with equal Surprize and Satisfaction, saw his Son in the Habit of a *Bishop*, accompany'd by *true Religion, Humility* and *Charity*, supported by *Fortitude* and *Learning*. Several Descendents of brave and honest Patriots, who had the Courage to prefer Poverty with a good Conscience, to the infamous Title of rich Traitors, who had too much Probity to be the servile Agents of corrupt Ministers, and were despised in their Lives for an Integrity which ought to have made them almost ador'd; several, I say, of their Descendents, who had copy'd after them, had met with the Reward of their Virtues, and gave a Joy to their Fathers, which alone was an ample Recompence for all they had suffer'd in the Cause of Justice; and made them with one Voice cry out, *How inscrutable are the Ways of Providence!* I was in such an Ecstasy with seeing Virtue rewarded and supported, that exulting, I join'd in with these happy Parents, and waken'd with the same Exclamation in my Mouth. I own, the Pleasure this Dream afforded me, made me regret the short Time of its Duration; however, short as it was, I hope it will be long before I forget it. The greatest Vanity I have been guilty of, is, that of valuing myself on the Antiquity of my House, and the Character of my Ancestors; but I think it is by this Dream quite extinguish'd, since, by the Lubricity of some Female, I may, perhaps, be no more a-kin to the Name I bear, than I am to the *Abyssine* Emperor.

K

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To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

AS you have succeeded to the Post of *Censor*, I can't but wonder you have hitherto taken no Notice of the many Solecisms in good Manners, which a Number are guilty of, who pretend to the Character of Well-bred:

bred: I assure you, Sir, some of these, whether through Contempt of the Company, Inadvertency, or an entire *Absence d'Esprit*, commit such Faults in Point of Decency and good Breeding, that they are too shocking to be related to tender Ears. I beg you will let *Tom Careless* know, the Management of his Tooth-pick after Dinner is of this Number; and *Bleareta*, that her Napkin was design'd for a quite different Use than that she puts it to: But as we board in the same House, I am forced to bear the Sight of it; since good Manners will neither permit my Admonitions, nor abrupt leaving the Room. *Rufcus*, who thinks himself a polite Gentleman, fancies he shews a great deal of Wit, and makes no Breach in good Manners, when he can turn the Stomachs of the Table by filthy Images: Though I take it to be demonstrating abundance of Ill-Nature as well as Ill-Manners. *Eusebia* is guilty of the same Fault, but from a very different Cause; she is charmed with the Chirurgical Good she does, and gives you an Account of the wonderful Effects of her Salves and Unguents, with a View of publick Service. If you will give us an Essay on the many Indecencies your *Nominal Well-bred People* are often guilty of, you will oblige,

S I R,

*Your constant Reader, and*

*Humble Servant,*

CHARLES FREEMAN.





A new Session of the POETS,

For the YEAR 1730.

WITH Bombast, with Doggrel, and Nonsense  
quite cloy'd,  
His Laws all despis'd, his Prerogative void;  
Apollo thought fit from these Isles to elope,  
But left his Commission with Swift, and with Pope.  
Full bent was his Bow, and unstrung was his Lyre,  
When with him the Nine, were oblig'd to retire.  
How pale is the Sun! how unpleasant the Day!  
How heavy old Time runs, since He went away.

Soon Dullness, great Goddess, usurp'd his Command,  
And publish'd her Edicts all over the Land,  
For electing a Laureat, a Sessions to keep,  
In the room of the late ——— who shall quietly sleep.

Entron'd sat the Goddess, her Subjects stood round,  
And subject to Dullness, what Numbers abound!  
Came Wittings and Dunces, and Wrongheads so many,  
Came some that were rich, more, not worth a Penny.  
There was S—dl—y, R—ch, W—lf—d, Concan—n,  
and W—d,  
Charles J—ns—n, and C—mm—ns, the Gloucestershire  
Bard.

Old Dennis was Cryer, and call'd loud to Order,  
John H—y was Town-Clerk, Giles Jacob Recorder.  
Each Candidate brought the best Sample he had,  
Some Tragedies merry, some Comedies sad:  
Some brought in whole Volumes of Clenches and Puns,  
And one, by Mistake, brought a Parcel of Duns:  
Some with the meer Weight of their own Works did blunder,  
And one sent an Ass heavy laden with Plunder;

Ev'n



44 *The UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

*Even T—k—l and Tr—p, came for Sake of the Pension,  
Tom Southern and others, I care not to mention :  
First, a Beau clad in Silk, produc'd his course Stuff,  
The Goddess declar'd he had Merit enough ;  
But bid him one Instance from History bring,  
Of the Son of a Footman advanc'd to a King :  
Dennis told him he treated his Muse like a Jade,  
Since he dress'd her in Fustian, him'self in Brocade.  
Whose Petition is that ? my trusty Friend C—ke's,  
I honour him much, for his dullest of Books ;  
Some other Proferment I wish him to seek,  
For I'll never give this to a Dabbler in Greek.  
So C—min - ns was call'd, who was bred near her Throne,  
But he had forgotten his Cassock and Gown ;  
So for once was asham'd, and shrunk back for Fear,  
And miss'd a being creat'd a Spiritual Peer.*

*Then T—b—d came newly emerg'd from his Cave,  
Well known to the Court for a Critick most grave ;  
The Goddess rose up, and said, This were the Man,  
But him I've already Crown'd King of a Clan.*

*Next P——ps appear'd, and enter'd his Plea,  
But his Works did not all with her Standard agree :  
How dares he, says she, approach to my Shrine,  
Who denies such a Thing as a Power divine ?  
D——s made a Remark, that it wasn't so odd,  
He should own her a Goddess, who believ'd not a —— ;  
But commended him much for a Poet so mild,  
He knew not a fitter to sing to a Child.*

*Dick S——ge came pleading that he was undone,  
She declar'd he was not her legitimate Son :  
And though C——r a Precedent was of his Side,  
Yet she'd ne'er make a Judge of a Criminal try'd.  
Nic. Am——st came next —— but Sir R—— appear'd,  
And soon got him expell'd ; so well he was heard :  
He swore to his Ruin the Rebel to follow,  
For secret Intelligence held with Apollo.  
With Torches, with Flambeaux, and abundance of Fire,  
Y——g enter'd the Hall, but was bid to retire ;*

*She*

*She confess'd that his Plays might pass for good Things,  
But his Satyr too much abounded with Stings.  
Poor Gay, though he had not one Friend in the Court,  
Came like a bold Beggar, and made his Claim for't;  
But soon he was told, with a deal of Grimace,  
If he'd part with the Pension he might have the Place.  
The Goddess at last quite impatient was grown,  
And said, I declare for a Son of my own:  
My C—y alone is deserving the Bays,  
He suck'd at these Breasts, and he publish'd these Plays:  
In Hibernian Shades, where I'm wont to retire,  
A Mortal compress me, Mac Fleckno's his Sire:  
To plunder from Shakespear, or Fletcher he's free,  
And he shall be always assisted by me:  
C—y C—r no more, but Querno his Name,  
Through all my Dominions, see publish'd the same.*

*Just then he came singing, Reginam Amamus,  
And produc'd to the Goddess the Royal Mandamus.  
You need not, she said, have ran upon Score,  
For what I had gratis design'd you before.  
So rejecting each Supplicant's humble Petition,  
She with her own Mark sign'd and seal'd his Commission:  
Soon as known to Apollo, he sent his Protest,  
And decreed from henceforward, the Place but a Jest.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HAT none may complain for want of timely Notice: *Be it known to all Men by these Presents,* That next Summer, at SCARBOROUGH, there will be a vast Collection of fair Hands, brilliant Eyes, rosey Cheeks, nimble Tongues, ivory Teeth, ruby Lips, dimpled Chins, high Fronts, long Necks; together with snowy Breasts, handsome Legs, and other valuable Commodities, which, for very weighty Reasons, are determin'd to be conceal'd 'till the Merchandizes before-mentioned are first disposed of and sold: There will also be large Quantities of kind Glances, study'd Courtesies, languishing Looks,  
*Sighs*

*Sighs* piping-hot from the Heart, and scornful *Sneers*, that are only Copies of the Countenance : Likewise *Ogles* of all Kinds, from a Side Leer to a full Stare ; and *Smiles* of all Sizes, from a Simper to a broad Laugh ; not to forget *Airs* of every Quality and Denomination ; whether proud, amorous, scornful, pert, or affected ; besides several invitatory ones, from *old Maids* and awkward *Country Girls*, which last will be sold a Pennyworth : Also some innocent *Frowns*, which have now lost their first malignant Influence of killing Gentlemen upon the Spot ; with a rare Parcel of stolen *Kisses*, which will be stored privately in the four Corners of the Warehouse, and which, by sly Customers, may, perhaps, be purchas'd with a Whisper : Together likewise with several large Boxes of right native scarlet *Blushes*, surpassing Carmine, Cochineal, *Spanish* Wooll, or any other of the richest Dies in Grain, and very proper for the Ladies to take along with them when they go to bathe in the Sea.

MOREOVER, it is further propos'd, That there shall be Pictures of all the celebrated *Toasts* drawn in *Black*, by a Set of Female Painters, who have such lively Imaginations, that they can paint strongest in the Absence of the Originals ; and such nimble Pencils, that they can draw a compleat Piece in the making of a Pot of Tea. Also several *antiquated Faces* lately repaired, and, looking by Candle-light, as good as new. There will be Choice of wounded *Hearts* so very cheap, that they may be bought for Love : Also a Cargo of fine *Compliments*, either with or without a Meaning.——  
*Vulgar Sayings* advanced into *Witty Sentences*, by the magical Reflection of Diamond Necklaces and pretty Faces ; *Jokes*, *Quibbles*, *Puns*, *Repartees* and *Conundrums* in infinite Numbers, to be sold by Wholesale ; together with *Vanity*, *Scandal*, *Affectation*, *Pride*, *Inconstancy*, and also some small Remnants of HONOUR, VIRTUE, DISCRETION and GOOD BEHAVIOUR, ready for the best Bidders. Not to omit several curious *Tables*, which, besides the common visible Furniture of Cards, Fishes, and Green Velvet, or Bays, have likewise some secret Drawers, replete with *Oaths*, *Curses*, *Imprecations*, &c. of all Sorts, ready for the Ladies to pick out and practice over, against all proper Occasions, private or publick,  
that

that they may be able to *rap them out* as roundly and gracefully as any Field or Staff Officer; and that such Numbers of those brave Ejaculations may not henceforth be so cruelly murder'd between the Teeth as they were last Season by many, otherwise fashionable and well accomplished Candidates of Fortune. There are also a Set of new *counterfeit* Oaths for some Ladies, which, like their false Jewels, with good Management, will pass as creditably as *real* ones. And that People, even in the most forlorn Circumstances, may not fail of proper Accommodations, special Care is intended to be taken that there shall be likewise some *Second-hand* Faces, *stale Reputations* and *broken Constitutions*, for the Use and Behoof of *batter'd Beaux*, *maim'd Debauchees*, *old Batchelors*, and other helpless Persons, who have not Money or Merit enough to supply themselves more conveniently.

THIS Grand SALE will begin in *May* next, and continue above four Months. — Whoever pleases to be a Chapman, may repair to the LONG ROOM in the *Town* aforesaid, where constant Attendance will be given, and the several *Wares* and *Merchandizes* before specified, display'd to the best Advantage every Day, *Sundays* not excepted, from Seven o'Clock 'till Ten in the Evening.

N. B. IF any Persons shall chuse to purchase a Quantity of right, neat, genuine GOOD HUMOUR, they are desired to give previous Notice of it, that sufficient Time may be allowed for procuring it, if any such Thing is to be found: But lest there should be a Scarcity, all Persons are desired to bring what Provision they can thereof along with them, otherwise a Stock of *Complaisance* only may be provided against the Sale, which, in the Opinion of Courtiers, does mighty well, and comes a great deal cheaper. — The Ladies may please to observe, that there are several little Drawing-Rooms adjoyning to the Warehouse, very convenient for taking *Cold Tea*, and other *Refreshments*, in Case the Weather should prove Sultry, and the Place be crowded.

Q

*Begone:*





*Begone: Retire. You are not far enough. — How? Say you, I am under the other Tropick? Get under the Pole, into the other Hemisphere: Mount to the Stars if possible. — I am there. — Very well, then you're in Safety. — I descry on the Earth a Man covetous, inexorable, insatiable —*

*Bruyere.*

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**W**HILST I was sitting the other Night in my great arm'd Chair, by the Fire-side, and smoaking my Pipe, as my Custom is before I go to Bed, my Contemplations were disturbed by a Noise of People in the Street, more than usual at such a Time of Night, which made me rise in some Haste, to see from my Window what might be the Reason of it. Throwing up my Sash, I perceived a mix'd Multitude of Women, Men and Boys, that seem'd expecting something, and at a considerable Distance, a great Light moving slowly forwards; which, as it advanced, discovered to me a *Funeral*, set forth with as much Pomp as the Vanity of Man could wish.

THOUGH a Sight like this, never fails to make me reflect severely on the Pride and Folly of Human Nature, I stood to see it pass, that I might learn from the Rabble under me, whose breathless Carcass was the Occasion of all this Bustle. In the first Place came several Men on Horseback, in long black Cloaks, carrying painted Streamers in their Hands, and immediately after them, two Coaches, wherein, I suppose, those sat who were invited to bear up the Pall. By the numerous Branches, which gave a great Light round, I could plainly see them talking to one another, with Countenances mighty cheerful, and entirely unconcerned at the melancholy Ceremony they were performing. Next came the

the Hearse, wherein the Body lay, cover'd with Plumes of Feathers, behung with Numbers of Escutcheons, and adorn'd with all that senseless Pageantry which the Undertakers have invented to enrich themselves at the Cost of other People. Close after this, in a Coach alone, followed the chief Mourner. I could hardly see his Face for his Hat, which was pulled over it, and a white Handkerchief he held up to wipe away his Tears, as it should seem, but in Truth, to conceal a Joy which he was afraid might be too apparent. This I had not discovered but by an accidental Stop just against my Window, whereby I got Time to peep at him through my philosophick Spectacles; and as they never fail to shew me truly the Tempers, Passions, and real Thoughts of People, whenever I make Use of them; by their Assistance I plainly saw through the mournful Disguise he had put on, and to my great Amazement found his Heart overflowing with Satisfaction, and all his Thoughts employed on the unbounded Pleasures he was proposing to himself from the Riches he should now be Master of. He was considering what Equipage he should set up, what Furniture he should buy, what Women he should enjoy, and how gayly he would live, without the least filial Remembrance of his dead Father's Corpse, (for such I found it was,) that was carrying just before him. I was sufficiently shock'd at this Observation, when the Procession mov'd along; and though I had but a transient View of the Relations, it was long enough to discern that they were all employed in murmuring at the Deceased's Will, not one amongst them being contented, but all repining that he had left too much to others, or too little to themselves. After them succeeded a Train of empty Coaches, which were hir'd merely to make a Shew, and lengthen out the Cavalcade. All this Time I could not learn for whom this grand Solemnity was prepar'd: I heard the People several Times enquiring of the Men that drove the Coaches, and the Attendants round about them, but without any Satisfaction; for they being continually employed in Works of this Nature, consider nothing but their Pay, and seldom give themselves the Trouble of asking whom they are carrying to the Grave.

HOWEVER, next Morning, by the Information of my *Barber*, who is an intelligent honest Fellow, I came to know, that the Person whom they put into the Ground with all this Formality and Magnificence, had been in his Life-time one of those unhappy Creatures, who sacrifice Honour, Conscience and Humanity, to the insatiable Desire of Gain; and by Oppression, Injustice and Extortion, rake together vast Heaps of Wealth, without daring to make Use of it. He told me, that this Wretch, though immensely rich, and possessed of large Sums in all the publick Funds, would not allow himself the common Necessaries of Life. That unless he could sponge on others, (which he frequently had Opportunities of doing, in his Business of lending Money to necessitous People for unreasonable Gratuities,) he always din'd at a little Chop-house, where, for spending Three-pence in Meat, he might have a Mess of Broth for nothing. That he lodged in a Garret, ever since the Death of his Wife, (who was lost, poor Woman, some Years before, merely thro' Want of a little common Care in a slight Indisposition,) kept no Servant, nor could be persuaded to afford himself a Fire in his Chamber, even in the severest Weather. That his Son and only Child, whom I had seen, having had no Kind of Education bestowed on him, had fallen into bad Company; for which his Father first turn'd him out of Doors, and then suffer'd him to be thrown in Prison, and almost perish there, on Account of Debts he had contracted to supply himself with Food and Cloathing.

THAT some Days ago, the old Man was taken ill, and fancying he should die, made his Will himself, to save the Expence of an Attorney, wherein he gave large Legacies to several of his Relations: But it was thought, that for Want of being worded properly, his Son would refuse to pay them; though should he be obliged to it, he, notwithstanding, would come to the Possession of a very handsome Fortune. That after this, the old Man took to his Bed, and could by no Means be prevail'd on to send for a Physician, or take any Kind of Medicine, and so dy'd for Want of Help. That when the News was brought the Son, he lay upon the bare Floor in Prison, and was so feeble with Cold and Hunger, that he could hardly stand; but being carry'd out, put into a warm Bed,



Bed, and nourished with comfortable Broths and Jellies, he was made able to attend the Funeral, which, being of a vain-glorious and extravagant Temper, he had directed with all this foolish Pageantry. That the Expence of it would be more than the old Man had allow'd himself for a Dozen Years before, and that it was generally believ'd, the young Fellow, who was inconsiderate and profuse, as well as wholly ignorant how to enjoy an Estate with Decency and Economy, would squander away this ill-got Wealth in much less Time than it has been acquiring. In short, that every Body detested the Father's Avarice, and pity'd the Son's Folly.

THIS Account occasion'd me abundance of serious Reflections on the Wretchedness and monstrous Stupidity of such Muckworms as are starving in the midst of Plenty, and to whom Riches seem a Curse; nor could I help justifying the young Heir in my own Mind, for the Joy of Heart which I the Night before was surpriz'd and startled at discovering in him: For it is against Nature and common Sense, to be concern'd at the Death of such a Parent, or not to rejoice at a Deliverance from Want and Misery; and all I blamed him for now, was his imprudent Ostentation, together with his ridiculous Affectation of being sorrowful.—If Parents would have their Lives agreeable to their Children, the only Way is, to let them partake their Fortunes decently, and not put them under a Necessity of wishing them in the Grave.

IF the Limits of my Paper would give me Leave, I would shew the Vanity and egregious Folly of expensive Funerals and costly Monuments; and especially for such People whose whole Lives have nothing in them worth rememb'ring. But to keep at present to my Subject: Could this wretched Man have been a Spectator of his own Obsequies, with what Agonies of Soul would he have consider'd the Expence, and how just and severe a Punishment had it been for his cursed Avarice! To see the Money he had scrap'd and sav'd together, by all the Arts of Fraud and Coverousness, thrown away in this senseless Manner, would surely have been worse than all Hell Torments to him!—Were we certain, that departed Spirits have a Knowledge of what happens here on Earth, and could find any Satisfaction or Disquiet from



it, one would be apt to think, that the Reason why the Miser's Riches are almost constantly lavish'd away extravagantly is, that Heaven appoints it so, as the most dreadful Punishment can be inflicted on him.—*M. de la Motte*, amongst his ingenious *Fables*, has, I remember, one to the same Purpose, which I shall beg Leave to give the Meaning of in *English*, for the Entertainment of all my Readers.

' A M I S E R, (says he) dy'd of Want in the midst  
' of an immense Treasure, and carry'd nothing with  
' him to the Grave but one single \* Penny, which too  
' his Relations grudg'd him: (for though a Man leaves  
' Mountains of Gold behind him, his *Heirs* will think  
' much even of his *Shroud* and *Coffin*.) His Shade ar-  
' rived on the Banks of † *Styx*, at the very Time when  
' † *Charon* was exacting his usual Fare of the Ghosts  
' that came to be wafted over, and driving back with  
' his Oar such as had not wherewithal to pay their Pas-  
' sage. The Miser, fond of his poor Penny, could not  
' bear the Thoughts of parting with it, but resolv'd to  
' cheat the Ferryman; and plunging into the River be-  
' fore his Face, nimbly cut the Waves, and swam over  
' to the farther Side. || *Cerberus* affrighted at his Ap-  
' pearance, barked thrice, and immediately at the Noise,  
' the *Furies* rushing out, apprehended the intruding  
' Shade. They dragged him before ¶ *MINOS*. The  
' Case was entirely new, and therefore he was a long  
' Time considering in his own Mind the Nature of the  
' Crime, and what Punishment he should inflict, that  
' it might be a Precedent for the Time to come. — Does  
' (says he) this covetous Wretch deserve the Torments  
' which

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\* It was a Custom with the Antients, to put a Penny  
in the Mouth of their Dead, to pay their Passage to Hell.

† The River over which the Passage to Hell lay.

‡ The Ferryman of Hell.

|| A Dog with three Heads, the Sentry of Hell.

¶ The Son of Jupiter, who was the Judge of Hell.

‘ which § *Tantalus* endures, or those of \* *Ixion*? Shall  
 ‘ I send him in the Place of † *Prometheus*, or to help  
 ‘ ‡ *Sisyphus* to roll up the weighty Stone? Or is it better  
 ‘ that I command him to fill the Vessel full of Holes,  
 ‘ where the || Daughters in Law of *Egyptus*, that de-  
 ‘ tested Crew, lose both their Labour and their Water?  
 ‘ —No, says *MINOS*, he must be punish’d more:  
 ‘ These Torments are not severe enough for him.—  
 ‘ But open the Passage for him immediately, and turn  
 ‘ him back into the World.—I condemn him to behold  
 ‘ what Use his Heirs are making of his Estate.



*Sera tamen tacitis Pana venit pedibus.*

Tibull.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

‘ **T** IS with inexpressible Affliction, that I write  
 ‘ to you on the Behalf of an only Son, for whose  
 ‘ Happiness both in this World and the next, I  
 ‘ am continually solicitous. I shall give him an hand-  
 D 3 ‘ some

---

§ He was placed in the Middle of a River, and though parch’d up with burning Thirst, could not get one Drop of the Water which surrounded him.

\* He was condemn’d to turn for ever on a Wheel.

† He was chained to a Rock, where a Vultur prey’d continually upon his Liver, which grew as fast as it was devour’d.

‡ He rolled a Stone up the Side of a Mountain, which, when near the Top, continually ran back upon him.

|| These having killed their Husbands on the Wedding Night, were condemned to fill with Water a Vessel pierc’d full of Holes.

\* some Fortune, and have bred him up like a Gentleman ;  
 \* but notwithstanding all my Care, by some Means or  
 \* other, I know not how, he has got a Habit of *swear-*  
 \* *ing* and *curfing* almost at every Word, in such a pro-  
 \* phane Manner, as is exceedingly shocking to any Body  
 \* that has a Sense of God and Religion. Several Times  
 \* I have reprov'd him, but to little or no Purpose ; for  
 \* his constant Answer is, that he cannot help it. Now,  
 \* good Sir, I would beg of you to expose this Vice, for,  
 \* I doubt not, a Discourse of yours would put him upon  
 \* reflecting ; and then, as in other Cases he wants not  
 \* Discretion, I hope he may be convinced of the Vile-  
 \* ness and Folly of it. If he can be either sham'd or  
 \* perswaded out of it, I shall think myself infinitely  
 \* obliged.

Yours, THEOSEBIUS.

I COMMEND the just Concern of my *Correspon-*  
*dent* at his Son's Behaviour ; and my *Advice* is, that if  
*Perswasion* and *Reproof* will not do, he should try *Seve-*  
*rity* ; nay, rather forget the *Tie of Nature*, than en-  
 courage *one* who dares openly avow himself the *Enemy of*  
*Heaven*, bully his *God*, and call for his own *Damnation*.  
 And as for this *young Spark*, who is so bold a *Briton* as  
 to defy the *Vengeance* of his *Maker*, I assure him, that  
 he is not only grossly *wicked*, but highly *unfashionable* ;  
 for, however other Vices thrive amongst us, I must, for  
 the Honour of my Country, take Notice, that *this* is ba-  
 nish'd from the Conversation of all well-bred People,  
 with whom *swearing* is held to be as great a Piece of  
*Rudeness* as can be offer'd ; and none but the *wilest* and  
 most *scoundrel* even of the *common People* now make a  
 Practice of it ; or if any others do, they are accounted  
*scandalous*, and avoided as the *Scum* and *Outcast* of Man-  
 kind. His Pretence, that he cannot help it, is not only  
 frivolous but false ; for, as my *Predecessor* justly as well  
 as humorously observ'd, *No one is born of a swearing*  
*Constitution*. And therefore, however a long Use may  
 make it, at first, a little difficult for him to leave it off,  
 let him but heartily endeavour, and the Work will soon  
 be done. If he finds large *Gaps* and *Vacancies* in his *Dis-*  
*course*, that want to be filled up, as probably will happen  
 for

for some Time, let him *cough*, or *spit*, or *whistle*; or if this Way should not prove effectual, let him always carry a *Jew's Trump* in his Pocket, and when he finds the *Devil* like to be too hard for him, clap it between his Teeth, and play upon it 'till the Fit is over.

WHENEVER I consider this *hellish Vice*, I am startled at the monstrous Absurdity of those that practise it, who ought to be regarded as the meekest *Ideots* in Nature. Those who run Headlong into the Water, or the Fire, and have no Sense of Danger or Self-Preservation, we call *Fools* and *Drivelers*. — And are they wiser who continually pray for their own Destruction? — Can any Thing be more stupid? — And should not all who do so, even were there no Wickedness in it, be looked upon in the same Manner, as if they wore Caps adorn'd with Bells and Asses Ears, a Dress which I am sure would be highly suitable to their Behaviour.

EVERY other Sin has some Temptation and Reward, either of Pleasure or Advantage; but the *Swearer* is the Devil's *Volunteer*, he serves for *nothing*, and does not only list under his Banner *gratis*, but likewise finds his own *Accoutrements*.

SOME pretend they *swear* because they are provoked, and in a Passion; which is no more than excusing one Fault by another, and only makes it worse. Others *swear* to make themselves believ'd: But such are strangely out in Politicks, for it's a common Notion, that those who *swear* will *lie*; and therefore, instead of gaining a Reputation, it generally brings in Question the Truth of what they say; and with good Reason too, for his Credit must certainly be very low, who supposes that without calling upon Heaven he should not be believ'd. A common *Swearer* ought, I think, on no Occasion, to be accepted as a *Witness*, or permitted to give his Oath in our *Courts of Justice*; for what Regard can he reasonably be supposed to have for *Oaths*, what Consideration of Duty towards his *Neighbour*, who uses them continually in his Conversation, and sets his God at nought?

MANY, I believe, at first came into this cursed Practice, from a Notion that it gives them an Air in Company, sets off Discourse with a good Grace, and makes



them be taken Notice of: — And so, indeed, it does, and avoided too, by all People in their Senses, as a Parcel of *Bullies, Rakes, and Profligates*; for no Civility can be expected towards Man, by such as hourly affront their God; nor any Goodness or Humanity be hoped from those who are every Moment wishing for their own Damnation.

THE *Heathens*, with all their Ignorance, were never so prophane and impious as to make a Mockery of their *Deities*, by invoking them through *Wantonness*: Nor were they so wretchedly senseless, as to call for Curses on their own Heads, though they sometimes did so on their Enemies. Were they to hear the *horrid Imprecations* which are used in our Streets, and knew the Meaning of them, they would imagine us to be downright mad; and without that Knowledge, would be apt to think of us, as a Native of *Siam* did, who resided here some Time, and sent an Account of our Customs to a Friend in his own Country. Take it in his own Words, as I find it in *Hiburnicus's* Letters.

‘ THE Inhabitants of these two Islands (*Great Britain and Ireland*) pretend to adore only one *Supreme God*, and to be entirely free from all Kinds of *Superstition*: But I cannot believe the Professions of these *Infidels*; for, besides the living *Deities* to whom they daily offer their Vows, they have a Multitude of others, whom they are every Moment calling upon; *Demons* with strange and abominable Names that were never heard of on your Side the Great Water. They are ever and anon addressing themselves to one or other of these Gods, and upon the most trifling Occasions, and commonly in their Anger and Passion. There are so many of them, that it is almost impossible to reckon them up: However, there seems to be several sorts of them. Some of the lower Ranks of them, such as *Lard, Egad, Isackins, Odsbodikins, Udsfise, Asere George, Udsniggers, and Udsfise*, are call’d upon very familiarly, without any Shew of Devotion. These seem to be looked upon by them as a good-natured Kind of *Beings*, in Regard that the *Women* of the Country, and effeminate Persons very like Women, are their frequent Worshippers; their *Children* are taught  
‘ very

‘ very early to adore them, and they stammer their  
‘ Praises to them before they can well speak.

‘ BUT there are other *Beings*, whom they regard  
‘ more awfully, and pay Homage to with greater Devotion. Of this Number is he that they call *Dammee*, a  
‘ powerful *Demon*, and had in great Veneration by the  
‘ Soldiers and Seamen, and most of the meaner Sort of  
‘ People, and some of the *Mandarins* too, who esteem  
‘ themselves Men of Spirit; as is also another *Demon*,  
‘ called *Blood and Wounds*. I have been often at a Loss  
‘ to understand what is their Opinion concerning this  
‘ *Divinity*; because I have sometimes heard them split  
‘ his Name, and call him sometimes only *Blood*, and  
‘ sometimes *Wounds*, and sometimes in a Hurry they  
‘ blunder out *Blood and Wounds*; so that I often imagined they worshipped sometimes the one Half of him,  
‘ and sometimes the other; but at last I concluded, that  
‘ there were two distinct *Divinities*, a *Male* and a *Female*, who being marry’d together, they sometimes  
‘ invoked only *Blood*, and sometimes *Wounds*; but if  
‘ they are in Haste, they pray to both *Blood and Wounds*  
‘ together, according as their different Wants call for  
‘ their Assistance; so that if *Blood* be out of Temper,  
‘ or busy, *Wounds* may do the Jobb alone.

‘ I HAVE seen a Person, with much Devotion and  
‘ Fervency of Spirit, chastise his Slave almost to Death,  
‘ all the while calling for Assistance from *Blood and*  
‘ *Wounds*: The Drivers of certain Leathern *Machines*,  
‘ wherein the Rich and Lazy are drawn by Horses, are  
‘ likewise most religious Adorers of this *Divinity*. I  
‘ also observed, that the Commander of the Vessel in  
‘ which I was transported over the Great Water, never  
‘ apply’d to any other *Deity* so much as to *Blood and*  
‘ *Wounds*; yet sometimes, in the Heat of his Devotion,  
‘ and Height of his Anger, he would pray to *Dammee*;  
‘ and if in great Distress and Danger, to one *Dammee*  
‘ *Blood*, and *Dammee Soul*, which I take to be either  
‘ two Brothers, or two Sons of *Dammee*.

‘ BUT be they whom they will, I never perceived  
‘ any Success from Prayers made to them; and I never  
‘ could find that they are invoked by any serious, honest,  
‘ or sober Men; nor by such as I have named, except in

the Heat of Passion, or in a Fit of Drunkenness, at which Times Men are not in a fit Frame to call upon their Gods. Indeed, I have heard some in a very calm Mood call upon *Damme*, and the rest of his Relations; but then I perceived he did it without any Devotion, and only to pass the Time away, or as a Parenthesis to his Discourse. But such Men are ever shun'd by the Virtuons and the Good that dwell amongst them; and they in Return, hate and persecute them, when in their Power, and brand them for Hypocrites, for not worshipping *Damme* and *Damme Blood*. But surely he must be the happy Man at last, that worships the only true God, who is so jealous of his Honour, that he will not give it to another, however these *Infidels*, these *Damme Idolators*, may deceive themselves.

\* \* \*



*Sure, of all Ills, Domestic are the worst!*

*When we lay next us those we hold most dear,  
Like Hercules, invenom'd Shirts we wear,  
And cleaving Mischiefs.———Dryd.*

*From my House in the Minorities.*

OUR famous *Milton* was the greatest Example which our Nation has produced, of a Mind impatient under any Apprehensions of *Slavery*; and no one has shew'd himself so zealous a Champion for that Freedom of our Being, which he contended to be so essential to the Dignity of our Species. This Spirit of Freedom he demonstrated in his own Poetry, by shaking off the Manacles of Rhime: This Spirit he extended more universally to the Sentiments of others, by publishing a Discourse upon the Liberty of the Press: This Spirit he advanced even to Government itself, against the Sovereignty of one Man: And this Spirit he exerted against the Bands of

of *Matrimony*, for confining us so inseparably to one Woman. And such a Regard was paid to his Opinion, in this last Particular, that the Publication of his three Discourses upon *Marriage* and *Divorce*, in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, tho' by Means of the *Assembly* of *Divines*, who took him to be an Invader of their Jurisdiction, it brought him before the House of Lords; yet did he not only then escape all servile Submission, that we can hear of, to any opposite *Judgment*; but, in the succeeding Reign, when the Divorce of a certain Nobleman reviv'd these Considerations, both Application and Submission were made to *him*.

THIS was an Observation started to me, with an Air of Satisfaction, by my old Friend WILL. PRECEDENT, the Historian, in one of our late Conferences upon this Topic of *Matrimony*, and the fatal Effects which its indissoluble Obligation has produced in the World. For, added he, ' Shall Redress be so easily had against every little Imposture in our most mean and mechanic Dealings, and be so hard to be procur'd in one of the utmost Consequence, a deceitful Match, whereon our whole Liberty and Property, Fortune, Family and Felicity, here and hereafter, have such a Dependence? There are (continued he) few Occasions which will procure a Divorce; there are many which plead for it; and in those few which render it attainable, there are so many Difficulties, so many Delays, so much Expence, and, above all, so much Exposure, that it is no Wonder since *Law* has not found Expedients equal to those Occasions for dissolving this *Gordian Knot*, that *Nature* should so often find Temptations to cut it.' Here he produced Instances out of our Chronicles and Records, from as high as Queen *Eadburga*, down to Mrs. *Arden* of *Fewersham*, and thence even to our own Times. As for my own Arguments, in answer to his, I shall here, for Brevity, wave them, and only say, he proceeded to observe, that the Motives to this flagrant Mischief, were as various as the Means. An ambitious Thirst of Power and Supremacy taught that *Saxon* Queen to mingle the baneful Cup, which prov'd the Destruction of her Consort; as a Criminal Familiarity with another Man, occasion'd that of Mrs. *Arden's*; and what a Train of Executions



Executions did the Detection thereof bring forth ! The same also was Mrs. *Caldwell's* Motive for attempting the Death of her's, with a poison'd Oatcake, in the Beginning of King *James* the First. And mind it, said my Historian, you will ever find Adultery the most fruitful Root of these Matrimonial Murders : Not but, continued he, an inveterate Hatred and Antipathy, arising from Ill-Usage, has often brought forth the same unhappy Consequence : And this was the Provocation of *Mary Hobry*, the *French* Midwife, burn'd in King *James* the Second's Time, for strangling her Husband and scattering his Quarters, to conceal the Fact. But some, said he, have done it out of pure Lucre, and to raise themselves a Fortune, as (not to confine my Examples all on the Female Side) that *Essex* Chap, who drove a rare Traffick in Wives, 'till being question'd, how he could bury Ten or a Dozen of them in such a convenient Space, confess'd, it was only by marrying fine tender Constitutions out of the *Uplands*, and bringing them down into the damp unwholesome *Hundreds* ; so by Limbs or Lungs, Death took them off his Hands, and soon left him at Liberty to go to Market again for fresh ones. And lastly, he observ'd, these conjugal Tragedies to have been acted merely for the Sake of Change and Variety ; whereof he gave me an extraordinary History, affirming it to be no less really true, than seemingly romantic ; which, therefore, I shall here endeavour more particularly to recount.

WHEN the *French* King invaded *Holland*, about the Year 1672, a Gentleman of a slender Fortune, but a good Family, and probably of a more martial than uxorious Disposition, was, not long after his Marriage, determin'd to leave his Wife and follow the Wars. She, who had but little Experience of his Affection, was yet much dejected at his Absence ; for Women cannot bear any Thing which looks with the Face of a Slight, even from those themselves disesteem. She strengthen'd her Apprehensions of being slighted, from the Silence of her Husband for several Years after their Separation. At last, upon some dangerous Indisposition, which befell him, he sent an intimate Acquaintance with a Ring she had known him wear, to convince her he was alive, and continued his Love to her. The Messenger having non-

rish'd

rish'd a secret Passion for the Lady, and hoping his Friend might possibly not survive his Sickness, presented the Ring as Part of her dead Husband's Last Will and Legacy; and soon after follow'd it with many pressing Persuasions, that she would make him the happy Man who should repair her Loss. She seem'd very shy and surprized, and wonder'd how he could make any Offer, — and all those Things. Nevertheless, through the displeasing Thoughts of Widowhood, slipping a good Opportunity, and such-like Considerations, she *laid hold of it*, and in a few Days they were marry'd. Soon after her first Husband possessed her Imaginations more than ever, and she thought the latter did not use her so kindly; she wished for another *Dutch* War, or that this also would give her some Token of his Last Will. Amidst these Reflections, the former, now recover'd, and ignorant of what had happen'd, return'd home. He soon learn'd how he had been supplanted; but she made out her Innocence so clear, that he was pacified, the second forced by Law to resign, and they again cohabited. The Change was pleasing to her, though no real Novelty. The Husband seem'd more amorous, the Wife more engaging; yet was it not long before the Wind changed about again, and she appeared very cloudy. He would needs know the Reason: At last, she disclosed her deep Concern to be, 'That he, her only Joy, should be in greater Danger at Home, than in the Wars; having been credibly assured, her Second had firmly resolved to murder him, the better to have Access to her again: That she could not rest 'till she had devised some Prevention of the wicked Design, which must otherwise prove the Destruction of all Three: That there was no *Medium* to be used, but he must be dispatched or they could not be safe. Farther adding, they had now the fairest Opportunity in the World to accomplish this Affair; for he was to come and take his Leave of her that very Night before his Departure for *Burgundy*, which Journey he pretended, that he might the better conceal himself for his projected Assassination.' Withal, she represented the Means so feasible, without Harm or Hazard to her dearest Husband, that he, for his Security, and out of Resentment, consented to the Deed. The Guest arrives, big with

with the Hopes she had given him, not only of a perfect Reconciliation with the Husband, but even of his Conivance at her utmost Indulgencies to him. The Glass went freely about, and several Healths were pressed upon the Visitant; till he, growing unguarded enough for their Purpose, she insus'd a strong Soporific in his Wine, which soon laid him fast asleep; when, having dispatch'd the Servants on plausible Errands, they strangled him. This done, she directed her Husband to bear up the Fore-part of the Corpse upon his Shoulders, while she, for his greater Ease, supported the Legs on her own. Thus, cross the Garden they went to the River, which washed the very Banks thereof. In their March, she, notable Work-woman! busied herself with a strong Needle and Thread, in tacking fast together the Coat-Lappers of both her Husbands. When they came to the Brink of the Precipice, *Now Wife*, said he, *are you ready?* *Now Husband*, answer'd she, ——— so down went the Dead one, the Living after him; and she got rid of them both at once.

TO the Inquiries which were made after them, she had prepared an Answer: She pretended her Husband and his Friend had quarrell'd, went out and fought, but was mighty anxious what should be become of them. All her Insinuations, all her feign'd Affliction availed her not, when the Bodies were found floating so fastened, and it appeared, that she alone was in the House with them. She stood it out for some Time; but when she was threaten'd with Torture, it terrify'd her into Confession: And Justice inflicted on her the Punishment due to her Crimes.

Q



The FEMALE MICROCOSM.

MEN are the WORLD in *small*, you say;  
And why not WOMEN too, I pray?  
All Species they as well comprise,  
That trace *Earth, Waters*, or the *Skies*.

The LAMB their *Childhood* well explains;  
They're skittish FILLIES, in their *Teens*:  
Often the Name of CATS prevails,  
Creatures that play much — with their *Tails*.

YET are believ'd from *Seas* to spring  
When the dissembling SYRENS *sing*:  
Some are called THORNBACKS—for their *Years*:  
Some CROCODILES—when they're in *Tears*.

BUT they are PARROTS, when they *talk*,  
They're PEACOCKS proud whene'er they *walk*;  
Yet TURTLES, meeting *Face to Face*:  
They're RAILS, who at *Tea Tables* sway;  
They're BATS, who chase their *Twilight Prey*;  
And WAGTAILS—in a *proper Place*.

The LADIES ANSWER.

A Little WORLD, I say again,  
Meets in that motly Creature, MAN,  
His *single Species all* explains  
*Earth, Ocean*, or the *Air* contains.

THE APE, much in his *Youth* appears,  
The GOAT, the SWINE, or WOLF in *Years*;  
Often the Name of CURS prevails,  
For *fawning* at their *Patrons Tails*.

YET thought some *Marine Monster*, when  
We see a *State-LEVIATHAN*:  
Some are call'd CODS HEADS,—wanting *Brains*;  
Some SHARKS,—wherever *Gaming* reigns.

BUT



64 *The* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

BUT BLACKBIRDS, when in *Pulpits* zealous;  
They're *Horned-OWLS*, when *Husbands* jealous;  
And *JAYS*, at *Court* who spark it:  
They're *GULLS*, whom *Corporations* glean,  
*CANARY-BIRDS* at *Change* are seen,  
And *CAPONS*——in *Hay-market*.

Q



*Thesaurus est malorum mala Mulier.*

*From my House in the Minories.*

THE two following *Letters* will admit of no Delay,  
and therefore I shall consider them without any  
farther Preface.

‘ *Mr. SPECTATOR,*

‘ I BEAR an unblemish’d Character in the Neigh-  
‘ bour where I live, am accounted an honest  
‘ and substantial Citizen, and have serv’d all our Pa-  
‘ rish Offices with much Applause. I am blest, more-  
‘ over, with an affectionate virtuous Wife, and five  
‘ hopeful Children, and, ’till of late, thought myself as  
‘ happy as his Majesty, (if I may say so without Of-  
‘ fence.) But, it happen’d, that about three Months  
‘ ago, being obliged to go and take a Glass extraordinary  
‘ at striking up a Bargain: As I was coming home, about  
‘ Eleven o’Clock at Night, without imagining any  
‘ Harm, a Creature pick’d me up, and taking Advantage  
‘ of my Condition, perswaded me to go with her. I am  
‘ always mighty amorous in my Cups, as my Wife  
‘ knows very well; and so, (as the Devil would have it,)  
‘ she carry’d me to her Lodgings. But, the next Day,  
‘ I was ready to hang myself, when I came to consider;  
‘ for she had pick’d my Pocket of more than I care to  
‘ own: Yet, that was not the worst of it, for in a few  
‘ Day I found other Consequences, which made me ap-  
‘ ply

ply myself immediately to an able Surgeon, who soon set me right again; though not before my Wife had been a Sufferer, (as I'm much afraid,) for she has been in a very odd Way ever since, without knowing what's the Matter with her; and I have not the Face to tell her, because I have often heard her say, That she could never forgive a Fault like this, nor would ever bed with a Husband after it.—Now, this is my unhappy Case; and yet, it is not all my Misfortune neither: For the wicked Devil that seduced me has found me out, and being sensible, that for the Sake of my Reputation and Family Quiet, I dare not punish her, is perpetually demanding Money of me, and threatening, (if I refuse to give it her,) that she'll not only send my Wife an Account of all, but make the Matter publick; by which Means she has extorted from me several handsome Sums, and, I suppose, looks upon me as her Property for ever.—How to extricate myself I know not, and have Nobody I dare advise with, therefore apply myself to you, begging your Directions in this nice Affair, where my inward Peace, my Reputation, and the Happiness of my Family, lie all at Stake. I shall expect this Favour with great Impatience, and ever acknowledge myself,

*Your most obliged humble Servant,*

JOHN TRASH.

P. S. I have always been a fond, Pains-taking, indulgent Husband, and never wrong'd my Wife before in all my Life.

THE embarrass'd Condition of my *Correspondent* shews, that *Vice* ever is productive of *Difficulty*, *Uneasiness* and *Remorse*; and that it is more evidently true, that *Wickedness* is its own *Punishment*, than that *Virtue* is its own *Reward*.—The Measures he must now pursue to restore his Happiness require much *Prudence* and *Reflection*. In the first Place, and without Delay, the *Heal* of his *injur'd Wife* ought to be taken Care of, and that, (if possible) without letting her imagine the Cause of her *Disorder*.

On

On this Occasion, *Deceit* is justifiable, since to keep her ignorant is to preserve her *Quiet*: And therefore it is highly proper, that the Person whom he employs, should give the *Dissemper* any other *Name* than what it really bears.—As for the impudent *Prostitute*, that haunts him like an *evil Conscience*, he must at any Rate get rid of her. To effect this, *gentle Means* should first be used; and if these prove insufficient, she will hardly stand the Fear of a *Prosecution*, if threaten'd with *Address* and *Spirit*. But, if neither of these Ways should do, let him, as the *last Remedy*, with Contrition, tell his *Wife* the whole Affair, requesting her *Pardon* for it: And as for what regards the *Publick*, rather sit down and undergo the *Shame*, than suffer himself to be *flee'd*, in such a scandalous and foolish Manner.—And now, to prevent farther *Uneasiness*, I'll add one Piece of Advice, unask'd, for the *Spouse* of my *Correspondent*, in Case she comes to the Knowledge of this Matter; and that is, to bear it *prudently* and *patiently*; to *forgive* it, and to *forget* it:—Which Conduct, I'm persuaded, will prove infinitely more conducive towards her *Happiness* than all the *Rage* and *Passion*, the *Complainings* and *Upbraidings*, which are, too often, imprudently made Use of on such Occasions.

HAVING done with my *Correspondent*, it naturally falls in my Way to say something of our *Street Walkers*; a Sort of *Creatures*, whose *Wickedness* and *Wretchedness* can hardly be parallell'd or described.—As the best of Things when corrupted become the worst, so *Women*, though endowed with *higher Inclinations* to *Good*, or at least with *stronger Fears* of doing *Evil*, than the other *Sex*, when they throw off those *Fears*, and divest themselves of *Modesty* and *Shame* and *Virtue*, become abundantly more abandon'd than the vilest and most reprobate of *Men*; as is evident in these *poor Wretches*, whom none but the *Devil* himself can equal in all Kinds of *Viciousness* and *Impiety*. It is somewhat horrid to walk along our *Streets* at Night, where Multitudes of these *Prostitutes*, like *Evil Spirits*, are tempting all they meet. This *Trade* never was, I believe, carried on with so much *shameless Impudence*, as at present, in Defiance of our *Laws*, and contrary to all good Government. Even I myself

myself can't pass in Quiet for *them*, notwithstanding my *Age*, and the *Gravity* of my *Appearance*: No Wonder then, if *young People*, whose *Passions* are strong and thoughtless, or such as *Wine* has made *amorous* and *incautious*, are deluded by them.——I wish these *Remarks* could stir up the *Magistrates* of this great City to exert their *Authority*, and put the *Laws* severely in Execution. Were proper *Officers* appointed every Night to clear the *Streets* of these *lewd Women*, and were they constantly committed to *hard Labour*, as the *Law* directs, I make no Doubt, but in a little while the *Publick* would find the Good of it: *Robberies* and *Cheats* would be less frequent, many *Thousands* of our *Youth* preserv'd from *Destruction*, and these *common Creatures* themselves, by being forced to seek a *Maintenance* in some *honest Way*, would many of them become *reclaim'd*, and rejoice at their Deliverance from a *beliish Life* of *Wickedness* and *Misery*, which continually subjects them to every Kind and Manner of *Filthiness* and *Abuse*, of *Rottenness* and *Ruin*.

Dear S P E C.

Prithee put on thy considering Cap, and advise a poor irresolute Virgin how to chuse a Husband: For, you must know, I've a strange Mind to be married, though not as most pretend, merely out of Curiosity; my Reason is much better; however, no Matter for that at present.——Now, as there's no such Thing as trying a little before-hand how a Body likes it, and since when 'tis once done, 'tis done for ever and ever, I think (though I am a Mad-Cap, and careless in other Things,) I should be a little cautious here, because as I make my Bed I must lie down in it.——So having made you my Ghostly Father, I confess, that, in the Levity of my Heart, I'm what the World calls a Coquet; that is, having Beauty and Fortune enough to draw Admirers round me, and being extremely fond of Flattery and Applause, I've used the likeliest Means to keep them all, without any farther Purpose than my own Amusement: For I hate to be alone, and methinks it is the prettiest State that can be, to have a Train of Slaves attending, that take one's  
Com-



' Commands for Favours, and can see no Faults in a  
 ' Body, but are striving who shall humour and com-  
 ' mend one most. However, now and then, that fright-  
 ' ful odious Thing, call'd Reflection, seizes me; and  
 ' then, I'm presently over Head and Ears in Vapours,  
 ' to consider, that a few Years must take away my Beau-  
 ' ty, and consequently put a Check to my Dominion;  
 ' and as this would mortify me exceedingly, I'm endea-  
 ' vouring to prevent it, by retreating with Honour in  
 ' the Midst of all my Glory, that, like Great Men, I  
 ' may not be said to be turn'd out, but to resign. This  
 ' makes me resolve to marry: But then, the Question  
 ' is, to whom? ——— And here, I'm wonderfully puz-  
 ' zled, for most Part of the Creatures that hover about  
 ' me, are, either too silly, or too wise for me. Now,  
 ' if I marry a Fool, I'm certain I shall despise him,  
 ' and if the Man is wise, 'tis ten to one but he does the  
 ' same by me; and withal, I'm well assured, these con-  
 ' trary Creatures are brought by different Motives; the  
 ' simple ones, for aught I know, may like my Person;  
 ' but the Wise, I make no Doubt, fix their Mind chiefly  
 ' upon my Fortune. These are the Difficulties which  
 ' make me apply to you; I'm entirely at my own Dis-  
 ' posal, aged Twenty-two, having six thousand Pounds,  
 ' and without a particular Inclination for any Man alive.  
 ' ——— Pray be speedy in your Answer to

*Your humble Servant,*

ARABELLA FORESIGHT.

I VERY much commend the Prudence of my *Cor-*  
*respondent*, and hope it will prove a *useful Lesson* to those  
*giddy Fair Ones* the *Coquets*, who prefer the *empty Repu-*  
*tation* of a Crowd of *Followers*, to the *real Happiness* of  
 getting a *good Husband*; 'till at last, finding themselves  
 forsaken, they grow dissatisfied with all the World, and,  
 from being *Toasts*, dwindle into those *peevish* and *trouble-*  
*some Creatures* call'd *Old Maids*; or else, having out-  
 stood their Marker, take up with any Thing that offers,  
 though much worse than what they have often before re-  
 fused.

IF my *Correspondent* had inclos'd a *Mustter-Roll* of her *Humble Servants*, with the *Size* and *Character* of each *Particular*, I should have been much better qualified to give her my Opinion. But, as the Case stands, I can do little more than in general advise her, to examine carefully which of them has most *Good Sense*, *Virtue*, and *Good-Nature*: Not neglecting *Fortune* likewise; for, as Things at present go, *Money* will be found exceedingly-requisite towards compleating *Happiness*, though alone it cannot make it, as some foolishly imagine. *Riches* join'd with the abovesaid *Qualifications* ought certainly to give the *Preference*, but can by no Means supply the Want of them.

THERE are some Sorts of *Men*, whom (let their *Fortune* be what it will) all *Women* should beware of, as they regard their *Peace*.——Let her never think to fix a *Rake*, or reform a *Debauchee*; a Mistake which many fall into, from too fond a *Conceit* of their own *Charms* or *Wisdom*; let her not imagine a *Fop* can have any real Value but for his own dear *Person*; or be persuaded to wed a *Fool*, through a Belief that she shall govern him.——The *Marriage State* requires a certain Mixture of *Affection* and *Discretion*, which none of these *Characters* can possibly supply.——As for the *Outside* of a *Man*, it is the last Thing worth regarding, though too often it proves the first that is consider'd; But notwithstanding, no *Woman* should ever marry one whose *Person* is disagreeable, any more than one whose *Temper* and *Disposition* she does not like; for People that are to lead a Life together, must be very miserable, if, either in *Body* or *Mind*, they are disgustful to each other. Their *Ages* likewise ought to be near alike; if there was no other *Reason*, for this one, which is unanswerable, that, otherwise, their *Likings* and *Aversions*, their *Passions* and *Inclinations*, must of Necessity be vastly different, and, consequently cause them much *Unhappiness*.——It's impossible to judge of People from a slight Acquaintance, let her therefore take due Time, to find out the most deserving among her *Lovers*, and when that's done, let her never scruple to acknowledge a *generous* and *sincere Esteem*, and quitting all the rest, resign herself to him alone.

\* \* \*

Old



Old as I am, for Ladies Love unfit,  
 The Power of Beauty I remember yet,  
 Which once inflam'd my Soul, and still inspires my Wit. }  
 Dryden.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

OF late, I have receiv'd many Letters from both Sexes, with Complaints against each other. My Fair Correspondents are earnest with me to reprove that eager Pursuit after Money, that Disregard of Beauty, that Neglect of Merit, that Inconstancy in Love, and that Disaffection towards Matrimony, which prevail among the Men; whilst they, on the other Hand, accuse the Women of Levity, Extravagance, Hypocrisy, Gaming, Coquetry, and a long List of other Failings. For my Part, I believe that both Sexes have their Faults: But as the Complaints hitherto received are mostly general, it is impossible for me to determine with that impartial Justice which I shall use on all Occasions. However, as the Regulation of Grievances is a Matter of the utmost Importance, I shall exert my Authority to cause an Amendment where-ever it is wanting, in order to restore that Harmony and good Understanding between the Sexes which is alone capable of producing real Happiness. Be it known therefore to all whom it may concern, of what Age, Sex, Country, or Condition soever they be, that on Monday the 20th Day of this Instant April, I shall begin to examine all Complaints that shall be regularly brought before me, relating to Courtship, Economy, Dress, good Housewifry, Love or Marriage: And I give this publick Notice, that all Parties may be well prepared to make good their respective Allegations, that from a due Hearing and Consideration of the several and particular Cases and Causes of Complaint, I may be able to regulate the Misconduct on both Sides, in such a Manner

ner as to make them mutually excuse each other.—In the mean while, as I have taken upon me to be an Advocate for the *Fair Sex*, and to vindicate them in every Thing that is just and reasonable; it behoves me to declare, (against such as pretend to glory in a brutish Insensibility,) that *Beauty* join'd with *Virtue* is the proper Object of *Love and Desire*, and that *Love* so placed is not a Disgrace to, but the Perfection of Human Nature: True Philosophy does not require of us to destroy our Passions, but only to direct them right.

I WAS going on in my Reflections, when the *Postman* knock'd at the Door. Amongst the Letters which he brought, I observed one, nicely written on gilt Paper, its Seal a *Cupid* mounted on the Back of a *Lion*, and the Motto round it *Omnia vincit Amor*. This Epistle, I made no Doubt, came from some sighing Lover; but when I broke it open, it proved a *Defence of Beauty*. Well pleased to find so nice a Subject handled in a better Manner than an *Old Fellow* as I am could well pretend to, I laid my Pen aside; and am persuaded at least one half of my *Readers* will excuse my doing so, when they peruse what follows:

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

'TIS the Ambition of some Men to appear superior to all the soft Assaults of *Beauty*: And in order to convince the World, how stupidly indifferent they are, in Respect to the *Fair Sex*, under a Shew of Reason and Argument, they publickly cry out against it. But there's generally a low, spiritless, commonplace Way of Declaiming which runs through all the Discourses of these *Satyrists*, and seems to prove, that a malicious Sort of Ignorance is the Cause of their Ill-Nature.—*Virtue*, *Modesty* and *Beauty*, are the Foundation of a *Woman's* Claim to *Love and Respect*. When these Qualities are tainted, then Indifference (or even Dislike) is justifiable: But this can only happen in Regard to Particulars, and no Reason can be assigned why the *Sex* in general should suffer for it. However, since there are some certain Reproaches thrown upon

the



‘ the whole Sex, I cannot humour my own Inclination  
 ‘ more, than by endeavouring to expose the Unreasonable-  
 ‘ ness of all such Reflections.

‘ AND first, let us examine the Sentiments of *Antiquity*, together with those Compliments and Affronts  
 ‘ which the *Ladies* have received from the old *Philosophers*. *DIOGENES* was a Person of the strictest Seve-  
 ‘ rity, one that despised all Pleasures, but such as he en-  
 ‘ joy’d in the Pride of his contemning every Thing :  
 ‘ Yet his Vanity, and the Arguments which supported  
 ‘ it, were ruined by the Magick of a *Lady’s* Look. He  
 ‘ soften’d at the Sight of *THAIS*, and dress’d in all the  
 ‘ Foppery of Youth to make himself agreeable. In  
 ‘ short, he was so much a Slave to the *Beauty* of that  
 ‘ Prostitute, that nothing but her own immodest Tongue  
 ‘ could set him free. But the Impudence of his *Mistress*  
 ‘ made him vent his Spleen against the whole Sex : And  
 ‘ so very absurd was he in his Prejudice, that he pub-  
 ‘ licly own’d himself asham’d of having been moved  
 ‘ by *Beauty’s* Charms, and call’d *LOVE, an Error of*  
 ‘ *the Mind*. To these Aspersions we may oppose the  
 ‘ Opinion of *PLATO*, who was passionately fond of a  
 ‘ young *Lady* at *Athens*, and ridiculed for it by the  
 ‘ whole Body of *Philosophers*. In order, therefore, to  
 ‘ justify his Passion, he apply’d himself to study the Na-  
 ‘ ture of *BEAUTY* and *LOVE* : Of which he has left  
 ‘ us the following elegant Account. He supposes that  
 ‘ the *Soul* is an harmonious System, and that it has a  
 ‘ strong *Desire* to unite itself to such Objects as are di-  
 ‘ stinguish’d for *Beauty* and *Order*. By this *Desire* of  
 ‘ the *Soul* he understands the Passion of *Love* : And as  
 ‘ he imagines that this *Desire* necessarily attends the Per-  
 ‘ ception of *Beauty*, he thence very properly infers,  
 ‘ that *Love* is a rational and natural Passion. —

‘ *SHAKESPEAR* seems to have a simular *Idea* of a  
 ‘ human *Soul*. He was sensible of the Charms and Force  
 ‘ of *MUSICK*, and could account for the Pleasures of it  
 ‘ from no other Principle, but that of the *Nature of the*  
 ‘ *Soul*. He says, that Man who cannot relish *Musick* has  
 ‘ a savage Soul, and is fit only for Treasons, Villanies  
 ‘ and Spoils. Experience would justify us, if we should

‘ affirm

• affirm the same Thing of such as are insensible of the  
• Charms of *Beauty*.

• IN the Days of ARISTOTLE it was disputed, whether *Women* were fit to govern a Nation. He undertook the *Female Cause*, and therein opposed all the *Wits* of *Greece*. He argued from the Original of Government, and proved, that all Superiority was primarily founded in *Beauty*. Whether he was inclined to think so from his own Experience of Love, or from Reason, is not very material to determine. But certain it is, if Mankind are considered in a State of Nature, *Beauty* gives a natural Superiority. This Cause of ARISTOTLE's is very much strengthen'd by two of PLATO's Notions: He supposes, that if WISDOM could appear to Mankind in a *visible Form*, all the World would fall in Love with her *Beauty*. And again, he declar'd it quite impossible, that the *Poetess* SAPPHO should not be exceeding *Beautiful*, because she had so much Wit. These, indeed, are only bare Assertions of PLATO: But, however, may be supported by the following Argument:

• *BEAUTY* (in the Words of a modern *Philosopher*) results from an exact Proportion of fine Features, and such as suppose a peculiar *Tendresse* in the Organs. Therefore, the Impression which they receive, from sensible Objects, must be more affecting. All *Ideas* proceed originally from *Sensation*; and, consequently, the more affecting the *Sensation* is, the more lively is the *Idea*. It will proceed from hence, that the *Women* far exceed us in Fancy and Imagination: And, therefore ARISTOTLE might well presume, from the *Beauty* of that Sex, that *Women* do not want Capacity to govern or manage a People.

• The severest Sentence, which, probably, was ever passed upon the *Ladies*, is that of CATO. He supposes that Men would live like Gods in this World, if the whole Race of Woman was extinct. But this is a gross Compliment to his own Way of Life. He abstracted himself from all Female Conversation, and commenced the most savage, rustick, and intractable Mortal that ever lived. And if CATO had his Wish, he is himself an Instance what Monsters Mankind would be.

For all that *Politeness* which brightens and refines the Behaviour of *Men*, is chiefly occasioned by their natural Desire to please the *Women*; and if that was entirely destroy'd, *Dress*, *Good Breeding*, *Poetry*, and a thousand other pretty Refinements, would be quite neglected.

BUT, let us dismiss the *Sages* of Antiquity, and consult the Objections of our modern *Critics*. One of them very smartly remarks, that it is plain, from the tender Constitution of *Women*, they never were designed for the severer Parts of Study: And therefore, he infers, that Learning is the Property of *Men* alone. We allow their Constitution is not so able to bear the Fatigue of long and close Application: Yet our Adversaries must confess, they have this Defect abundantly supply'd by the *Vivacity* and *Readiness* of their Minds. The most frightful Charge of all is, that *Women* ruin our Pursuits after *Knowledge*, and that it is impossible to arrive at any Perfection in *Philosophy*, while their Conversation delights us. — If we let this Objection stand in its full Force, it will only become a strong Argument of the Vanity of *Philosophy*. *Women* were design'd by Nature for our Society, and to fulfil the Purposes of Nature is our Duty beyond Dispute; but if *Philosophy* be our Duty likewise, then this Absurdity must follow, that one Part of our Duty may be inconsistent with another.

I ONLY know one more Objection, which is, that *Women* create the trifling Species of *Poets*. I readily agree, that the *Ladies* have occasioned an infinite deal of good and bad Poetry; and, indeed, 'tis impossible that it should be otherwise. — The *Soul* is a kind of Musical Instrument; *Beauty* plays upon it, and awakens *Poetry*, which is the *Music* of the *Soul*. And, as *Beauty* necessarily strikes upon the *Soul*, if it has any *Music* in it, the *Sound* will break forth. But good *Poetry* requires a fine *Genius* also, which is often wanting: However, where it is, *Beauty* inspires the *Writer* with such a Spirit, that, as Mr. WALLER says, though he only catch at *Daphnis*, yet he fills his Arms with *Bays*. — Love and *Beauty* give Strength and Life



Life to Poetry, which is justly the Delight of sensible and ingenious Souls.

THE foregoing Remarks seem to prove, that all the Enemies of the Fair Sex, are like DIOMEDE, who wounded VENUS the Queen of Beauty, Men of gross and earthly Sentiments, and unfit for any other Scene of Life than that of a barbarous and noisy Camp. I am,

S I R, Yours,

PHILOSAPPHO.



*Cursumque pedum prævertere Ventos.*

Virg.

*From my House in the Minories.*

AS on the one Hand it is the Province of a Spectator to expose Vice and ridicule Folly; so on the other, ought he, (if he would keep up to the Character) to set Virtue in its true Light, and give due Praise to laudable Customs. It is therefore that I can't joyn in with those who ridicule Nero for his shewing himself on the Theatre, and being ambitious of the Title of a good Musician. They who mention this as below the Dignity of an Emperor, are prejudiced against his Memory, and will allow him to be Praise-worthy in nothing, because he was in the general detestable. I flatter myself I could, were it not foreign to the Design of this Paper, defend his Character in this Point; as it would be easy to shew, Commodus, another Emperor of Rome, certainly acted up to his Dignity, when he play'd Prizes in the Amphitheatre. I have heard some who are your Laughers, and know not how to distinguish, ridicule, with toothless Satyr, our young Gentlemen affecting the Dress and performing the Exercise of Running



*Footmen*; yet these very Men pretend to admire the ancient *Romans*, for cultivating their Lands, and being called from the Plough-Tail to the Senate. In my humble Opinion, nothing is more laudable than this Practice now in Use among our young Nobility and Gentry. It is not only as healthy an Exercise as Wrestling was esteem'd to be among the Antients, but it is of much greater Use to the Publick. A Gentleman thus trained, may be of unspeakable Service to a General, will make an excellent Scout; and, as Men of Rank are bred up with Notions of Honour which the common People are seldom acquainted with, he will be fitter to be trusted with Dispatches of Moment than an ordinary Courier or Messenger. If he is in the Service, as the Chance of War is doubtful, he may not only save himself (on a Defeat) to revenge the Disgrace hereafter, but, by this Accomplishment, may prevent some Town, either of our own, or of our Allies, being surprized, by giving timely Notice of a conquering and approaching Enemy. Besides these Advantages, as Humility is the distinguishing Mark of a Man of Fashion, and Labour that of a Man of Spirit; nothing speaks the one, or entures them more to the other, than this genteel, and fashionable Exercise; in the Performance of which, they lay aside all Distinction, and a Man of Quality in his Running Dress, is not to be known from a hired Servant, except he gives you Time to examine his Linnen.

T H E R E is a certain Pleasure in sometimes descending, and the Poets tell us, the Gods themselves would now and then be travestied, and take a Turn upon Earth. *Harry the Eighth*, we are inform'd by the ingenious Author of the *King and the Cobbler*, would take his Night-rambles *incog*. *Matthias King of Hungary* used frequently to be dressed like a Peasant, and *Francis Duke of Milan* very often travelled with a Pedlar's Pack: Authorities which those who condemn our Modern Youth of Fashion, are either ignorant of, or invidiously conceal. But there is not only a Pleasure in being thus hid and self-conscious of superior Rank, but a very great Advantage; since, by this Disguise, they can be, and doubtless are, well instructed in the various Passions, by having greater Opportunities to read Mankind; and are enabled to do  
that

that Good in Low-Life, which they could never have any Idea of, in conversing with those only of their own Rank. For though it has been of late pretty common for the Nobility of both Sexes to make Women of the meaner Sort their Favourites, yet little can be learned from them, their Ambition covering their Wants. I know a Gentleman, who by driving a Coach, and conversing much with Stage-Coachmen, was able to give a particular Account of all the Roads through *England* that wanted Repair, and the Hardships the Undertakers labour'd under in the Loss of Horses; and it is (possibly) to him, that we owe the Turnpikes being set up; which I believe all must allow a very great Advantage to the Publick. Again, if we descend to particular Advantages, nothing can set a Gentleman off (who is well Limb'd) to a better Advantage than this Dress; nor any Thing give greater Indications of Strength than this Exercise, which may contribute very much to his being in the good Graces of the Fair Sex. What put me on these Reflections is the following Letter given me by a Friend to whom it is address'd, and who permitted me to make it publick.

*My dear Friend,*

YOU know I have often complain'd of my Son's Indolence and Extravagance, which I fear'd would, after my Decease, make him miserable. I even apprehended that my Estate would last him but a very little while, and that he must come to Want. But I have now the Satisfaction of telling you, the latter of my Fears is at an End, for he can never want Bread if he continues blessed with his Health and Limbs. A new Fashion, which the young Gentlemen are very fond of, and which ought (with some Restrictions to prevent the Diminution of the Revenue of the Post-Office) to be encourag'd, has made a new Man of my Son *Numps*. He and Sir *John Lowlife* have taken up the Dress and Business of *Running Footmen*, and it is with unspeakable Pleasure, that I see them run of Errands for all the Country. They are both in a Livery, they wear fine *Holland* Drawers and Waistcoats, Thread Stockings, a blue Silk Sash fringed with Silver, a Velvet Cap with a great Tassel, and carry

a Porter's Staff with a large Silver Handle. Before this Fashion came up, *Numps* could not be got out of his Bed before Eleven, now he's up by Four; he was surly to every Body, and he is now become so very complaisant, that on my Butler's saying his Mother lay ill, and he knew not how to hear from her, he offer'd to go and bring an Account of her Health, though it's 67 Miles cross the Country; and accordingly Sir *John* and he set out that Afternoon, with all the Good-nature imaginable, and the 3d Day, by Ten in the Morning, brought Word of the good Woman's Recovery.

I AM extremely pleas'd with this Order of Running-Footmen, and the Becomingness of the Dress to a well-made Man. Sir *John* looks so well in it, that it's Pity he should ever wear any other. *Numps*, indeed, does not make so smart a Figure, because his Knees knock one against the other; but when he comes to take to this Business for Bread, the wearing a longer Sash may hide the Defect, or the Rate he runs, make an Atonement for the Figure he makes. The Order is very pretty and regular; for as formerly the Knights Errant had some Beauty to whom they sent the Conquer'd, so have every one of these Gentlemen some Lady to whom they dedicate their Service; as those wore their Favours in their Helms, so these wear the Colour of their Ladies Liveries round their Waist; and as the former slew Giants in the Honour of their Ladies, so these run of Errands for the Service of those Fair Ones, by whom they are so happy to be employ'd. Sir *John* is my Lady *Prude's* Running-Footman, and my Son has the Honour of carrying Letters for her Sister; and they never travel but these two Volunteers have Notice, run before their Coach, and take Care to have Dinner ready at the appointed Hour. As the Rules of this Order are very pretty, and shew these Gentlemen regard Merit more than Birth, I will set down one or two. They have stated Times and Places for meeting of the Fraternity, where all the Brothers of the Staff are on a Level, whether Gentlemen or Footmen, and he who has the best Share of Heels takes the Chair; which at the last Meeting was worthily fill'd by an *Irish* Servant of a certain Nobleman, who is so good a Runner, that he run away from his own Country to *France*,  
from

from thence to *Spain*, from *Spain* he run through *Italy*, and so run to *England*. They have all Names, which they put on and off with their Habit. Sir *John* is *Tim. Lightfoot*; my Son, *Jack Logy*; 'Squire *Ape-all*, *Dick Striderwell*, and so on.

I SAID I would have this Propensity to Running encouraged with Restrictions; I will now tell you my Reason, and what Restrictions I would have.

IF it is permitted (as Sir *John* and my Son heavily complain) that every Tradesman's Son, or 'Prentice, young Tradesmen, Attorney's Clerk, or Merchant's Book-keeper, who can buy a Habit, shall take up this genteel Exercise, it may put down the Post-Office. I would therefore have it strictly order'd, that none under the Degree of a 'Squire should presume to run of Errands, if not hired Servants; and that all Gentlemen should be forbid carrying Letters in other than the Cross-Roads. I fear I have been too prolix, for I am so pleas'd with the Thoughts of *Numps* being able to get his Bread when the Estate's gone, that I hardly know how to quit the agreeable Subject.

*I am, dear Friend,*

*Yours, &c,*







*Ver novum, Ver jam canorum, vere natus Orbis est:  
Vere concordant Amores, vere nubent Alites ——— Catul.  
Falices ter, & amplius,  
Quos irrupta tenet Copula: Nec malis  
Divulsus Querimoniis  
Suprema citius solvet amor die. Horat.*

*From my House in the Minorics.*

**T**HIS is the Time which naturally inspires *Love*; and the Letters I receive from my *Correspondents* as plainly inform me it is *Spring*, as the Fields and Gardens do. The genial Warmth of the returning Sun exerts now its *reviving Influence*, not only on *Vegetables* and *Brutes*, but *Man* himself receives from thence new *Life* and *Vigour*, and finds a strong Desire of multiplying his Kind. I remember, when I was a young Fellow, I used to think the *Women* look'd much handsomer in *April* and *May*; and, even to this Day, I find their Company then, more agreeable than all the Year beside. — It was formerly my Misfortune to be engag'd for several Years in the Service of a fair *Coquet*; and I observ'd that my Passion constantly increas'd in Proportion as the Days lengthen'd; and, upon over-looking the many *Love Verses* and *Billet-doux* I sent her, it is very plain, that what those two Months gave Birth to, abound infinitely most with *Tenderness* and *Passion*, as well as *Wit* and *Spirit*. For which good Reason, I advise all writing *Lovers* to set themselves to work at this favourable Season, and provide for all the Year; nor is there any mighty Difficulty in this, more than the *Self-denial* of forbearing to adorn their *Mistresses*, with *Myrtle*, *Jessamine* and *Roses*, in such *Sonnets* and *Epistles*, as are intended to be presented during the bleak wintry Months of *November* and *December*: — Unless it should be urged, that

that *Lovers* have a Privilege of producing them when they please, without any Regard to the Course of Nature, or the Rules of Propriety.

BUT though *Love* is now in Season, a *Passion* which is not only absolutely necessary for the Preservation of the *human Species*, but highly conducive to the *Quiet and Felicity of Life*, I think it incumbent on me to remind my *Readers* of both *Sexes*, that it is not to be indulged or allow'd, on any other *Conditions* but those which the Laws of the Kingdom and the Conveniency of Society require:—I mean, on the Terms of *Matrimony*. — This happy State is, undoubtedly, the surest and most lasting Foundation of *Comfort and Love*; the Source of all that endearing *Tenderness and Affection* which arises from *Relation and Affinity*: The great Point of *Property*, the Cause of all good *Order* in the *World*, and what alone preserves it from the utmost *Confusion*; and, to sum up all, the *Appointment of infinite Wisdom* for these great and good Purposes. — Notwithstanding, such is the *Perverseness of human Nature*, and so easy is it to misuse the best of Things, that by the *Folly and Ill-behaviour* of those who enter into it, *this* is very often made a *State* of the most exquisite *Wretchedness and Misery*; which gives the wild and vicious Part of Mankind but too much Reason to rail against it, and treat it with Contempt. Wherefore, it highly becomes the *Virtuous of both Sexes*, by the *Prudence of their Conduct*, to redeem this *noble Institution* from those unjust *Reproaches* which it at present labours under, and restore it to the *Honour and Esteem* it merits, by endeavouring to make each other as happy as they can.

AND therefore, as, according to the *Time of Year*, numberless of my *Country-Folks* are, I make no Doubt, now standing ready for the *Parson* to perform his *Office*, I am going to lay down such *Rules and Maxims* for their *Observance*, as I think most *practicable*, and conducive towards their *Happiness*. And these I address to all *Females* that would be *marry'd*, or are already so; not that I suppose their *Sex* more faulty than the *other*, and most to want Advice; for I assure them, upon my *Honour*, I believe the quite contrary; but the Reason is, because I esteem *them* better disposed to receive and prac-

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rise it; and therefore am willing to begin, where I may promise myself the best Success. — Besides, if there is any Truth in Proverbs, *Good Wives* usually make *Good Husbands*.

*RULES and MAXIMS for promoting Matrimonial Happiness. Address'd to all the Widows, Wives and Spinsters of GREAT BRITAIN.*

**T**HE likeliest Way, either to obtain a good *Husband*, or keep one *so*, is to be *Good* yourself.

**NEVER** use a *Lover* ill, whom you design to make your *Husband*, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any Time, an Inclination to play the *Tyrant*, remember these two Lines of Truth and Justice:

Gently *shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;*  
 Abject *shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.*

Battle of the Sexes.

**AVOID**, both before and after *Marriage*, all Thoughts of *managing* your *Husband*. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his Understanding; nor give him *Uneasiness*, (as some do very foolishly) to try his *Temper*; but treat him always, before-hand, with *Sincerity*, and afterwards, with *Affection* and *Respect*.

**BE** not over Sanguine before *Marriage*, nor promise yourself *Felicity* without *Alloy*; for that's impossible to be attain'd in this present State of Things. Consider before-hand, that the *Person* you are going to spend your Days with, is a *Man*, and not an *Angel*; and if, when you come together, you discover any Thing in his *Humour* or *Behaviour* that is not altogether so agreeable as you expected, *pass it over* as a *human Frailty*; smooth your Brow; compose your Temper; and try to amend it by Cheerfulness and Good-Nature.

**REMEMBER** always, that whatever *Misfortunes* may happen to *either*, they are not to be charg'd to the Account of *Matrimony*, but to the *Accidents* and *Infirmities* of *human Life*, a Burden which *each* has engag'd to assist the *other* in supporting, and to which *both Parties*

are equally exposed. Therefore, instead of *Murmurs*, *Resistions* and *Disagreements*, whereby the *Weight* is render'd abundantly more *grievous*, readily put your Shoulders to the Yoke, and make it *easier to both*.

RESOLVE every Morning to be *good-natur'd* and *cheerful* that Day; and if any *Accident* should happen to break that Resolution, suffer it not to put you out of Temper with every Thing besides, — and especially with your *Husband*.

DISPUTE not with *him*, be the Occasion what it will; but much rather deny yourself the *trivial Satisfaction* of having your own *Will*, or gaining the *better* of an *Argument*, than risque a *Quarrel* or create a *Heart-burning*, which it is impossible to know the End of.

BE assur'd, a *Woman's Power*, as well as *Happiness*, has no other *Foundation* but her *Husband's Esteem* and *Love*; which, consequently, it is her undoubted *Interest* by all Means possible to preserve and increase. — Do you, therefore, study *his Temper*, and command *your own*; enjoy *his* *Satisfactions* with *him*, share and sooth *his* *Cares*, and with the utmost Diligence conceal his *Infirmities*.

READ frequently, with due Attention, the *Matrimonial Service*; and take Care, in doing so, not to overlook the Word *Obey*.

IN your *Prayers* be sure to add a Clause for Grace to make a *good Wife*; and, at the same Time, resolve to do your utmost Endeavours towards it.

ALWAYS wear your *Wedding Ring*; for therein lies more *Virtue* than is usually imagin'd. — If you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper Thoughts, or tempted in any Kind against your Duty, cast your Eyes upon it, and call to Mind, *who gave it you*; *where it was receiv'd*; and *what pass'd at that solemn Time*.

LET the *Tenderness* of your *conjugal Love* be express'd with such *Decency*, *Delicacy* and *Prudence*, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly *distinct* from the *de-signing Fondness* of a *Harlot*.

HAVE you any Concern for your own Ease, or for your *Husband's Esteem*? — then, have a due Regard to his *Income* and *Circumstances* in all your *Expences* and *Desires*;



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*Desires*; for if *Necessity* should follow, you run the greatest Hazard of being depriv'd of both.

LET not many Days pass together without a serious *Examination* how you have behav'd as a *Wife*; and if, upon Reflection, you find yourself guilty of any *Foibles* or *Omissions*, the best Atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future Conduct.

I AM fully persuaded, that a strict Adherence to the foregoing *Rules* would equally advance the *Honour* of *Matrimony* and the *Glory* of the *Fair Sex*; and since the greatest Part of them, with a very little Alteration, are as proper for *Husbands* as for *Wives* to practise, I recommend them accordingly to *their* Consideration, and hope, in a short Time, to receive Acknowledgments from marry'd Persons of both Sexes, for the Benefit they receive thereby.

AND now, in Behalf of my *unlearned Readers*, I beg Leave of my *learned ones*, to conclude this Discourse with Mr. CREECH's Translation of that Part of *Horace* which I have taken for the *Motto* of this Paper.

*Thrice happy They, that free from Strife,  
Maintain a Love as long as Life :  
Whose fix'd and binding Vows,  
No intervening Jealousy,  
No Fears and no Debates untye ;  
And Death alone can loose.*

\* \*



*Perficitur dum cæditur.*

Embl.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

AS we are ever partial in the Judgment we make of our own Merit, it's no Wonder we find so many repining at their Fate, so discontented with the Station allotted them by Providence, and so very well satisfy'd with their natural or acquir'd Talents.

No

No Man, to speak in general, thinks he has too great a Share of the Goods of Fortune, or that the Endowments of his Mind have been dealt to him with a parsimonious Hand; and as little apt are we to accuse ourselves of any Deficiency in social Virtues; for that would be tacitly condemning our good Sense, or good Nature.

I SHALL instance in this Essay, one of these Virtues, which every Man lays claim to, and which very few are acquainted with, and that is *Good Manners*, or, which are synonymous Terms, *Good Breeding* and *Complaisance*. We may divide it into Natural and Artificial; *that* proceeds from an innate Benignity, a Sweetness of Temper, and a Knowledge of our own Frailties, which engages our Patience to bear with the Weakness of others: *This*, artificial *Complaisance*, may flow from several Causes, which it is no Way to my present Purpose to enumerate. However, whether our *Complaisance* is the Effect of Art, or Nature, I believe it will be allowed that it is essentially useful in Civil Life, as it is the Cement of Society, and Band of Friendship; for, if Intimacy once banishes good Manners, Resentment steps in, and introduces Enmity. *Complaisance*, like Charity, covers, or rather atones for abundance of Defects: It is like Wit in a good-natur'd Man, which makes his Way, and introduces him to Persons of the first Rank and Distinction, by gaining him a general Esteem; whereas, the Unpolite, like a Satyric Writer, who, after the Example of *Drawcansir*, falls foul on all, and, to indulge his Spleen, will expose the Failings of his most intimate Friends, is universally shunn'd; and it's no Wonder, since ill Manners and ill Nature are synonymous Terms for one of the Daughters of Pride.

MANKIND in general are desirous of Esteem; and as we know nothing can give us a fairer Claim to the Regard of others, than pretending to have an equal Defe-  
 rence for those with whom we converse; we naturally affect *Complaisance*, and very often deceive the World, but much oftner impose upon ourselves: for as there are Virtues and Vices which resemble each other so very nearly, that it requires some Attention to distinguish between them, as between Profuseness and Generosity, Charity and Ostentation, &c. So are there false and  
 real

real Endowments, or Qualifications, which are undistinguishable by the Injudicious; since, on the one Hand, a formal stiff Carriage, or on the other, a careless and familiar Behaviour, may pass on many for the Height of *Good Breeding*, and very often cheat the Persons themselves, who act the different Parts. *Good Manners*, like Virtue, flies all Extreams, and does not require our giving up our Senses to gain the Character of well-bred. *Mollissa* has been long under this Mistake, for she thinks all good Breeding consists in assenting to the Opinion of others, and will give up any Point, nay her Religion, rather than be guilty of so great Rudeness as the delivering her Sentiments in Contradiction to any Thing advanced in Conversation.

I DO not here intend to define *Good Breeding*, and in what it consists *positively*: I shall only take Notice of the many Solecisms committed in it by those who think themselves in this Point irreproachable; and this may be call'd a *negative* Definition. Whoever has a great deal of *Complaisance* for his own Wit and Capacity, necessarily falls into ill Manners; for the good Opinion he entertains of his happy Talents, gives him but a mean one of those Persons with whom he converses, and naturally makes him assuming. Such a one will authoritatively pretend to impose his Sentiments on others, and usurps to himself a Sort of Sovereignty over the Judgment of his Company; any of which he would think guilty of the highest Breach of good Manners, should he dispute his Superiority: This Self-Sufficiency is the Fault of my Friend *Will. Lively*, who would otherwise be esteem'd a well-bred Gentleman, tho' now very often impertinent, and downright rude: It is this which eclipses a great many excellent Qualifications, and makes his Conversation avoided, which would otherwise be cover'd as instructive and entertaining. *Will.* is a Man of good Sense, ready Wit, and great Reading; he has travell'd, and the Remarks he has made, speak him of good Judgment; he knows the Interest of his own Country and that of our Neighbours; and in a Word, charms all his new Acquaintance; for with such, from a natural Desire to please, he sets himself in the most advantageous Light; is upon his Guard against his  
Defects,



Defects, which, for the above Reason, he is vigilant to conceal; but when he has acquir'd your Esteem, he grows careless of continuing it; his Anxiety to please, wears off in a little Time; his Care relaxes; he grows weary of the Restraint, and his Foibles rise to View, in Proportion to his Neglect. And indeed, this is the Case with most of us, and may possibly be the Cause of the short Duration of sudden Friendships; both Parties at first aim at being agreeable, but with Habitude grow languid and careless; and each seeing the Imperfections of the other, finds himself deceiv'd in his Choice, grows cool, and quite indifferent to the Object in which he was so much mistaken.

BUT to return, I have said that *Complaisance* consisted in a Medium; consequently we may, by wrong judging, be unmannerly, when we think we are shining in Point of Politeness; for it is a Sort of a receiv'd Maxim, that who is troublesome, is rude; and I have observ'd several Sorts of these over-polite People, who are the very reverse in the Eyes of the World, to what they appear to be in their own. *Odela* has an agreeable Voice, but she thinks it looks like too good an Opinion of herself, and too mean a one of the Judgment of the Company, to sing, 'till she has tired them with her various Excuses; and when she does you the Favour, her *Complaisance* won't let her give over, but wearies you to Death, while she thinks she is obliging you in the highest Degree, and giving Proofs of the greatest Politeness. *Parata* is troublesome to all Company, by her being, thro' a Desire of obliging, extremely officious: Her *Complaisance* not long since made a Gentleman at a Friend's Table, where I was invited, go without his Dinner, to save the Lady of the House Trouble. *She* would cut up the Fowls; she did it, indeed, very dextrously, but with a Pinch of Snuff between her Fingers, which she lost in the Operation: *He*, who had an Aversion to Tobacco with Pullets, could not touch 'em. A Dish of Pease Soup she cover'd with Pepper, to which the poor Gentleman had an utter Dislike; and out of her officious Humour, pour'd a *China* Dish full of Butter on a Loin of Veal; and this unhappy Stranger could never eat



eat Butter, nor any Thing that touch'd it, from his Infancy.

*LAUDELLA* is another *Over-do*, she praises every Thing that's said or done, and is so extravagant in her Encomiums, that I have seen her put a great many modest People to the Blush. Not long since, a young Lady newly come out of the Country, was at a Relation's House, (where *Laudella* that Day paid a Visit) and by Misfortune *sneez'd*. Our polite Dame immediately made her Complements upon her graceful Manner of *Sneezing*, which was so agreeable, that in her Opinion she ought to do nothing else but *Sneeze*; she ought to live and die *Sneezing*; she never saw or heard any one *Sneeze* so gracefully, or in so harmonious a Note. The poor young Lady blush'd, and not knowing whether or no she was turning her into Ridicule, answer'd half angry, I believe Madam, I *Sneeze* as others do. O! pardon me, Madam, reply'd *Laudella*, there is a great deal of Difference; could I *Sneeze* with the same clear and tuneable Pipe, and with the same engaging Air, I would be continually taking *Lilly of the Valley dry'd and pulveriz'd*, instead of *Havanna*.

BUT to quit this Family of the *Over-do*, I have remark'd another Set of unmannerly *polite* Men, which we may call your *Absents*: These are so taken up with their own Ideas, that they can afford Attention to Nobody: And when you are speaking to 'em, in the Midst of your Discourse, without taking the least Notice of what you say, will address some other of the Company, to tell what is just come into their Thoughts. Another Set I have observ'd, (but this consists mostly of Females,) who engross all the Talk of the Company, and expect a close Attention, while they are telling you the Witticisms of their Children, their Actions, or their Ailments. *Mamilla* is a Lady of this Class, who forgets not to acquaint you with the most trifling, the most minute Circumstance, which regards her dear Babies. She begins the History of every one at the Birth, and carries it on through every Accident, every Doctor's Prescription, every Chirurgical Operation, every Nurse's Receipt, and every Apothecary's Bill; with a very exact and particular Account, by way of Episode, of her own Care, maternal

ternal Fondness and Anxiety. But, as it's impossible the narrow Bounds of this Paper can take in the many Over-sights in Point of good Breeding I have remark'd among even the politer Sort, I shall make it the Subject of some future Lucubration.

K



*Illic est sapere, non quod ante Pedes modo est  
Videre; sed etiam illa, quæ futura sunt,  
Prospicere.* Terent. Adelph.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**W**ANT of OEconomy is the certain Ruin of *Persons, Families and Kingdoms*. Whatever *People*, giving themselves up to *Luxury and Idleness*, neglect or discourage their own *Manufactures*, and purchase at vast Expence the *Superfluities* of other *Nations*; or whatever *Person* lives beyond his *Income*, be it less or more, must inevitably be undone. This every one acknowledges; and yet, either through *Indolence*, want of timely *Consideration*, or from a *stupid Pride* of appearing above their *Rank and Fortune*, Multitudes are seen every where rushing headlong on to *Poverty and Sorrow*, who by a little Care might live in *Ease and Plenty*. Very few there are but might be *happy*, would they content themselves with what they really stand in need of, according to their *Circumstances and Condition*, without aspiring after Things *unnecessary* or *inconvenient* for them: But, the Misfortunes of the *Generality* arise from a Mistake that runs almost through all Mankind, which is, they seek their *Happiness* in the *Opinion of other People*, and not in their own *Breast*, where only it can be found: This misleads them into a thousand *Aburdities*; and instead of making them admir'd, and more than usually respected, as they imagine, exposes them

them most commonly to *Pity, Contempt, or Ridicule.* — GAYMORE with 500*l.* a-Year, might have enjoy'd all the reasonable *Conveniences* and *Pleasures* of *Life*: This Fortune placed him above *Dependence*, and could furnish every Thing a *single Man* could well wish or have Occasion for. After his Uncle dy'd, who left it him, he liv'd prudently for 'a Year or two, kept only a Servant and a Brace of Geldings; in Summer boarded with a Relation down in a pleasant Country Village, and was contented with a decent Lodging when he came to Town in Winter. But falling into Acquaintance with some of those pretty Fellows, who carry more Powder on their Shoulders than the Weight of their Brains amounts to, he became fantastical in Dress, grew wonderfully enamour'd of Gold and Silver Lace, chang'd his English full Wig for a staring French Toupee, and hired a Chair to carry him by the Week, lest the rude Winds should decompose the Curls, or destroy the Perfumes of the Essence wherewith the Powder was pasted on. Here began his Ruin. This Finery must be shewn in all publick Places, the Opéra, the Masquerade, the Drawing-Room: He liv'd among the Beau Monde, and every Day had its appointed Gallantries. This soon outran his Income. He used to keep Accounts of his Disbursements and Receipts, and found a considerable Satisfaction therein, while the Ballance was on the Side of his Estate; but now being unable to examine his Affairs without Uneasiness and Remorse, he tore his Papers, and resolv'd no more to give himself that Trouble. In this Manner he went on some Time, borrowing Money as he found Occasion, 'till he became so much embarrassed, that to make himself more at Ease, he sold his Estate; and having got thereby some ready Cash, hired a large House, set up a pompous Equipage, and in Hopes of repairing his ruin'd Fortune, made his Addresses to a rich Heiress. But upon enquiring into his Circumstances, he was soon rejected there, and after having blaz'd a Month or two, sunk at once into Contempt and Poverty, with all its dismal Consequences; and has, at present, no other Way of supporting a wretched Life, but by whispering People as they pass along, and in an humble Manner begging them to relieve a poor unfortunate and decay'd Gentleman.

WE see here the dire Effects of *Inconsideration* and *Extravagance*. Had this *miserable Man* been contented with the *Conveniencies*, he had never wanted the *needful Things* of Life; could he have been *satisfy'd* in his own *Happiness*, without affecting to be thought extraordinary for the *Glitter* of an empty vain *Appearance*, he had not now been *pos'd* at the bleak Corner of a *Street*, all starving, cold, and comfortless, his *Cheeks* pinched in with *Hunger*, his Body cover'd with *dirty Rags*, and himself a *Beggar*. — Sure it must be exceeding grievous, for such as have liv'd in Splendor, to be brought to these Extremities; and that too, not by unavoidable Misfortunes, but merely through their own Carelessness and Folly!

EXAMPLES of this Sort are numberless; for the *largest Fortune* is too little against *Extravagance*, though a very *small one* may be made sufficient by good *OEcconomy*. Would *People* examine their *Affairs* continually, to see how they stand in Life, they would learn to *regulate* their *Expences* by their *Income*, and find from so doing, a much more reasonable and exquisite *Satisfaction* than all the *Vanity* and *Ostentation* of appearing *Gay* and *Rich* can give. — But this, perhaps, will be made more evident by the *following Letter*, which comes from one that has experienced *both Ways*.

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TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

MR. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH all Men propose Happiness to themselves, yet very few make Use of proper Means for obtaining and securing it. A Want of due *OEcconomy*, either Personal or in a Family, at long run, must ever be succeeded by Circumstances of Uneasiness and Distress. To make this plain, I'll give you my own Story. — Not many Years ago, I was a considerable Merchant, and by the Blessing of Providence upon my Endeavours, had accumulated a large Personal Estate. Being flush'd with this good Fortune, I re-

mov'd



moved to a more spacious Habitation, set up my  
 Coach, kept a splendid Equipage, and liv'd fearless of  
 Want. All those about me, likewise, according to  
 my Example, were lavishly extravagant and profuse;  
 whereby, though my Dealings increas'd considerably,  
 and my Profits were very great, yet there was an an-  
 nual Deficiency. Losses I had few or none; neverthe-  
 less, in a few Years, I was, to the Astonishment of  
 myself, and all my Acquaintance, sunk down to the  
 Mortification of compounding my Debts. When I in-  
 formed my Wife of this, she thought I jested, and for  
 a good while would not believe me; but finding at last  
 it was but too true, we, by joint Consent, freely ex-  
 amin'd into the Causes of our Misfortunes, and after  
 the strictest Scrutiny, could resolve them into nothing  
 but the Want of good CEconomy. Our Children seeing  
 such Gaiety in our Way of living, concluded them-  
 selves vastly great; and being much encourag'd by  
 our Fondness, launch'd out into all Kinds of Liberties;  
 our Servants too, had been no small Contributors to  
 our Ruin, by their Wastefulness and Dishonesty. We  
 then agreed to turn off our numerous Attendance, lay  
 down our Coach, and bring our Household Expences  
 into a narrow Compass. — It happen'd, that just at  
 this Time, my Wife's Uncle dy'd, and left us Residuary  
 Legatees of a very noble Fortune, which coming  
 into my Hands as his sole Executor, I appropriated so  
 much thereof as was sufficient to pay all my Creditors  
 their full Demands; and after having fulfill'd the  
 Trusts of my Uncle's Will, with the Remainder pur-  
 chas'd a Freehold Estate about fifty Miles from London,  
 where I and my Family have liv'd ever since, in a  
 comfortable and decent Manner, laying by every Year  
 somewhat as a Provision for our younger Children. As  
 you, Sir, are the *Universal Spectator* of Mankind,  
 you cannot but know the Necessity of CEconomy in all  
 Circumstances and Conditions: For my Part, I am  
 fully sensible there can be no true Satisfaction without  
 it: And as my Wife and I unfortunately join'd toge-  
 ther in Folly and Extravagance, so, now, are we hap-  
 pily agreed in the Management of our Affairs with  
 Prudence and Frugality. We never knew before what  
 true

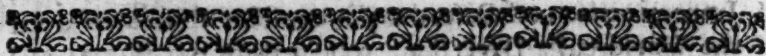
‘ true Pleasure was; our Life was a continual Hurry of  
‘ Impertinence and Disorder; a constant Round of what  
‘ the World calls Diversion, robb’d us of our Time, and  
‘ shut out all sincere Enjoyment; our unnecessary Ser-  
‘ vants were but so many Uneasinesses; our large Expen-  
‘ ces in empty Shew, brought round us many Flatterers,  
‘ and made us wonder’d at and envy’d, but procured us  
‘ neither real Friends, nor true Esteem. Our very Chil-  
‘ dren, intoxicated with Pride, thought themselves above  
‘ Controul, and for our mistaken Fondness, made us very  
‘ slender Returns of Affection and Obedience. In short,  
‘ we were always restless and unquiet. But now, hum-  
‘ bled by the Change, our Children are under a willing  
‘ Subjection to us, and daily shew us endearing Proofs  
‘ of Love; our Servants are the ready Performers of our  
‘ Commands, and faithfully discharge their Duty to us;  
‘ our Friends and Neighbours are joyful Parrakers of our  
‘ Happiness; and as for our Enemies, we have none, for all  
‘ wish us well, knowing that we are just in all our  
‘ Dealings, and virtuous in all our Ways. I hope such  
‘ as are in declining Circumstances, for Want of due  
‘ Care and Consideration, may take Warning by my  
‘ Misfortunes, and before it is too late, save themselves  
‘ from Ruin; and let them be assur’d from my own Ex-  
‘ perience, nothing exceeds the Pleasure of that Man’s  
‘ Mind, who can look back and say, I have acted my  
‘ Part well; I have been guilty of no Extravagance; my  
‘ Family is provided for; and whene’er I die, none of  
‘ mine will be left to Want and Misery.—Thus, Sir,  
‘ have I given you a brief Account of my own Follies  
‘ and their Consequences: If you judge it fit for publick  
‘ Perusal, let it find a Place in one of your Papers, and  
‘ you’ll much oblige,

*Your constant Reader,*

\* \* \*

G. T.

*Animus*



— *Animum rege: qui, nisi paret,  
Imperat: hunc frenis, hunc tu compeſce catena.*

Hor.

*From my Houſe in the Minories.*

**T**HE moſt happy Diſpoſition or Turn of Mind that a Man can poſſibly enjoy, is, ſuch a one as makes him eaſy, cheerful and contented, under all the common Occurrences of Life; without being ruſſled, or diſcompoſed, at thoſe little Inconveniencies, or Diſappointments that are continually falling out, and impoſſible to be prevented. Contrary to this happy Temper, is that Peeviſhneſs and Impatience which ſings People into Rage and Paſſion at every trivial Accident; rendering them terrible to thoſe over whom they have a Power, and diſagreeable or ridiculous to all the World beſides. People of this Sort are wholly incapable of Felicity, ſince no Day or Hour almoſt can paſs, without producing to ſuch Minds, ſome new Occaſion of Vexation or Diſquietude.

**I N E V E R** experienced ſo much of this unhappy Temper, as I did laſt Summer, when I was, for a Fortnight, at the Country Seat of Sir PEEVY CAPTIOUS.

— This Gentleman has, at leaſt, 6000 *l. per Annum*, in one of the fineſt Counties in *Great Britain*: Nothing can be more magnificent than the ancient Seat of his Anceſtors, which ſtands in the Miſt of a noble Park, at the Diſtance of 40 Miles from *London*. His Lady is the moſt obliging and beſt of Wives; his Children, (a Son and two Daughters) dutiful, affectionate, beautiful, and well accompliſh'd. As for himſelf, he is now juſt 50 Years of Age, his Conſtitution robuſt and healthy. He has natural good Senſe, and ſome Learning, but can't be reckon'd a bright Man. His Behaviour to all the World is affable and generous: He's temperate and friendly, of ſtrict Honour, join'd to a ſincere Regard for the Welfare of his Country, which he has long and honeſtly ſerv'd in Parliament.



Parliament. But, with all these good Qualities, he's self-opinionated, obstinate, provok'd at every Trifle, and violent in his Resentment, which afterwards he's usually sorry for, and ashamed of; so that his whole Life is little else but Passion and Resentment, possessing all that the Heart of Man can wish for, he's the most unhappy Person alive, and seldom knows a quiet Hour.

AS we are old Acquaintance, and somewhat related to each other, after several Invitations, and much Importunity, I was prevail'd on, at the End of the last Sessions, to bear him Company down to his Estate. At the appointed Time, he call'd for me in his Coach and Six; but we had scarce got a Mile upon the Road, e'er one of the Horses dropp'd a Shoe, whereby we were oblig'd to make a Stop at the next Town, to put it on again. This Accident quite took away our Enjoyment of the finest Morning I ever saw; for the Knight was so enraged, because of this Delay, that he swore and raved at his Servants, for a Parcel of cursed Dogs, 'till he was hoarse and faint, and then remained silent for above an Hour afterwards. A Beginning so disagreeable, made me wish myself at Home again: However, by Degrees, the Storm clear'd away, and he became tolerably conversable. —

About 11 o'Clock we came to an Inn, which it seems was his usual bairing Place: Here we alighted: The Knight called for a Bottle of Sack, order'd them to make a Toast, and was very gay and cheerful. But, unluckily, the Toast was brought without a Nurneg; which the Knight observing, call'd the Drawer a stupid Puppy, and ask'd him what he meant by it? The Fellow answer'd, some Gentlemen did not like it. — This Reply set the Knight on Fire: Such Insolence, he cry'd, was insupportable; and so, without any more ado, kicking the Fellow down Stairs, he hurried to his Coach; and though the Landlord came with all the Submission possible, and I join'd my good Offices to his Intreaties, nothing could prevail on him to stay one Moment in the House, but setting forward immediately, he vow'd in the most solemn Manner, that he would never come within the Doors again. — Almost two Hours after this were spent in venting his Indignation against the Fellow,

as



as if he had been present, calling him all the Names his Passion could suggest.

'T W A S Three o'Clock e'er we got to the House we were to dine at, whither a Servant had been sent before, to make Provision for us. At our Entrance, the Knight begg'd my Pardon for what was past, though I saw (he said) the absolute Necessity he was under of being angry: He owned he was apt to be a little passionate, but for the future he resolv'd nothing should put him out of Temper, and make him such bad Company. I rejoiced to hear him take this Resolution, and really began to think he would have kept it; for though our Dinner was much longer getting ready than we expected, he bore it with exceeding Patience, and when it came, liked every Thing so much, that he made the Landlord sit down and dine with us, and was extravagant in his Praise. We eat and drank heartily, and 'rose in the best Humour imaginable, insomuch that I promised myself great Satisfaction for the other Part of our Journey; but it happened very mischievously, that our Landlord, as we were going into the Coach, came running with a Bottle in his Hand, and would needs treat us with a Dram of Citron Water, which he said was the best in *England*. He fill'd a Glas to Sir PEEVY, who took one little Sip, and threw the rest all over the Man's Face, calling him vile Rascal, and swearing he meant to poison him. At this sudden Passion, without any apparent Reason, our Landlord seemed quite Thunder-struck, while the Knight continued storming like any Madman. I likewise was much surpriz'd, until, upon examining, it appear'd that our Landlord, in his Hurry, instead of Citron Water, had snatch'd up a Bottle of Elder Vinegar, and given a Glas of it to Sir PEEVY. This was so plainly a Mistake, that upon asking him a Thousand Pardons and fetching the right Bottle, Sir PEEVY pass'd it over, and even laugh'd at it himself; so that we took Coach again perfectly compos'd and easy, and for several Hours travell'd very pleasantly, the Knight all the way informing me whose Houses we came near, and giving me the whole History of the Country.—Four Miles from our Journey's End, we were met by above a Hundred Horsemen, most of them his Tenants, with his Bailiff at the Head

Head of them; these he receiv'd with abundance of Freedom and Good-nature, talking to them all by Turns, and enquiring after their Wives and Families, 'till we arriv'd at his own Seat, where he order'd the Cellars to be set open for their Entertainment. His Lady and two Daughters came out to welcome us; him they receiv'd with all imaginable Tenderness, me with all possible Respect; mutual Enquiries were made after each other's Welfare, and we spent the Evening very pleasantly.

NEXT Day, after Breakfasting together, the Knight invited me to see his House and Gardens; this pleased me very much, having promised myself a great deal of Delight in a fine Collection of Pictures and Curiosities which I knew his Ancestors had made. But my Satisfaction was soon interrupted by the unhappy Negligence of a Servant Maid, who had left a Pail of Water with a Mop in it, at the Top of the great Stair-case, not supposing any Body would pass that Way. Sir PEEVY call'd to know why those Things stood there, and the Maid, that was near at Hand, making him no ready Answer, he flung the Pail down Stairs, with so much Violence, that it burst in Pieces against the Marble Floor. The Noise brought out his Wife and Daughters to learn the Reason of it, which occasion'd more Uneasiness; for no sooner did they appear, but he fell on them most furiously, charging them with Carelessness, Idleness, and all manner of ill Management, for not looking after their Servants. His Passion set them all in Tears, and made the Scene too melancholy for me to bear, so that, in the Confusion there was amongst them, I slipp'd away to my Chamber unperceiv'd. ——— 'Twas Dinner-time e'er the Family was sufficiently compos'd to think of me; and then, in Spite of all their Endeavours to conceal it, I perceiv'd so much Discontent amongst them, as quite spoiled my Appetite, and made all the Rarities of the Season, which overspread the Table, tasteless and displeasing. Little was said but by the Knight, who put on an awkward Mirth, to hide his real Vexation: Nobody eat: Our sitting down was merely for the Sake of Form, and we rose as soon as decently we could, all glad to separate from one another. For my Part, I pretended Writing, and hasted to my own Chamber; Sir PEEVY walk'd alone

into his Garden, and the Ladies withdrew together.—— Some Hours after, I was sent for to the Tea-Table, where the good Lady, in a Manner that feelingly express'd her own Concern, desired me to excuse the Disorder I had been Witness of, telling me, that certainly her Husband had some other Uneasiness in his Mind, or such an Accident would not have ruffled him; in the mean while, the Knight came in and made his Apology; after which, we fell into Discourse without seeming to remember what had happen'd: At Supper we found our Stomachs, and passed the Evening in Peace.——The following Morning I enjoyed that Pleasure which the Day before was only promised me, and spent several Hours in a Gallery of the finest Paintings I ever saw: I went afterwards through all the Apartments, which I found wonderfully convenient, and elegantly furnish'd. At Dinner, Sir PEEVY was somewhat discomposed about a Tanzy, but that soon went off, and in the Afternoon he shew'd me his Park and Gardens, which are large commodious and magnificent, adorn'd with Statues, Water-Works, and all the Variety that Art and Nature can supply.

IN this delightful Place I could have spent a Month or two with inexpressible Satisfaction, had I not been continually disturbed by my Friend's unhappy Temper, whereof I shall trouble my Readers with no more Particulars. But, in short, every Trifle threw him in a Passion, and that disquieted the whole Family; our Meals were made uneasy with chiding his Servants all the while, or finding Fault with his Wife and Daughters; and after the first Week (during which he seem'd upon his Guard) I found him insupportable.——So, having suffer'd thus a Fortnight, I took my Leave, and set out Post for *London*, with a fix'd Resolution never more to set my Feet within his Walls.

\* \* \*

*Frustra;*



*Frastra, cum ad Senectam ventum est, repotes Adoloscenciam.* Pub. Syrus.

*Sit Gravitas, sitque ipsa tibi veneranda Senectus:*

*Sit quod te nosti vivere velle diu.*

Long. Max.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

THOUGH all People are desirous of *long Life*, yet so preposterous is the *Humour* of Mankind, that very few can bear the *Thought* of being accounted *Old*. Even I myself perceive this *Folly* growing on me as I advance in Years; and notwithstanding, I guard against it as much as possible, find a strange *Uneasiness* come over me, whenever I imagine any *Enquiries* are made about my *Age*. The other Day, being asked *How old I was*, on a proper Occasion and in a very civil Manner, and though I hate *Evasions* upon any Account, yet I could not forbear replying with some Warmth, that *I was very well*, which is the *French* Manner of answering that Question; and a little while ago, my *Barber* telling me that I look'd mighty *Folly* for a Person of my *Years*, which I suppose he intended as a Compliment, I felt a Kind of Resentment rise against the *Fellow*, and immediately resolv'd to use him with less *Familiarity*, since he became *impertinent*; nay, as I walked along the *Street*, over-hearing Somebody say, *There goes a fine old Gentleman*, I went Home discontented with myself, and was out of Temper all the Evening.

THESE several little Accidents have put me upon considering how to cure this *Weakness*, which is owing to a *false Shame* of appearing what I *really* am. In order, therefore, to destroy the Root at once, and preserve me hereafter from all ridiculous Endeavours to conceal it, I declare to all the World, that I was born on



the 8th Day of *May*, in the Year 1675, and am at present in my 56th Year. — This Confession, though I found much Difficulty within myself to make it, has already given me Ease; and I may say of it, as TOM CARELESS did of his *Reputation*, being told he had lost it: And is it gone then? — says he; I'm glad of it with all my Heart, for the keeping it was exceeding troublesome.

NOTHING is more foolish and unnatural than an *Affectation* of *Youthfulness* in old People: It divests them of all that Reverence and Authority which Years and Experience give, and instead of rendering them more respected and esteemed, as they mistakenly suppose it will, subjects them to the Laughter and Derision of all that know them. — Can any Thing in Nature be more contemptible, than an *old Fop*, in a gandy Dress, bedaub'd with Powder and gay Embroidery, giving himself Airs of Love and Gallantry, singing wanton or drunken Catches, and keeping Company with *young Rakes*? — What is this, but to expose his *Folly*, while he fancies he conceals his *Years*? — That Courtier was infinitely wiser, who having spent his Youth in Pleasures of all Kinds, retired from the World, and every Day amused himself with feeding Ducks; of which being ask'd the Reason, he answer'd with a Sigh, the Ducks don't know that I am old!

THIS Desire of appearing Youthful in Spight of Years, is more evident among the *Females*; nor is that much to be wonder'd at, since the Reputation and Praise of Beauty, which *old Age* is sure to take away, they can't relinquish, but with extreme Reluctance: They consider Youth and Beauty as their greatest Merit; which Mistake the *Men* have led them into, by neglecting, for these superficial and transitory Qualifications, Perfections much more valuable and permanent, Good-Nature, Sense and Virtue. To these are owing all the Arts practis'd at their *Toilettes*, and this Opinion is so strong amongst them, that scarce a Woman in *England* but would sooner forgive any Imputation whatsoever than that of being old or ugly. — My Cousin DOROTHY, who dy'd a *Spinster*, as I guess, about the Age of Fifty, left particular Directions in her *Will*, that no *Inscription* on her

*Monument*

*Monument* should make the least mention, either of the Time when she was born, or when she dy'd, adding this remarkable Reason for it, that *a Woman's Age should not be told alive or dead*; which her *Executor* caused to be engraven on her *Tomb-Stone*, in the Place where the *Age* and *Date* should otherwise have been. — This odd *Epitaph* made several inquisitive People search the *Parish Register*, but their Labour prov'd all in vain, for she had taken Care to get the Year *eraz'd*, and had likewise blotted it out of the great Family *Bible*: So that in all likelihood it will ever remain a Secret.

IT is not above a Month ago since I was visiting at a Friend's House, who has two unmarry'd Daughters, that are so obliging to admit me to their *Tea-Table*. A Message came in, while I was there, that Miss KITTY was all alone, and desired their Company to *play* with her at *Quadrille* that Evening; her MAMMA and Brother TOMMY being gone into the Country. I sat so near the Door, that I could hear the Footman return their Answer, which was, that Miss PEGGY and Miss POLLY, presented their humble Services, and would not fail to wait on her. These *young Things* have been Marriageable Twenty Years, at least, in my Remembrance; and upon a slender Enquiry who Miss KITTY was, I found her to be the Daughter of an old Acquaintance, that has been dead these 40 Years. — I could not forbear smiling at this *merry Way* of keeping Age at a due Distance; and after our *Tea* was over, took Leave of the two *Misses*, that I might not hinder them from their *Play-fellow*.

THE *Reasons* of this *Affectation* seem to be, either an extravagant Fondness for *youthful Pleasures*, together with a strong Inclination of pursuing them *longer* than they are *suitable* to and *becoming* our Time of Life, or else an *Apprehension* that by being *old* we shall grow *neglected*, and, in a Manner, thrust out of the World as *useless* and *impertinent*. The first of these, is *unnatural* and *ridiculous* in itself, and the Parent of Follies without End; and as for the other, if so be our *Youth* has been employed in the Exercise of *Virtue*, and the *Improvement* of our Minds, so far from having any Thing to fear or be ashamed of in it, *old Age* will prove both our *Glory* and our *Happiness*, and the longer we live, we shall be-

come more valuable, and more esteemed.—An *old Man* that has *consumed* his Days in *Vanity* and the Pursuit of *Pleasures*, without making any Provision against the Time when his *Appetites* must certainly *decay*, and such *Amusements* lose their Relish, is, indeed, *unhappy*. To him all Things grow daily more and more displeasing, since he can bear no sufficient Part in them; the *Gratifications* of *Sense* he has outliv'd the Enjoyment of, and must resign, and the sublime and lasting *Satisfaction* which results from *Contemplation* and an Exercise of the Soul's immortal *Faculties*, the celestial Raptures of the Mind, disengaged from worldly Things, he cannot possibly have a Notion of. Therefore, every Thing he sees others take Delight in, is, to him, a Cause of *Melancholy* and *Uneasiness*. because he has no Share in't: He becomes *envious*, *peevish*, *ensorious*, and out of *Humour* with *Mankind*, valuing nothing but the *past*, which he is always praising, and would with all his Heart call back again, and condemning the *present*, which he finds himself unfit for. Such a one may indeed think *old Age* a great Misfortune, and be ashamed he has not learned to bear and become it better: But no Condition or Time of Life is so truly worth desiring as *that*, when *Years* and *Reason* have calmed and subdued the *Passions*; when the Heat and Extravagance of *Youth* hurry on no more to *Vice* and *Folly*; when Observation and much Experience have taught a Man *solid Wisdom*, viz. to know himself, and behave decently on all Occasions; when by a studious Application and long Habit he becomes confirm'd in *Virtue* and enrich'd with *Knowledge*; when a *Life* well spent affords an exquisite *Pleasure* in the *Reflection* on what's *past*, takes away all dreadful Apprehensions of *Futurity*, and gives a Temper to enjoy the *present*.

IT is the daily *Complaint* of those in Years, that *young People* avoid their Company, and instead of paying them due Reverence, despise their *Persons* and laugh at their *Advice*: And it must be own'd, this Charge in some Degree is true. But if we examine how the Case stands between them, we shall find, most commonly, that their own Behaviour is the Occasion of it, and that themselves are the Aggressors, and begin the Quarrel. If

young

*young Folks* are over-fond of Pleasure, the *old ones*, I am afraid, delight too much in crossing and opposing them; and that more, oftentimes, through Envy, because they can't join with them, or to exercise their Authority, than for any other Reason. They are likewise apt to shew a haughty Contempt of the Customs and Opinions, and too frequently of the Understanding of their *Juniors*; and exact an implicit Obedience to their own Dictates and Commands, without so much as vouchsafing to give a Reason for them. This is assuming a Power which cannot readily be submitted to, and when insisted on with Obstinacy and Moroseness, fails not to render them troublesome and disagreeable. — For my own Part, I have resolv'd to avoid these Mistakes, from the Example of an *ancient Gentleman* of our *Club*, who contradicts every Body upon all Occasions, without either Temper or good Manners, and whose constant Argument is, if any Dispute arises, that he is the *oldest* in the *Company*: Which, not long ago, a *young Fellow* briskly told him, was a Proof of nothing else but that he had spent much Time to little Purpose.

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— *Ignaræ rerum. in Imagine gaudet.*

*Utendum est Ætate.* —

*Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis.* —

Ovid.

Hor.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

HERE'S nothing I have more at Heart than the Improvement of that *lovely Sex* on which the *Happiness* of human Kind so much depends. I would have them (was it possible) like their Mother EVE, before the *Fall*, all Charming, without any *Defect* or *Fault*; and am as uneasy when I behold their *Foibles*, as themselves would be at *Spots* on their *finest Garments*. For this



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Reason I publish the following *Letters*, which I hope may be of Service to them. The *first*, (strange as it may be thought,) is from a *Looking-Glass*, and superscrib'd,

*To the beautiful* ANGELICA.

MADAM,

I HAVE enjoy'd the Honour of serving your *Ladyship* some Years, during which Time you have been pleas'd to favour me with evident Marks of your Esteem, and a *Familiarity* that none of your other *Utenfils* can boast of, though many of them my *Betters* by far. As therefore, I have *shewn* you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my *Fidelity* approv'd of by your *Ladyship*, I hope you will pardon my *Boldness*, in taking this Method to discover to you some *Failings* in *yourself*, which my Surface cannot properly represent.

IF I may presume to say, *Madam*, you consult me much *too often*, and, I am confident, it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater Stranger to me. How many Thousand Times must you be told, that you are *handsome*? — I assure you of it every Day; but you will not be satisfy'd unless I tell you so every *Hour*, nay, almost every *Moment*. — I cannot lie; your *Person* is exceeding *amiable*; but I must at the same Time, inform your *Ladyship*, with my usual *Sincerity*, that you would be infinitely *more agreeable*, if you did not think *it* so. Consider *Madam*, I beseech you, that if you come to *me* ten Thousand Times a Day, I cannot make you a bit the *better* or the *handsomer*; but shall certainly destroy one of the *finest* Ornaments of *Beauty*, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own Perfections.

WHENEVER you stand before me, with all your *Charms* set forth to the best *Advantage*, I perceive you are apt to *view yourself* with too great *Pleasure*, and grow *proud* and *conceited* of your own *Beauty*; which, in Time, will make other People *despise* and *ridicule* you; and therefore, I honestly and ingenuously intreat you, to *avoid* my *Company*; for, *Madam*, I must confess, that  
the

the worst Enemy the *Fair Ones* have, can't do them so much *Prejudice* as I their *chief Favourite*. It grieves me to the Heart to find it so, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their *Fondness of me*, when I so continually do them *Mischief*. Whether it be, as a *witty Gentleman* once said of *me*, from my Talent of *casting Reflections*:—Or whether it be, from the large Quantity of *Quicksilver* which belongs to *me*, and without which I am useless as well as innocent; for, as the *Learned* observe, *Madam*, *Mercury* is highly prejudicial to your *Sex*, either when there is too much of *it* in the *Composition* of a *Fair Lady*, or when it is used externally as a *Help to Beauty*: As, in the former Case, it is generally the *Cause of excessive Levity*, so, in the latter, it is always observed to *hurt the Eyes*, and deface those *Charms* which it is designed to *assist and improve*:—Or whether my *gaily-gilded Frame* is too apt to infect the *Mind* of the *Beholder* with *Vanity*:—Or, lastly, whether it be from the *Brittleness* of my other *Materials*, which, by a kind of *Sympathy*, affects People who are too frequently conversant with *me*.—From whatever Cause it proceeds, a *Lady* who has a *fine Face*, might almost as well fall into the Hands of the *Small-Pox*, as be too often in my *Company*.

HOW many *charming Creatures* have I *spoiled*, and made *Beauty* the greatest *Misfortune* that could befall them!—I can't think on't without Concern!—Why am I fated to be thus *unlucky*, and injure those the most that love me best!—Alas!—Why was I made a *Looking-Glass*!—Was it my *Desire* to be *cover'd* with *Silver*, and inclos'd in a *Frame of Gold*!—Did I aspire to be fix'd in this *honourable Place*, and become a *Lady's Favourite*!—Oh! that I had been some meaner *Piece of Furniture*! less respected, and less mischievous!

KEEP off, dear *Madam*, I beseech you, from an *unhappy Thing*, which *Destiny* makes pernicious to the *loveliest Creatures* under Heaven; or I shall soon infect you with the *worst Disease* incident to *Beauty*, and that is, *Vanity*.—I am, 'tis true, a *useful Servant*, if employed only when I ought to be, which is *seldom*; but, if a *Lady* grows so *fond of me*, that she runs to ask my

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*Opinion of every Look; if she consults me forty Times for once that she goes to her Prayer-Book or Bible, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than Age or Ugliness.*

I B E G, *Madam*, that you'll interpret what your poor *Servant* says, to proceed wholly from Respect and Love for you:——The tender Regard I have for your *Ladyship*, together with some *Symptoms* I lately have discovered, make me fearful for you. —— I dread the Apprehension of bringing *Contempt* on so good a *Mistress*, and would not for the World be the Occasion of your losing any one necessary Grace of a *fine Woman*:—— No! rather let me be broken into a Thousand Pieces!

I A M not without Fear of giving *Offence* by the *Freedom* I have taken; but though you banish me your Presence, I cannot forbear speaking, in a Case where your *Ladyship's* Good seems so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us *both* to part for ever:—— Better for you to be without my Service, than suffer by it; and better for me to lose my *Lady*, and be thrown into any Corner, than remain where I am, and be accessory and instrumental in spoiling as much *Sweetness* and *Beauty* as ever *Looking-Glass* had the Happiness to shew.

*I am, MADAM,*

*With the most dutiful Respect,*

*Your most faithful*

*And devoted humble Servant,*

*The PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.*

THE next is a Piece of great *Antiquity*, being writ about 200 Years before the *Flood*.—— I found myself obliged to use great *Liberty* in the *Translation*, to make the Sentiments of those *early Times* intelligible to us. In short, it is far from being *literal*, which I freely own, to prevent the *scavilling* of those touchy *Gentlemen* the *Criticks*.

PULGAR

PULGAH to his Daughter SHUAL.

Anno Mundi 1500.

‘ THOU best belov’d of all my Daughters! Observe  
 ‘ the Precepts of thy Father: Learn Wisdom from  
 ‘ his Experience. — Though, like the Cedars planted  
 ‘ at thy Nativity, thou art now in the full Bloom of  
 ‘ Youth and Beauty, and hast seen but one hundred and  
 ‘ fifty Years; yet, betimes consider, that thou wast born  
 ‘ to die, and must, like them, decay and perish, and re-  
 ‘ turn to Dust. — How short is Life! — What are  
 ‘ seven or eight hundred Years, which few exceed, if no  
 ‘ Accidents cut them off before! And to what numerous  
 ‘ Accidents is Life expos’d! — Thy Mother dy’d in  
 ‘ bearing thee, just in her Prime and Vigour, when she  
 ‘ had scarce reach’d four hundred Years. Of one hundred  
 ‘ sixty Children, which she left me, but ninety now re-  
 ‘ main; the rest are all as if they had ne’er been. Re-  
 ‘ member this; and in Youth be mindful of thy Duty to  
 ‘ that invisible and uncreated Being, who, after this tran-  
 ‘ sitory Existence, can make thee live for evermore. —  
 ‘ Let not the Flatteries of Men swell thee up with Va-  
 ‘ nity and Pride, nor believe them when they call thy  
 ‘ Charms immortal. They tell thee what is not; a little  
 ‘ while, assuredly, will prove them Liars; for nothing  
 ‘ more certainly takes its Flight than Beauty. Many  
 ‘ whom now thou seest decay’d and whither’d, not above  
 ‘ two or three hundred Years ago, were as thou art now,  
 ‘ admired and courted. Learn then, from them, what  
 ‘ thou shalt be: And since Beauty will not continue,  
 ‘ improve thy Mind with Piety and Virtue: Thus, shalt  
 ‘ thou be always lovely. — My Days past are eight hun-  
 ‘ dred and twenty Years, and soon I must lie down in  
 ‘ Darkness with my Fathers ENOTH, SETHOS, and  
 ‘ ADDAMAH the unbegotten and first of Men. The  
 ‘ Earth arose from Chaos but fifteen hundred Years ago,  
 ‘ and yet all these are dead: I too must follow, and you  
 ‘ must do the same. Every Thing I see informs me of  
 ‘ Mortality: Trees planted at my Birth are long ago  
 ‘ converted into Dust: Marble hewn from the hard  
 ‘ Rocks, and Metals taken from the Mine, in my Re-  
 ‘ membrance.



'membrance, are *worn out* and moulder'd quite away:  
 'Houses have been thrice rebuilt since I laid the first  
 'Foundations: *Mountains* are sunk into the *Vallies*, and  
 'Rivers have chang'd their *Course* within my Memory.  
 'Nothing can endure for ever, but *he* who had no Be-  
 'ginning: *Mankind* must be cast again in the *Womb* of  
 'Nature, as well as *Stones* and *Metals*. — At present  
 'thou art young and beautiful; but *Age* and *Death* must  
 'come. Of this be always mindful, and puff not up  
 'thyself with *Pride*, nor waste thy Days in *Foolishness*;  
 'for *Time* can never be recall'd; once gone, 'tis gone for  
 'evermore.'

I DOUBT not, my gentle *Readers* will believe it  
 exceeding strange, that People who liv'd almost a thou-  
 sand Years, should make *ado* about the *Use* of *Time*,  
 and talk of *Dying*; whereas our *Beaux* and modern *La-*  
*dies* (though Life is *shorten'd* to one tenth Part) find more  
 of it on their Hands than they well know what to do  
 with, and *squander it away* as if they were to live for  
 ever.

\* \* \*



— Ultra —

*Legem tendere opus.*

Hor;

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

A S I have always esteem'd *Religion* to be one of the  
 most valuable Things in the World, the *Perfection*  
 and *Glory* of *human Nature*; I cannot but think  
 an Attempt to rescue it from that general *Discredit* and  
*Disreputation* it has fallen under in the *present Age*, may  
 justly claim your *Patronage* and *Encouragement*. It is  
 Matter of melancholy Observation, that *Men* are now  
 a-days as much afraid of being thought *Religious*, as if it  
 were

were their real *Reproach* and *Disparagement*. A *Saint* is looked upon, in the current *Notions* of the *Times*, as a mean and despicable *Character*; and passes for little better than an *obstinate Bigot*, or a *splenatick Enthusiast*: To call any one *such*, is to describe him as at the *farthest Remove* from every *polite* and *gentlemanly Accomplishment*; as a *Restraint* upon the *pleasantry* of good *Humour*, and a *Bar* to the most innocent and allowed *Freedom* of *Conversation*.

WHAT seems to have given *Rise* to so *unnatural* an *Association* of the *best* of *Things* with some of the *worst*, is the too usual *Intermixture* of *them* in the *Characters* of many *Religionists* and *D devotees*: For the *Generality* are very apt to judge of the *real Nature* of *Religion* from the *Conduct* of *such* as make a forward *Shew* and *Profession* of it. When therefore, the *Religious* Part of *Mankind* are commonly not more distinguish'd by the *Warmth* of their *Piety*, than by that *sourness* of *Temper* and *severity* of *Behaviour* which too often accompanies it, 'tis no Wonder if with the rest of the *World*, *unfavourable Prejudices* are hereby receiv'd against *Religion itself*; which is thus *estimated* from an *unfair Standard*, and *measured* by a *false Rule*.

IT is equally true of *Religion*, as of *Liberty*, that it has not *suffer'd* more by the *open Attacks* of its *avowed Enemies*, than by the *indiscreet Tendernefs* of too many of its *Friends*; whose *over-forward Zeal* in the *Support* of their *Cause*, has, in all *Ages*, furnish'd out one of the most *colourable Arguments* against it; and done it more *real Disservice*, than all the united *Art* and *Malice* of its *Opposers* have usually been able to accomplish: For as all *undue Stretches* of *Liberty* have generally prov'd the *Destruction* of all *Liberty*, and serv'd only to pave the *Way* for *Oppression* and *Tyranny*; so all *over-straining* in *Point* of *Religion*, all *Attempts* to carry it *above* the *common Pitch* and *ordinary Level* of *human Nature*, have as generally ended in the *Ruin* of all *Religion*; begetting in the *Minds* of *Men* *unconquerable Aversions* to all *Appearances* of that *Nature*, and *laying* the *Foundation* of a *thorough Contempt* of every *Thing Serious* and *Sacred*.

AND yet, notwithstanding that this *Observation* is thus abundantly *confirmed* by the *Experience* of all *past Ages*,

*Ages*, how slender a Regard do we find paid to it in *our own*! It is the more general *Turn* of *such* among us, as would be thought firm to the *Interests* of *Religion*, to represent it as far more *burthensome* and *difficult* than it is in its own *Nature*: They love to *inlarge* the *Sphere* of *Duty*, under a *Persuasion*, that there can be no such Thing as *erring* on the *stricter Side*; little considering, that by *pointing* their *Aims* too *high*, they may really *over-shoot* their *Mark*; and by labouring to bring Men *under too great Restraints*, *work up* their *Minds* to a *thorough Impatience* of any.

WE have frequent Complaints both from the *Press* and *Pulpit*, of that *Spirit* of *Cavilling* and *Scepticism* which is become so much the *Taste* of the *present Times*. What Share of *this* is chargeable upon that *gloomy* and *forbidding Aspect* which *Religion* is made to wear in the *Lives* of some *modern Pietists*, I will not determine; but surely *they*, who are so much the *Instruments* of making Men out of *Love* with *Religion*, can have no Grounds to wonder, if they find them afterwards daily *disputing against it*.

SEVERUS is a *Religionist* of this *rigid Stamp*; he is a *Stranger* to all *Temper* in *his Religion*: SEVERUS thinks no Man *sufficiently devout*, who is not *always upon his Knees*: He has such a *Fondness* for *Retirement* and *Contemplation*, that he looks upon it as *essential* to the *Character* of a *truly good Christian*, to wear *Life away*, like his own, in almost one *uninterrupted Series* of *Religious Exercises*. SEVERUS is altogether for a *recluse* and *solitary Piety*; it being impossible, in *his Opinion*, to live amidst *Corruptions* of *Society*, and not bear a *Part* in them: He makes no *Difference* but in *Name*, between *using this World* and *abusing it*. SEVERUS is such an *irreconcilable Enemy* to all *Licentiousness*, that he scarce allows himself the most *innocent Enjoyment* of his *natural Liberty*: He esteems every Instance of *indulging his Passions*, as a *criminal Sensuality*, and resolves utterly to renounce *his natural Appetites*, as the only *Security* against becoming a *Slave* to them. Could SEVERUS possibly have *devised* a more effectual Method of *discouraging Mankind from Religion*, than the giving them so *disadvantageous a View* of it? As if it were a *State* al-  
together

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gether dark and comfortless, clouding all the *Satisfactions of Life*, and imbittering the very *Relish of Being*.

MATRONA is a *Woman of great Piety*, but of a *cast of Mind* somewhat too *harsh and morose*: *She is ever reading Lectures of Morality to all about her*; for *she* thinks no *Conversation* can be perfectly *innocent* that does not *turn upon such serious Subjects*. MATRONA has such an utter *Dislike and Contempt* of all *prophane and ludicrous Discoursings*, that *she is almost offended and put out of Temper at the most harmless Jest*. When a *View of Chearfulness and good Humour* has began to enliven the *rest of the Company*, MATRONA constantly *assumes a more distinguish'd Gravity*, and is all 'over *Formality and Reserve*. MATRONA carries the *Duty of Reproof* to so *extravagant a Height*, as to regard neither *Times, Places, nor Persons* in the *Exercise of it*: Every little *Flaw in the Conduct*, every trifling *levity of Expression*, whilst in *her Presence*, is sufficient to bring you under *her immediate Animadversion*, and open the *Door to a large Train of moral Reflections and good Advice*. Yet MATRONA cannot but *know*, would *she reflect a little*, that few *People* are able to bear being *reprov'd in Publick*. Such *unseasonable Admonitions*, instead of working any *Amendment* in the *offending Party*, generally serve no other *End* but to *raise his Spleen*, and kindle his *Resentment* against the *indiscreet Reprover*. MATRONA's *Piety* has something so very *ungraceful* in the whole *Air and Turn of it*, that it passes with many for little else but natural *Sullenness, Severity, or Ostentation*: So far is *she* from *reflecting any Credit upon Religion*, that were we to form a *Judgment of its true Nature and Genius*, from the *Effects it has upon her Conduct*, it must be thought the most *precise, ill-bred, spiritless Thing in Nature*. MATRONA talks so much of the *Regard she bears to the Interests of Piety*, that *her Sincerity* in this *Point* cannot fairly be called in *Question*: And yet *she* acts all this while as if *she* was the greatest *Foe to Piety in the World*, for *she* really *frights Men from its Embraces*.

SEBASTIUS has many excellent *Qualities*, and might be a real *Ornament to his Religion*, if he would but abate something of the extreme *Rigour of it*. SE-

BASTIUS



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BASTIUS has several *Children*, whom *he* is so desirous to bring up *piously* and *virtuously*, that *he* never thinks he can be enough careful of their *Morals*. SEBASTIUS is not satisfy'd with cautioning them against the *corrupt Practices* of the *World*, but he endeavours as much as possible to prevent their mixing at all with it. For this Reason, he never suffers any under his Charge to frequent the *publick Entertainments*, or be present at any of the fashionable Places of *polite Resort*: He looks upon the very *Air* of such Places as *infectious*. The *young People* complain that they are severely dealt by, in being deny'd those *Liberties* which others in their Station and Circumstances are *indulg'd* without Scruple. *Restraint* does but give them *higher Notions* of such gay Pleasures, and *stronger Desires* after them: Whereas, were they but permitted to make the Experiment of them, they would soon be convinced how false and unsatisfying they really are, how unable to afford any solid and lasting Happiness! For if, SEBASTIUS, your Children be in themselves *wise* and *virtuous*, they will quickly get above these *trifling Gaities*; if they are otherwise, Confinement can never make them do so. In the mean Time, SEBASTIUS, consider a little what it is you are doing: Ask yourself, whether the Track you are pursuing does not lead you directly contrary Ways to what you intend it should: For indeed, how unlikely is it, you should ever *engage young Minds* to the Love of *Religion*, by teaching them to conceive of it as a *State of painful Discipline* and *Self-denial*? With how *unlovely* and *uninviting* a *Face* must *Piety* appear to them, whilst they imagine it to be an *ill-natur'd Contradiction* to all the pleasurable Freedoms of Life, an Intrenchment upon all that *they* and the *World* think *joyous* and *desirable*.

JULIA is very *strict* in her *own Conduct*, and therefore very *severe* upon *that* of *others*: Her Discourse continually turns upon the *Faults* and *Miscarriages* of some of her *Neighbours*, where she makes no Allowance for Difference of Temper and Circumstances, but censures all whose Behaviour and Way of Life does not happen to fall in exactly with her own Taste.

JULIA, no Doubt, has Ways of soft'ning all this *Spleen* to *herself*, under some *milder Character*; but a  
*dissolute*

*dissolute World* will be very glad to lay hold on so fair an Occasion of quarrelling with *Religion*, when they observe, that so very *Religious* a Woman as JULIA is esteem'd to be, can yet be so very *splenaick* and *ill-natur'd*.

EUSEBIA is a *great Devotionalist*: She spends much of her Time in *Prayer* and *Retirement*, and runs through the whole Circle of *Religious Exercises*, both publick and private, with a most scrupulous *Exactness*. *Fasting* she takes to be one main Article of *Christian Duty*; and therefore she is very regular in the Use of it, though it always injures her *Health* and spoils her *Temper*: She is so great an Admirer of *Books of Devotion*, that rather than omit one *Prayer* her *Form* prescribes, she will often stay so long in her *Closet*, as to render herself thoroughly unfit for all Intercourse with her *Family*. If you happen to see EUSEBIA at any of the more *solemn Seasons* of the Year, or during her Week of *Preparation* for the *Sacrament*, you see her the most *anxious fretful Creature* living: She is disturbed at every little *cross Accident*, and unable to bear up under the most *trifling Disappointment*: She is equally dissatisfy'd with *herself*, and with *all about her*: She gives up her *Mind* a Prey to a Thousand *superstitious Fears* and *melancholly Scruples*, which, at *such Times* especially, crowd in thick upon it, as being then in the properest Posture to receive them: She *knows* no Joy in any Thing: The *Truth* is, she has *sadden'd* and *worn out* her *Spirits* in the *multiply'd Use* of tedious *Rituals* and *devout Formularies*, and *pray'd herself* thoroughly out of *Humour*. EUSEBIA is much concerned that her Children discover but little of their *Mother's Relish* for a Life of *Devotion*, and yet, perhaps, she need go no further for the true *Reason* of this, than to that *discouraging Representation* of it she has ever been setting before their Eyes: For surely, either EUSEBIA is a *Stranger* to the true *Spirit* and *Temper* of *Devotion*, or 'tis no Wonder the Generality of Mankind should be so av'd, so entirely dead to all *devout Sentiments*.

THESE are some of those many *false Species* of *Religion*, which do undeservedly pass current with People of *warm Imaginations*, under the *sacred Stamp* of  
true

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*true Piety*; of which, I should now go on to exhibit the *genuine Characters* and distinct *Proportions*, but that I have already trespassed too far upon your Readers Patience. I may probably resume this Subject in some future Letter, in order to do full Justice to it: At present, I shall only observe in *general*, that the *true Species* of *Religion* is as compleatly *amiable* in *itself*, as it is *widely different* from any Thing here described.

UPON the *whole*, it appears, I think, a necessary Piece of *Caution* to all who would be justly thought *Friends* to *true Piety*, that they beware how they admit any of these *adulterous Mixtures* into the *Composition* of it; for when such *misshapen Pictures* are set to View, even of this *fairest* of all *Originals*, it becomes rather the Object of *Mens Aversion* than of their *Love*. The *World* is more inclined to *laugh* at such *reforming Zealots* as quite *over-a&t* their *Part*, than to *listen* to them. They may *weaken* and *expose* their *Cause*, but can never *serve* it.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

SOBRIUS.



*Bambalio, clangor, stridor, taratantara, murmur.*

Farn. Rhet.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

YOU was pleased, some Time ago, to publish an *Experiment* of mine on *Noble Blood*, which encourages me to inform the World, by your Means, of another *Discovery* no less valuable.

THERE'S

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THERE's a certain *Dissemper*, now-a-days, exceedingly troublesome, and mighty frequent; which, notwithstanding, I don't find described, either by the *Physicians* of *Antiquity*, or our more learned and curious *Moderns*: And this, for Want of a better Name, I shall call the *Talking Evil*. Whether it was unknown to the *Ancients*, or omitted by *them* through Negligence or Inadvertency, I leave to better Judgments; though it seems to me more probable, that they looked upon it as a *Disease incurable*, and therefore would not spend their Time and Pains in vain about it. But why our present *Virtuosi*, who by innumerable Instances have proved themselves less cautious of labouring to no Purpose, never yet attempted it, is not easy to conjecture.

THIS *Malady* seizes Persons of all *Ages, Sexes* and *Conditions*; though it is more common, and usually most violent among the *Females*, when they arrive at Years of Maturity. The Parts immediately affected are the *Tongue*, and other *Organs* of *Speech*, which it throws into supernatural *Motions*, without any Regularity or Intermission; by which *Motions* a continual *Sound of Words* is form'd, *mechanically*, that imitates the *Discourse* of a *healthy Person*, and seems as if it were *voluntary*; but with a little Attention may be distinguish'd from it, by the *Hurry, Incoherence* and *Vehemence* wherewith it issues forth. Such as are afflicted with this *Dissemper*, are known by an unusual *Eagerness* in their *Looks*, a visible *Restlessness* and *Impatience* while any Body else is speaking, and a *hasty* and oftentimes *unmannerly Interruption* of other People with *something* intirely from the Purpose; which is commonly succeeded by a *rapid Torrent of Words*, with *little or no* Meaning, that will not be restrain'd 'till it leaves them quite spent and breathless.

FROM these *Symptoms* I may venture to infer, that this *Dissemper* is a Kind of *Lunacy*; which, I believe, will easily be admitted, by any Body who curiously observes the Behaviour of such People, during their *Talking Fits*. For, at those Times, the *Animal Spirits* are wound up so much above their *natural Standard*, that, as some Sorts of *Mad-folks* in whom the Spirits take another Course, are indued with superior Strength of Limbs,

in



in *these* the *Lungs* and *Tongue* are so surprisngly invigorated, that they are able to *out-talk* ten other People: — But as the *Strength* in one Case, is conducted by no *Reason*, nor apply'd to any useful Purposes, so the *Discourse* in t'other, is trifling and insignificant, a meer Jargon of Words, heap'd together without either Sense or Judgment.

—— It is very common to see People in this *Distemper* agitated as if they were possess'd, staring with their Eyes, nodding with their Heads, flinging about their Arms, shaking their Sides with laughing at their own own Impertinence, talking for Hours together with the utmost Assurance, and before all Sorts of Company, of what they are entirely ignorant, and seizing People by main Force to hear them, in such a Manner, that Nobody can doubt their *Madness*.

BUT, notwithstanding, I am apprehensive some *Objections* may be brought against the above *Opinion*, which, therefore I shall consider e're I proceed farther. — In the first Place, it may be argued, that *these People* eat, drink, sleep, and perform the several Offices of Life, without any considerable Irregularity; but this is no more than what other *Mad-folks* do between the Fits; when they usually appear calm and reasonable, 'till the *Spirits* take again that particular wrong Turn which is the unhappy Occasion of the Disease. — Secondly, they are *themselves* insensible of any such *Distemper*. But is that a sufficient Cause to doubt of it, in Opposition to such strong Proofs? Or was a *Madman* ever yet believed the more for denying himself to be so. — Thirdly, it may be said, that supposing *these People* indeed are *mad*, yet, as it does not shorten their Days at all, nor make them any Ways mischievous, it is needless to attempt their Cure. I'll allow the first Part of this Objection to prevent Disputes, because as yet I am unable to prove the contrary; though such an *extravagant Consumption* of *Breath* and *Spirits* must probably wear them out before their Time; but the latter Part I absolutely deny; for, although *these Lunatics* don't attempt to beat, or offer any open Violence to those they meet, yet every Body is in danger from them of being *talk'd to Death*; and that, I'm sure, is a most barbarous and horrid Kind of Murder. — Last of all, it may be asked, how it comes

comes to pass, that Nobody hit on this but me? To which I shall only answer, that this *Discovery*, like many others, is, perhaps, rather owing to Accident than Study.

FINDING a Distemper out, the *Proverb* says, is half the Cure: Wherefore, having shewn the *Talking Evil* to be a Sort of *Lunacy*; in the next Place, I shall prescribe such *Remedies* as the Case itself requires. But, before I attempt this, it seems necessary to lay down some Rules whereby to know when People are really ill of this *Disease* — Note therefore, if any Person uses a Multitude of *Words* without a *Meaning*; if he asks abundance of *impertinent Questions*; if he has not *Patience* to hear any Body else speak, but *interrupts* Folks, and *talks* at the same Time they are *talking*; if he relates *Trifles* as Matters of great Importance, and tells a Company of insipid *Stories*, meerly for the Sake of telling them; if he tires People with *Accounts* of *himself* and his *own Affairs*, wherein they no Ways are concerned, without perceiving that he's troublesome: In short, if he rambles widely on from one Thing to another, and knows not how to hold his Tongue, I pronounce him far gone in this *Distemper*. But, as Examples may make it still more evident, I shall give you some within my own Knowledge.

A FRIEND of mine is so wonderfully afflicted with this Disorder, that, as soon as e'er he sees you, after the first Compliments are over, he seizes you by the *Button*, which is a sure *Token* of the *Access* of the *Fit*; in an Instant, his Mouth opens, his Eyes are fix'd upon you, his Lips move with an inconceivable Swiftness, and he falls a Talking in a continued rambling Strain, without Sense or Reason, Pause or Intermision; neither regarding whether you hear him, nor waiting for Answers to his Questions, 'till after two or three Hours, the Rapidity of his Spirits being a little abated, he stops, like a Clock that is run down. During the *Paroxysm*, he foams at the Mouth, and flavers, and sputters in your Face; and, what is worst of all, keeps his Hold so fast, that it is impossible to get from him; so that he is the Terror and Affliction of all his Friends. — I remember, he was remarkable in his Youth, for an extraordinary *Pertness* and,

and *Conceitedness* in his Behaviour, which, growing up with him, turn'd to this *Distemper*; and now he is Sixty-four, I'm afraid it is incurable.

ANOTHER Case is, of a Maiden Relation, who is somewhat turned of Fifty; *she* differs from the *Gentleman* above-mention'd in many Particulars; for, whereas, in the *Fits*, he talks *loud* and *fast*, and with great *Fluency* and *Vehemence*; *she*, on the contrary, speaks mighty *slow* and *softly*, and *hums*, and *haws*, and *hesitates* at every Word, as if *she* was half asleep. Her *Fits* also continue longer, and *she's* apt to be exceeding angry, if *People* don't *listen* to her with great Attention, and *answer* to all *she* says. — About the Age of Twenty-two, *she* happen'd unfortunately to be *cross'd in Love*, which threw her into a melancholy complaining Way for near two Years; that was succeeded by a Humour of *advising* young Women never to believe the Men; and afterwards the *Talking-Evil* came upon her.

I AM likewise acquainted with a whole Family labouring under this Misfortune, to the great Affliction of all the Neighbourhood; the *Mother*, *Daughters*, *Son*, all seem equally disorder'd, with some little Difference in the Symptoms. The *good Lady* herself makes you sit down by her, takes you by the Hand, holds you for half a Day, and asks you, in the most serious Manner, if your *Grandfather* had any *Children*? If the *Sun* shines in your *Country*? If *Sea-Water* is *fresh* or *salt*? and a Thousand such-like Questions, which *she* forces you to *answer* very particularly. At the same Time her *Son* and *Daughters* talk to you, *all together*, as fast and loud as possible, without minding one Word each other says, and with set Countenances of Importance inform you as a rare *Discovery*, that their Uncle's *Daughters* are all *Girls*; that the *Fields* are pleasantest in *Summer*; that *every Body* must *die*; and other Matters of equal Consequence; which prove that the *reasoning Faculties* are much impair'd, and the *Brain* exceedingly discompos'd.

AND now, as to the *Cure*—— First of all I advise, that the *Patient* be let Blood plentifully, to abate the Turbulence of the *Spirits*; after which, confine him to his Chamber, give him every other Day a *Purge* by Way of Revulsion; allow him *Pen*, *Ink* and *Paper*, that Part  
of

of the *peccant Matter* may be discharg'd by *Writing*; and continue this Course 'till you find the *Desire* of *Talking* moderated. In slight Cases and young People, this alone will work a Cure, repeating it as you find Occasion; but where the *Distemper* is more inveterate and confirm'd, add frequent Beatings; and, if nothing else will do, lay a *perpetual Blister* upon the *Tongue*. While the *Patient* is under Cure, suffer Nobody to speak to him upon any Occasion, and when pretty well, give him, Night and Morning, an Ounce of *Lenitive Electuary*, that the Humour may find an open Passage downwards, and be discharged into its proper Channel.

I AM sensible this Method is attended with great Difficulty and Trouble; wherefore, that none may want an Opportunity of Cure, I have hired an airy convenient House with large Gardens, where People may be placed under my own Inspection. I beg the Favour of your Recommendation, and am, with great Respect,

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant*

*And Correspondent,*

SIMEON PROBE.

I THINK Mr. PROBE deserves Encouragement; and therefore, all Persons who have *Relations, Friends, or Acquaintance*, under this *Misfortune*, are hereby authorized to seize them out of Hand, and carry them to him for Cure.

\* \* \*

*Turbant*





*Turbant sed extollunt.*

Embl.

*From my House in the Minories.*

**I**N a former Paper I took Notice of some Incivilities, which I have observed Persons who arrogate to themselves the Epithet of *Well-bred*, often fall into. As I thought it unnecessary to recommend a polite Behaviour, it being universally approv'd, as it is pretended to by every one, above the Rank of a Peasant; so I shall now touch on those Faults only (proceeding from Overfight, Neglect or Contempt) in Point of good Manners, which render us either troublesome, or little agreeable in Conversation. For Example, **HIPPOS** is a very honest Gentleman, Good-natur'd and Friendly, and would be agreeable Company, if there was not so great a Sympathy between his Hands and his Tongue, that one never moves without the other, and while he Talks you would think he was beating Time to his Periods. I observe, when any of his Acquaintance perceive he is going to tell a Story, they get as far as decently they can out of his Reach, for he is sure to punch his next Neighbour black and blue to enforce his Attention: Nay, he is so used to this Way of quick'ning his Auditors, that without being sensible of what he did, and carry'd away by the Heat of his Discourse, I have seen him thump an empty Chair 'till he had push'd it out of Reach, and he has then drawn his own after it. *Cachinna* has a good Share of it, and tells a Story very agreeably; but she spoils all by the Horse-Laugh she raises at her own Jests, and the Pains she takes to explain them; which, though she does not mean it, is a downright Affront on the Understanding of all the Company. I was the other Day in a polite Assembly, when **CASIDORE** came in, who seeing Mr. **BEATFUZ**, immediately enquir'd after the Welfare of his Bitch **GYPSEY**, which insensibly led him

him into a Detail of her Virtues, and an Account of the Birds he had taken that Season; he grew warm in his Narration, Shot, Set, and hunted the Season over again, and engrossed all the Talk to himself, though not two in Company, (which consisted mostly of Ladies,) understood his Terms; and not one found any Entertainment, 'till the Care of his Horses came into his Head, and made him beg Pardon for an abrupt Departure, which none of us had thought so, had he taken Leave as soon as he was seated. As this Gentleman never mentions any Thing but his Sports, and seems acquainted with Dogs and Horses only; so NOSOS never entertains the Company with other Discourse than that of his Maladies, and will even at Meals talk very favourably of *Cathartics, Emetics, Salves, Pultis's, Bolus's, Paragoric Draughts* and *Sudorifics*. MARTINIUS sets up for a Censor in all Company, and, as the *French* say, *de gaiete de cœur*, exposes himself to numberless Affronts. He will in a publick Assembly criticize on the Conduct, Dress, or Works of any present, and thinks he is never Entertaining but when he puts Somebody to the Blush. There is nothing more difficult than to advise a Friend of his Errors; it's a very ticklish Point; and if a prudent Man can hardly find the Method to advise a Friend, and not make an Enemy, how few thank MARTINIUS for his publick Animadversions! or more properly, how many are there who resent the Liberty he takes of reproving them! I know another Gentleman, who, because he has a great Estate, thinks he may be free with the Character of every one inferior to him in the Goods of Fortune. MARTINIUS exposes you under the Pretence of Concern and the Mask of Friendship; this Gentleman, to have the Pleasure of seeing you in Confusion, and to make himself and the rest of his Company merry at your Expence, though he has often suffer'd by this ill-natur'd and unpolite Temper, fought several Times, and been wounded almost as often; yet continues incorrigible, notwithstanding no Man in *Europe* pretends to be more polite. It is for the Service of these Gentlemen that I beg Leave to transcribe a Paragraph from the *Abbot de Bellegarde* in his Reflections on an unpolite Behaviour, 'There are some Defects so obvious, that it's impossible they should escape our

Notice; but we are not always to shew that we perceive them, much less ought we to mention them, or make them Matter of Reproach to those who have fallen into such Errors: It is shewing too great an Opinion of ourselves, and being over-nice, if the Imperfections and Weakness of our Neighbours meet with no Indulgence from us. This false refin'd Taste, is commonly the Mark of a narrow Genius, or great Presumption.

LADY MANLOVE thinks herself a Model of good Breeding, yet I have seen her place her Cat in an Elbow Chair at Dinner above a Woman of Quality, and cut for *Puffs* before any at the Table were serv'd: She is extremely fond of her Title, and tenacious of her Rank, which makes her so unpolite, as always to get first into her Coach, go the first out of her House, and help herself the first (*Puffs* excepted) at her own Table. There are many Failures in Good-manners, through an over-care of being Complaisant; these are excusable; but where we take a Privilege of being rude on Account of Fortune or Title, we seldom meet with Quarter. A certain *English* Nobleman, Ambassador to *Lewis XIV.* of *France*, was going with his Majesty to take the Air; the King put him forward to go first into the Coach, upon which Occasion, he made Ceremonies, and begg'd he might, as it was his Duty, follow his Majesty; which Failure in Point of Politeness, the King made him sensible of, by saying, *Sir, I know I'm King of France.* We are rather to Obey, than make any ceremonial Contests with those who are greatly our Superiors.

AFFABILITY speaks the Person of Distinction, whereas a distant and haughty Carriage begets Hatred and a narrow Scrutiny into our Conduct; nay, even that of our Ancestors is examin'd on our Accounts. Contempt is always repaid with Heart-burnings and Disdain. Though Fortune may have placed us in a distinguish'd Rank, yet has she not made us more than Men, refin'd our Clay, or given a richer Tincture to our Blood. Birth does not exempt us from a certain Complaisance to the meanest Peasant, which Humanity and Decency require even from Princes; and which Policy engages the most elevated to practise. MEGALIA builds so much on her Title,



Title; that she thinks Good-manners ought to be shewn to none who does not bear a Coronet; her Title gives her Power to decide, to talk dogmatically on Subjects she is a Stranger to, to speak loud or whisper in Company, to be inattentive, or to turn her Back on the Persons who address themselves to her, or to be guilty of the highest Ill-manners to her Inferiors, which she falsely imagines speaks an Air of Grandeur, and makes her respected: Whereas it shews either an excessive Vanity, or stupid Ignorance of what becomes and is expected from her. It's a Folly, which makes her as many Enemies as she has Acquaintance; for as the Abbot whom I've already quoted, very justly remarks, 'An unmannerly Behaviour is a Vice which renders a Man more despicable, and leads him into more Scrapes than any other; we can forgive his Weakness, nay, excuse the Sallies of his Passion, but Ill-manners is a Sort of Habitue by which we are continually made uneasy, and touches us to the Quick, especially when we perceive it is from Design, for then it speaks Contempt, which is never pardon'd; for we have ever Complaisance enough for ourselves to think we merit some Attention.' The Spanish Proverb says, *La Cortesia costa poca y vale mucho*; Complaisance costs little, and is worth much. We may say Ill-manners costs much, and is worth nothing; for it's certain, it loses us that Esteem, which Men are so anxious to obtain, that they become perfect Slaves to the World for it: It makes us Enemies of Friends, and can answer no End.

THERE are some, who from an over Modesty, sin against Good-manners; I acknowledge in this forward Age there are not many of this Class. I remember an old Story, which (as the Italian says, *Se non è vero è ben trovato*) very whimsically condemns this Sort of Rudeness: 'A Gentleman who had lost his Way, and was benighted on the *Derbyshire Moores*, rode up to a little Hut, and ask'd the Owner, if he could put him in the Road to any Village where he might take up for that Night. The Fellow told him, there was none near, or easy to be found, but, if he pleas'd, he would shew him to a Gentleman's House about half a Mile off, where he would be hospitably receiv'd; but con-



\* timed the Fellow, he beats all his Guests after he has  
 \* treated them. The Gentleman, who prefer'd the  
 \* Risque of a Beating to lying under the Canopy of Hea-  
 \* ven, desired the Man to guide him. He found a hu-  
 \* man Reception, and was treated by the Gentleman of  
 \* the House with great Civility and Openness. After  
 \* Supper, his kind hospitable Landlord asked, if he  
 \* would take a Bottle of Beer or of Port. The Stranger  
 \* chose the latter; this being drank, he was ask'd, if  
 \* he would have t'other Bottle, or go to Bed? On his  
 \* chusing to withdraw, the Gentleman of the House  
 \* waited on him to his Chamber, and there, desiring he  
 \* would think himself at Home, took his Leave. Next  
 \* Morning when he was stirring, a Servant told him,  
 \* his Master staid Breakfast 'till he came down. In the  
 \* Hall, his Host asked, if he would have Coffee, Tea,  
 \* or cold Venison Pasty, with a Bottle of *March Beer*.  
 \* He chose the Pasty and Beer. Breakfast being over,  
 \* the Stranger return'd Thanks for his hospitable Recep-  
 \* tion, and begged Leave to pursue his Journey. His  
 \* Horses and Servant were immediately called for, and  
 \* the two Strangers parted very civilly. When he was  
 \* out of the Gate, and thought himself no longer in Dan-  
 \* ger of a Beating, he turned back and told the Gentle-  
 \* man the Character the Countryman had given him,  
 \* and if it was true, desir'd to know by what good  
 \* Fortune he had escap'd. Sir, says his Host, the Fellow,  
 \* in the main, speaks Truth; but I beat only those un-  
 \* mannerly Fellows who deserve Correction; who not  
 \* content with my treating them in the best Manner I  
 \* can, will put me to the Trouble of divining their  
 \* Taste. If I ask one of these Puppies, Will you drink  
 \* Red or White Wine, or will you rather have Beer?  
 \* Shall I help you to Beef, Mutton, or Fowls. They'll  
 \* answer, *which you please*. Shall we take t'other Bot-  
 \* tle, or will you go to Bed? *Just as you please*. Which  
 \* Impertinence, I own, puts me out of all Patience;  
 \* but as I found you a reasonable and well-bred Man, it's  
 \* no Wonder we part in as friendly a Manner as we at  
 \* first met.



*Some secret Truths, from learned Pride conceal'd,  
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:  
What! though no Credit doubting Wits may give!  
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.*

Rape of the Lock.

*From my House in the Minories.*

A Printed Advertisement was thrust into my Hand, as I walk'd along the Street this Morning, which I imagin'd to be a friendly Information where to find some one or other of those generous *Virtuosi*, who, having by long Travel and laborious Study obtain'd an infallible and universal Knowledge of and Cure for all *Distempers*, are so exceedingly beneficent, as to distribute their *Medicines* and *Advice* meerly for the common Good. But when I came to pull out my Papers, in a certain Place, where I usually peruse and wonder at these remarkable *Instances* of publick Spirit, I found this to be of a more extraordinary and surprizing Nature; giving an Account of a learned Gentlewoman, who is arriv'd at a perfect Knowledge in the amazing Art of *Casting Coffee Grounds*; whereby she is able to discover all Things, past, present, and to come, and also, (what appears most conceal'd from human Capacity,) the Sincerity of a Friend, or the Affection of a Lover.

THIS Advertisement begins with a friendly Piece of useful and good Advice, that People to avoid *Superstition*, should not run into *Obstinacy*: After which, it goes on to shew, how this Art has long been practis'd by the *Turks* and *Arabians*, how much at present it is esteem'd among our kind Allies the *Dutch*, and then, with the utmost Modesty, sets forth, that few or none in this Kingdom are equal in this Science to this learned Female Philosopher, whose Skill has been testify'd to a great Number of the first Quality: And at last, it prudently

concludes, with warning People against the *Ignorance* of *Pretenders*, by which, *this*, as well as *all other Arts*, is liable to be brought into Contempt.

AS I am always pleased to hear of any *Discovery* which may conduce towards the *Welfare* of my *Country*, I could not help rejoicing, to find, that we have got amongst us a *Person* so *extraordinary*, by whose Assistance not only the *Ministry* may be directed how to form their *Schemes* successfully, and learn what other Princes are contriving in the *Cabinet*; but her Skill must likewise, most undoubtedly, afford infinite Satisfaction to the Minds of *sighing Lovers* and *desponding Virgins*: — Nay, *Prentices* and *Servant Wenches* may now know, for a mere Trifle, what *Sweethearts* they may expect, which of them are *true* or *false*, when they shall be *marry'd*, and with how many *Children* they shall enrich the Publick. — This must make us all so wise and cautious, from the highest to the lowest, and have so good Effect on the general Conduct, that even a *Maiden-head* will not be given up until it *ought* to be, or kept beyond the *critical* and *most proper Time*; either of which *Mistakes* are an *irretrievable Misfortune* to the Female Sex.

THERE is and has ever been, among all Nations, a *restless Curiosity* of searching into *Futurity*, and learning what's *to come*: To satisfy this Desire arose the *Oracles* of Old, with all their numerous Train of *Augurs*, *Sooth-sayers*, *Diviners*, *Dreamers*, and *Prognosticators*, People in those Days of mighty Fame and Power. We likewise have been so happy, as never to be wholly destitute of *Cunning-Men*, *Conjurers*, *Fortune-tellers*, and a large Tribe of *Peripateticks*, called *Gyppies*, who kindly *travel* round the *Countries*, and foretel the Loss of *Linnen*, *Pigs* and *Poultry*; a Prediction which usually is *verifys'd* before they leave the Place, to the Establishment of their own Credit, and the gaining them both Food and Money.

BUT this wonderful *Science* of *casting Coffee Grounds*, though an Invention of the *Moderns*, is equal in Use and Value to all the Ways of *Foreknowledge* amongst the *Antients*; for it is not only readier upon all Occasions, and much less troublesome and expensive than their *Sacrifices* and



and tedious Preparations; but I may safely add, that it is built upon no less *reasonable* and *certain Principles*, as a *Gentleman* deeply read in all these Kinds of *Mystery* has made exceeding clear, by the following strange but plain *Hypothesis*, which I have taken the Pains to pick out from amongst his Writings. — ‘The *Soul* of Man, ‘*says he*, which is immaterial, and a distinct Existence ‘from the *Body*, hath a constant Communication with ‘numberless *Intellectual* and *Spiritual Beings*, who by ‘their superior and extended Knowledge are capable of ‘discerning the *Tendency* of Things and foreseeing *Events* ‘a considerable Time before they happen. All *this*, being of a beneficent and friendly Disposition, they ‘communicate to the *Soul*. But as a Man can have no ‘Perception of any Thing, but by such *Ideas* as he receives from the Senses; in Order to discover to *him* ‘such Knowledge as *itself* receives, the *Soul* is obliged ‘to make Use of divers *Signs*, *Symbols*, *Hieroglyphicks*, ‘or *Resemblances* to explain *its* Meaning by. For whatever Ways of Perception the *Soul* may have, if it ‘cannot *invent* Means to convey *it* to the *Memory*, and ‘explain *it* by such *Ideas* as have entered the *Senses*, we ‘cannot possibly *utter*, *express*, or *know* it. The *Soul*, ‘therefore, being restless and active, and desirous to signify its Knowledge, *contrives* several Methods of doing so; *these* are, sometimes *Dreams*, which shall represent to a Man *Things* to happen, according to any ‘common Notice he has entertained, that a *Dream* so and so shall betoken such an Accident; sometimes, by sudden *Impulses*, strong *Impressions* of Fear or Desire, or ‘*Emotions* exciting to *Actions* we can see *no Reason* for ‘at the *Time*, though they appear *afterwards* to have ‘been a *Warning* of some Danger or Advantage; and ‘sometimes, by such *Omens* as are generally understood ‘to *portend* certain *Events* either good or bad. — In ‘short, the *Soul* endeavours all it can to make known that *Prescience* itself receives, and other *Beings* are likewise ready to communicate their *Foreknowledge*, if ‘so be *Means* can be found out of conveying it to our ‘*corporeal Senses*; for which Purpose little else is necessary but an entire Expectation, a solemn Attention, ‘and a mental Agreement that such and such *Symbols* ‘shall



‘ shall signify such *Things*; and then setting down the  
 ‘ *Names* of the *Stars* in a casual Manner, casting *Dice*  
 ‘ on a *Fortune-Book*, or *throwing off Coffee-Grounds* may  
 ‘ serve the Turn as well as any Thing whatever.

BY this, it plainly appears possible to hold a Correspondence with the *Spiritual Intelligencies*, and partake the Advantage of their superior Faculties, if we will but take the Pains of settling a *Character* between us and them, whereby they may communicate their Knowledge to us; and I think it must be granted, from what follows, that this new Way of *Casting Coffee Grounds* is best capable of affording *Materials* for such a *Character*, since it may easily be form’d into all *Figures* and *Shapes* imaginable.

IT would be of wonderful Use and Service in this Affair, was it possible to recover the antient *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks*, which probably were invented for this very Purpose, and perhaps made Use of in some such Manner as this I am now speaking of; since that People, as every Body knows, were, beyond all other Nations, famous, not only for their numerous *Symbols* and *Representations*, but likewise for their Skill in these surprizing *Mysteries*. Could this be done, we should have a *Character* well establish’d with the *superior Beings*, and be able, so far as their Foreknowledge reaches, to inform ourselves of all Events, and also obtain their friendly Assistance in many other Cases. But I fear, (notwithstanding the Pretences of some Folks) these *Hieroglyphicks* are irretrievable: For though our *Virtuosi* have long been poring over all the *Mummies* and *Inscriptions* that are come to Hand, I don’t find that any of them have been ever supposed *Conjurers*. Instead, therefore, of these *Symbols*, which it seems lost Labour to spend much Time in hunting after, the *Curious* in these Matters have invented new ones, and daily are improving them: As for Instance, with them a Monkey represents a Beau, a Butterfly a Coquet, a Fox a Lawyer, a Flea a Physician, and a Drone a ———: So likewise, a Person *hoodwink’d* means a Lover, a Couple *quarrelling* the State of Wedlock, a broken Chain Widowhood, a Flittermouse an old Batchelor, a Magpye a young Virgin, and a Screech Owl an antient one. The Passions are also pictured in the

the same Manner; a Peacock *denotes* Pride, a Giant Ambition, a Turtle Love, a Toad Envy, a Wasp Anger, a Scorpion Revenge, and a Spider Avarice and Oppression.——These few Examples shew, that *Persons, Things, and Actions* may be represented by their *Symbols*, as plainly as Heart can wish; and therefore, I shall only add the Way of using them, as communicated by an *Adept*.

WHEN a *Correspondence* is settled with the *invisible Beings*, by Means of these or other *Characters*, and their Information or Assistance is required, some *Ceremony* or other is necessary, by Way of *Invocation*, to summon their Attendance; such as muttering certain Sounds, putting ourselves into odd Postures, or what else we please. When this is done, and the *Coffee-Cup* turn'd down according to Art, these *friendly Beings* immediately take their Station under it, and *dispose* the *Grounds* into such *Forms, Figures, and Representations*, as the Mind has fix'd upon to signify certain Things, which though *unintelligible* to the *ignorant*, are as *legible* to the *Learned* in this Science, as if printed in Words at Length.

AS many of my pretty Country-Women, led on by an extensive Faith and natural Curiosity, are become *Students* in this *Art*, I thought nothing could oblige them more, than an Account of the Principles on which it stands, with Instructions how readily to arrive at a considerable Proficiency therein. And, I persuade myself, they will so greatly improve by this reasonable and clear System, that, henceforward, few will venture either to chuse a *Mantua*, purchase a *Monkey*, or admit a *Lover*, without consulting the *Coffee-Cups*, and informing themselves before-hand what will be the Consequence.

\* \* \*





*Inter cuncta leges, & percunctabere doctos :  
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.*

Hor.

*From my House in the Minorics.*

**W**HATEVER mean Opinion some Men may ignorantly entertain of *Woman-kind*, Nature has certainly bestowed on them Capacities equal to those of Men, and the fancy'd Difference lies wholly in *Education*. Would they believe this, and be persuaded to take a little Pains for the Improvement of their Minds, we should soon find them as remarkable for true Wit and sound Judgment, as they at present are for fine Shapes and lovely Faces. This would make them valuable Wives, and agreeable Companions, and effectually secure the Conquests of their Eyes. A little Time, (which might easily be spared from Dress and Diversion) spent every Day in Reading, would bring this to pass; and had every Lady some such Friend as the Writer of the following Letter, to direct her Studies, it would be happy for her.

*To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;*

S I R,

**I** BELIEVE there needs no Apology for sending you the following *Letter*. In two or three *Papers* you have recommended *Reading* to the *Fair Sex*, as a necessary Accomplishment, but without pointing out what *Books* are proper to be chosen or avoided by them; which, certainly, is a Matter worth Consideration, since a Mistake in that Respect, makes the Consequence very different. Herein you'll find some Cautions and Observations

Observations on such *Books* as, compose a *Lady's Library*, which, (if you think them just and useful) are at your Service to communicate.

*Yours, \* \* \**

*A Letter to a Lady, concerning Books of Piety and Romances.*

MADAM,

AS I am now corresponding with you in the Capacity of a *Tutor*, it may not be amiss to begin with giving you my Sentiments of *Books*; such, especially, as most commonly fall into the Hands of young Ladies. Whatever you may think of the Matter at present, believe me, you'll one Day find *Reading* more essential to your passing your Time agreeably, than any of the gay *Amusements*; which cannot always be had, and grow insipid being often repeated. So that *Reading* is certainly one of the most desirable Things imaginable, were it only for one Reason, that it enables us to converse with ourselves, and to be satisfied sometimes in our own Company; which is very terrible to most *Beaux*, and many *fine Ladies*.

THE *Books* I would now speak of, are of two Sorts, which seem very different at the first View, but upon a nearer Inspection, it is no difficult Matter to shew that they are both the Family of the WRONGHEADS: I mean *Books of Piety*, and *Romances*.——The Persons who deal most in them, I fear, are great Obstacles to true Religion and Virtue. What is the Reason, think you, that so many of the gay People of the World, entertain no favourable Opinion of either? Is it not that they see the Appearance of them has so ill an Effect upon some who are the greatest Pretenders to Honour and Devotion, their *Maiden Aunts*, and *old Grandames*, whose Time is usually spent between Scolding and Praying, and who talk of Heaven and their Amours with the same Fervour? which must needs give a blooming Damself, or a gay Youth, but a very strange Notion of Religion,



gion, and not improbably, has made many a one determine against it.—The writing *Saints* of the last Age, were the same Kind of People with these *Matrons*: A large Band, or cropt Head of Hair, is no Objection to their being of the same Species, any more than Colour or Magnitude amongst the Four-footed. Do but consider an ill-natur'd, melancholy, peevish old Fellow, prescribing Rules of Life, and teaching how to live in the World; when, very likely, he never had a proper Opportunity of being acquainted with it. Society can never subsist upon their Schemes, which are generally as ridiculous as a zealous *Papist's*, who writes the Life of a *Hermit*, or *Female Votary*, and for the Good of Mankind, would have all the young Fellows turn *Monks*, and all the young Women be confin'd to *Cloysters*.—

I would be glad to know what such a one thinks of *Posterity*, or whether he has found out a better Method of propagating Mankind, than we read of in a certain ancient History, intitled, *GENESIS*. If the End of Religion be the Good of Mankind, our being locked up all our Life, is much the same as if we never had been born; at least, in Regard to Society. The Case is much the same with all your precise *enthusiastick Regulations*, which are so much out of Character, that there is no such Thing as acting up to them; they may indeed serve to patch up a good Cloak for Knavery and Hypocrisy, but are no proper Ornaments for Truth and Virtue. And the Consequence is often very dreadful; for young People that read these Kind of Books, are apt to conclude, that it is impossible upon their Schemes to be happy in another World, and therefore they never trouble themselves about it, but resolve to make the most of this, by indulging their Inclinations, and giving the Loose to their Passions. Whereas, were they rightly instructed, they would find, that *Religion*, strictly speaking, requires no more of us, than what every Man of good Sense, who will be at the Trouble of reflecting, would judge most convenient for him. And as to our own Religion in particular, how much more excellent are the Morals of the *Gospel*, than all the Ethicks of the Philosophers! And, sure there is no Comparison between the Obligations to *Christian Faith*, and the Yoke of Bondage of

of the *old Law*; to say nothing of the Absurdities of *Mahomet*, and the *Heathen Mythology*, which it's presumed, admit of no Competition. You will be fully convinced of this by reading the *BIBLE*, which you can't make yourself too much acquainted with. But I would advise you to read chiefly the moral and historical Parts, and not think of setting up for a *Critic*, unless you can attain to the learned Languages. As to other religious Books, I advise you to meddle with none that are not universally esteem'd, such as *The Whole Duty of Man*, *Nelson's Festivals*, &c. For, besides the Danger of *bad Authors*, many Books serve rather to confound than increase our Knowledge; and one may have read many Volumes and not be a Scholar, when a few well chosen and digested would do the Business.

AND now, as to the Ladies favourite Collection, *Romances*: It grieves me to say it, they ruin more Virgins than *Masquerades* or *Brothels*. They strike at the very Root of all Virtue, by corrupting the Mind: And though every *Romance-reading Nymph* may not proceed to Overt-Acts, I hope you do not think her excusable. Evil Intentions are certainly criminal in this, as well as Cases of Treason, where they are punishable even by Law, if discover'd, though they were never put in Execution. But if we are as favourable as possible, *Romances*, and such-like Books, must needs be very pernicious, since they tend to soften and enfeeble the Mind, when they chance not to produce greater Evil, such as raising People's Passions, and encouraging their vicious Inclinations. I leave you to judge what an excellent Housewife a Damsel is likely to make, who has read the *Persian Tales*, 'till she fancies herself a *Sultana*. Nay, the very being so much accusom'd to Lying, is a sufficient Objection, were there no other, since many a Tale, that was invented at first only to divert Children, by being often repeated, has at Length come to be received for Truth. And thus we may account for the great Credit that is given to the strange and improbable Stories of *Spirits* and *Apparitions*, so current among the common People.—There are, indeed, some Exceptions, *viz.* the Writings of the celebrated Poets, and some Compositions in Prose, such as *Telemachus*, &c. which are very instructive

instructive and entertaining; and there is not much Danger of their being confounded with Truth, because it requires some Degree of good Sense to relish them; and therefore People of middling Capacities hardly give them the reading, though every *Footman* and *Chambermaid* are fond of the lewd Inventions of *H—d* or *M—l—y*.

As to *Plays*, something may be said for the best of them; but I am afraid, they generally paint Vice with such Charms, that all their Morals will seldom atone for the Mischief they do; and I protest, I can't see how a modest Woman can be present at some of the *Comedies* even of *Vanbrugh* or *Congreve*, without blushing; or how *Ottway* can please any body who has a Notion of Religion. What can be said then for those Heaps of *Ribaldry*, whose Wit consists in nothing but Blasphemy and Obscenity? Is it not surprizing they should be so often frequented by pious Matrons, and sober young Ladies?

—The Truth is, People run along with the Crowd, and never consider whither they are going, or surely they would be more cautious of giving a Sanction by their Presence to so much Impurity. —I dare say, *Madam*, after a little Reflection, you will be of this Opinion, if you are not so already; and therefore I shall make no Apology for this Freedom, especially since I intend it as an Instance of Respect, in,

MADAM,

\*\*\*  
Your most Obedient, &c.







*Tu, quid Ego & Populus mecum desideret, audi. —*  
*Quid deceat, quid non. —*

Hor.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

WHENEVER I sit down to write my *Paper*, I consider myself as a *Volunteer*, enlisted for the Service of my Country, and therefore obliged, both in Duty and Honour, to endeavour all I can for the *publick Good*. This Reflection naturally awakens in me every generous Sentiment of *Humanity*, and fills my Breast with *Benevolence* towards all Mankind: — Hence it comes to pass, that I regard the *Virtuous* with Affection, and the *Vicious* with Concern, that I compassionate the *Unfortunate*, and partake the Happiness of the *Happy*; — and in this Frame of Mind I contrive, how best, either by amusing *Insinuations*, serious *Advice*, pointing *Ridicule*, striking *Examples*, or severe *Reproof*, to inspire my *Readers* with those generous and virtuous Principles, which make People esteem'd by others, and enjoy true Satisfaction in themselves.

WITH this Desire to promote the Felicity of *All*, it may be wonder'd why I am wholly silent as to *Religious Matters*: But the true Reason is, because, in my Opinion, they have already been meddled with too much by others; almost to the rooting out of *common Charity*, which can be revived no other Way, but by laying aside the Subject; and therefore, I shall never concern myself any farther than to insist on an internal and lowly Adoration of the *Deity*, an Acknowledgment of and Thankfulness for all his Mercies, and an awful Fear of his Displeasure, together with a general Good-Will and Affection towards all Mankind.

BUT though I shall never make myself a *Party* in any *Disputes* that may arise, or engage on the Side of any particular *religious Sect* or *Opinion*, yet, in such Things,



Things as regard *Decency* and the common *Utility*, I shall be always ready with my *Advice* or *Reproof*, as either may seem needful. This I think my *Duty*, and therefore hope Nobody will find Fault with my publishing the following *Letter*, or imagine it any Reflection upon a *Set of Men* whose Function I highly honour, and whose Mistakes I look upon with the utmost *Tenderness* and *Concern*.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*.

*Mr. Spectator.*

I GO every Summer and spend a Month or two at a Friend's Seat in the Country, who desires me to write to you, on the Behalf of himself and a whole *Parish*, whose Case I shall relate as brief as possible. — The Gentleman, my Friend, having acquired an easy Fortune in Business, and being near his grand Climacteric, has chosen an agreeable Retirement, where to pass the Residue of his Days in serving God, and doing Good among his Neighbours. He is a charitable, well-meaning, religious, honest Man, of excellent natural Parts, and sound Judgment, but not what we call a Scholar, understanding very little *Latin*, and not one Word of *Greek*: However, you must not infer from hence, that he is not Master of his Mother Tongue; for I assure you, on the contrary, that he both writes and talks it with great Readiness and Propriety. He constantly attends the Church, and is a great Lover of hearing Sermons; but his Misfortune, as well as that of his Neighbours, is, to have one of the most unintelligible Preachers that ever got up into a Pulpit. This Reverend Gentleman, it seems, is a Man of fine Parts and vast Learning, deeply read in Controversy and Criticism, and all the disputable Points of Divinity: In short, a Person that might shine with Splendor before an Audience of *Literati*. But it unfortunately falls out, that he either cannot, or will not, descend to Subjects or Expressions that are suitable to the Capacity of his illiterate Hearers, who are chiefly Farmers and their Dependants. These Rusticks are weekly entertained with Philosophy, Me-

taphysicks,

taphysicks, Etymology, the Doctrine of the Trinity, Transubstantiation, the Authority of the Church, Free-Will, or some other such-like Discourse, infinitely above their Understanding; which is delivered to them partly in *Greek*, partly in *Latin*, or Words derived from those or other Languages, that are both *Latin* and *Greek* to them: Whereby, instead of being instructed, they gape and stare, and think him a rare Man, but are entirely ignorant of what he talks about. One Sunday, after having heard an elaborate Discourse on the *Epicurean* and *Cartesian* Systems, I ask'd a wealthy Farmer how he liked the Sermon? *Mighty well, i'faith, 'twas main good*, said he, and shrugged up his Shoulders: But pray, what do you remember of it, said I: *I'faith, Maister, not one Word*, answered he, *I am not Book learn'd enough for that; but surely our Doctor's a brave Scholard*.—Thus are these poor People amused with empty Sounds, that signify no more to them than the whistling of the Winds, are deprived of proper Instruction, and imposed on in their Ignorance, through a stupid Vanity of boasting a little unnecessary Learning; —which is a very melancholy Consideration. As for my Friend, he is continually lamenting his own Condition, and that of his Fellow Parishioners, who must either stay at Home, or be obliged to hear such Jargon, as is, to them, wholly useless and unintelligible. He begs the Favour of you, therefore, to animadvert on this Enormity, and desire this learned Gentleman, with all others of the Clergy who are guilty of the same Mistake, to teach *plain People* their Duty in *plain English*, and reserve their fine Speculations and high flown Eloquence, for an Audience that can understand them.

*I am, with great Respect,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

PETER MEANWELL.

THE End of Preaching is undoubtedly to *benefit* and *improve* the Hearer: Every *Preacher*, therefore, should instruct the *People* under his Direction in *those* Things which are *most* needful for them to know, and in such *Stile* and *Manner* as is *easiest* for them to *understand*. Without this Care *he* labours to little Purpose; and however they may be *amus'd*, can make them neither *wiser* nor *better*. I am loth to say, whenever this Rule is broken through, it proceeds from *Vanity* and *Ostentation*; but I must affirm, that *whoever* chuses Subjects *unsuitable* to those he preaches to, or though his Subjects may be proper, Discourses on them in *Language* above their *Capacity* and *Apprehension*, gives great Reason to suspect, that *he* has more at Heart the *shewing* his own *Talents*, than the *Good* of those that hear him.—What Advantage can a *Plowman* possibly receive from a long Account of *ancient Heresies*, or a Confutation of *modern ones*, which he never heard of; from the *Etymology* of *Words*, or the reconciling *Manuscripts*; from an *Outcry* against *Free-thinkers*, or a Vindication of disputed *Texts*? —What cares he for the *Motions* of the *Planets*, or the *Bigness* of the *Sun*, or how many *Miles* it is distant from the *Earth*, provided it will but *shine* upon his *Fields*, and ripen well his Corn? The ancient *Languages*, the Customs of *past* Ages, the Rise and Fall of *Empires*, are not his Business to enquire after; and what signifies endeavouring to *prove* the Doctrine of *Free-will* to one, who finds himself under an *absolute Necessity* either to work or starve?

BUT, instead of these Things, he should be taught the plain and practical *Principles* of *Christianity*; to be *sober*, *honest*, and *industrious*, to be *contented* with his *Condition*, and careful to *maintain* his *Family*; to serve *God* according to his *Station* and *Ability*, and live peaceably amongst his Neighbours.

THERE's a worthy *Clergyman* of my Acquaintance, whose *Example* I would recommend to *all* his Brethren.—This *good* Man is thoroughly vers'd in every Kind of *valuable* and *useful* Learning, without the *Pomp* or *Affectation* of it:—He's a *Divine*, a *Philosopher*, a *Mathematician*.—His *Temper* is ever calm and even; his *Deportment* easy, cheerful and sedate; his *Conversa-*  
tion



tion modest, open, and sincere, having nothing in it either of Levity, Assuming, or Moroseness. Despising all the *little Arts* of Dissimulation, he freely *speaks* his Mind without *flattering* any Body, and yet with so much *Good Nature*, that none can be disoblighd. He is neither *proud* nor *obstinate*, but ready to hear the *Opinions* of other People, and as ready to give up his *own*, whenever he finds himself mistaken. Tender of the *Religion* he professes, but always *practising* and *promoting* Universal Charity and Moderation. Neither wholly careless of *worldly Things*, nor avariciously hunting after them, but rather losing his *lawful Dues*, than exacting them with *Greediness* and *Severity*. In a Word, industrious for the Happiness of *those* committed to his Care, whom he labours to *edify* both by his *Doctrine* and *Example*, his own *Life* being an exact *Pattern* of the *Meekness* and *Integrity* he recommends.——His *Parishioners* are partly People of *Taste* and *Education*, and partly *illiterate* Country-folks; yet his *Sermons* are so admirably contriv'd, that *both* one and t'other are constantly improved and pleased. His *Discourses* are always calculated to excite *Piety* and *Virtue*, which *all* are equally concerned to practise, without *troubling* his Congregation with *Controversy*, *Speculation*, or *Points of Learning*, which can do little Good to *any*. His Reasoning is *short*, *forcible*, and *clear*, expressed in the *plainest* Language, and descending to the *meanest* Capacity; yet at the same Time abounding with such *Strength* and *Elegance* as delight the most delicate and severe Judges. His *Learning* serves not to *amuse* or *perplex*, but to instruct his *Hearers*, who enjoy the Advantage of it, while it itself does not appear at all. *Good Sense* in his *Discourses*, supplies the Place of *Greek* and *Latin*, and his Eloquence consists in the *Beauty* and *Justness* of his *Sentiments*, not in the swelling Emptiness and Sound of *Words*; yet in the *Simplicity* of his *Stile*, and the Use he makes of the most common *Phrases*, appear a *Grandeur* and *Harmony* which command the *Soul*, and compose the *true Sublime*. It is impossible to hear him without *Attention*, or to attend without *both* Pleasure and Improvement: What he says, comes *really* from the Heart; himself feels and believes what he *teaches* others, and speaks not to the *Ears* only,



only, but to the *Understanding* of his *Audience*; unlike many, who preach in one continual drowsy *Tone* and *Cadence*, with so little *Warmth* or *Earnestness*, that what they say, serves no other Purpose, but like the constant Fall of Water, or the Lullaby of a Nurse, to make People *sleep* mechanically. Thoughtless and negligent of *Fame* or *Preferment*, he steadily pursues the Ways of *Truth*, and has no other Aim, but faithfully to discharge the Duties of his Office, and render all his *Hearers* good *Christians*, and virtuous honest Men.

\* \* \*



*Quæ Virtus, Et quanta boni, sit vivere parvo,  
Discite.*—————

—————*Vides ut pallidus omnis*

*Cæna defurgat dubia?*—————

—————*Grandes Rhombi, Patinæq;*

*Grande ferunt cum damno dedecus.*—————

*Hor.*

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**A**S I am naturally blest with a robust and healthy *Constitution*, which I have taken Care to preserve by *Regularity* and *Temperance*, I scarce know what *Pain* or *Sickness* mean, any otherwise than by the *Complaint* of others; and though I am far advanced in *Life*, enjoy my *Strength*, my *Appetite*, and all my *Senses*, perfect and entire, without finding any considerable *Difference* in myself, but that happy one of being now able to controul my *Passions*, and keep them under the Command of *Reason*, much easier than in my *Youth*. I am troubled with no *Distemper*, my *Pulse* beats free and even, my *Sleep* is quiet and refreshing, and from this bodily good *Habit* results a constant *Serenity* and *Calm* of *Mind*, that places me above the Power of *Spleen* or *Accident* to discompose and Ruffle. ——— This Account of myself is intended to shew my *Readers* the happy Effects of

of *Sobriety* and *Moderation*, without which, it is impossible to enjoy what only a *wise Man* would think worth living for, *viz.* a *healthful Body*, and a *contented easy Mind*.

I HAD writ thus far, and was meditating in my Elbow Chair on the monstrous Folly of those who sacrifice *Health, Fortune, Reputation, Reason*, and oftentimes *Life* itself, to *Luxury* and *Riot*; when, on a sudden I was overcome with Sleep, and dreamed as follows. — Methought I found myself in a magnificent and grand *Apartment*; the *Floors* were inlaid with various *Figures*, the *Ceilings* finely painted, and the carved *Cornishes* gilded over with the utmost Expence and Art: But all this seemed nothing, compared with the *Pictures* of inestimable Value, the beautiful *Tapestry*, and stately *Looking-Glasses*, with an Extravagance of *Gold* and *Velvet* and *Embroidery*, of which the costly *Furniture* was composed. I pass'd from Room to Room, adorned with equal but different Magnificence, where innumerable *Wax-Candles*, that hung in *Crystal Branches*, diffus'd an artificial Day; 'till following a Sound of *Voices*, I entered one much larger than the rest, in the Midst whereof, about a Dozen People, of both Sexes, were seated round a *Table*, cover'd with great Variety of the choicest Dainties. The Company was so much engaged, that, without being taken Notice of, I placed myself on a *Sofa* in one Corner of the Room, and putting on my *Philosophick Spectacles*, which see through all Disguises, began to make my Observations. The *Master of the Feast*, to whom this sumptuous *House* belong'd, sat at the Bottom of the *Table*, with a Countenance full of *Mirth* and *Gaiety*; but I soon perceiv'd, that it was all *affected*, and that he sigh'd inwardly, with *Heaviness* and *Discontent*, nor found any *Relish* in those *Delights* he seem'd to enjoy. Those at *Table* with him were People he had not the least *Regard* for; but notwithstanding, frequently entertain'd in this expensive Manner, through *Vanity* and *Ostentation*, to make himself be thought *immensely* rich; though, at the same Time, I discover'd, by looking a little closer, that his *Estate* was deeply *mortgag'd*, and he had taken up Money even to defray the Charges of this Night's Banquet. His *Guests*, one and all, were rather

amus'd than pleas'd ; and while with *flattering* Speeches and much *ceremonious* Complaisance, they indulg'd the *Pride* of their *Entertainer*, inwardly they despis'd and ridicul'd his *foolish Extravagance* ; for, notwithstanding his great *Secrecy*, every Body knew he much *outliv'd* his *Income*, and must soon become miserable and contemptible. The *Second Course* was just come in, which consisted of *Rarities* purchas'd at vast *Prices*, and so cook'd up, that I could not tell the *Name* of any one Dish ; some look'd as if the *Cook*, to save the Teeth a *Trouble*, had *chew'd* the *Meat* beforehand, and others seem'd a *Complication* of all *Tastes* together, more like a *Vomit* brought up from a *Stomach over-charged*, than any Thing design'd for Food. Upon examining the whole curiously, I perceiv'd that all the *Elements* had been ransack'd to furnish out their respective *Delicates*, which were thus artificially disguis'd : But I was most surpriz'd at finding every Sort of *Distemper* incident to Mankind, *conceal'd* in one or other of the Dishes, and all of them together *mix'd* in some. Here, a *Fever* was toss'd up in a delicious *Fricassee*, there, an *Apoplexy* appeared in a high *Ragout* ; a *Pleurisy* stood smoaking at the upper End of the Table, and a *Surfeit* at the Bottom. In one of the *Intermesses*, *Head-ach* was dress'd out with rich *Perfumes* and *Spices*, and in another *Mortal Sickness* lay covered o'er with *Marrow* and strong *Gravy*. *Cholick*, *Faundice*, *Palsy*, *Dropsy*, *Spleen*, and *Consumption*, were placed against each other. *Scurvy* in great Abundance *seasoned* all the *Sauces*, with every where a plenteous Mixture of *Restlessness*, *Discontent*, *Pain*, *Aches*, and *Running Sores*. When the *Desert* came on, the same *Distempers* again appeared in different Forms : After which, the *Cloth* was taken away, and the *Table* covered with Bottles of *Champaigne* and *Burgundy*, which my *Spectacles* discover'd to contain large Quantities of *Gout*, *Stone* and *Rheumatism*, together with the *Seeds* of many other *Diseases*. Whilst I was considering the Scene before me, the Company, on a sudden, appeared more fit for an Hospital than an Entertainment ; some roar'd out with *Agonies* of *Pain*, others seem'd *sick* almost to Death, some *meagre*, *shrivell'd*, and *decrepid*, some *puffed* up like *Bladders*, and some

full



full of *putrid Sores* and *Ulcers*. The *Master of the Feast* himself was *languid, pale, and helpless*, fainting often, and like one expiring; when, immediately, a mix'd Multitude of *Poulterers, Fishmongers, Pastry-Cooks, Confectioners, Vintners, Upholsterers, Coach-makers, Milliners, Taylors, and Tradesmen* of all Sorts, enter'd in a tumultuous Manner, with much Noise and Clamour, and *seizing the sick Man* by main Force, *hurry'd him* away to Prison. The *costly Furniture* was torn down, and cast in *Heaps*, and all was *Ruin and Disorder*; when in an Instant, the *whole vanish'd*, and a *pleasant Country* appear'd before me, where People whose *ruddy Countenances* discover'd *Health*, were singing merrily to their Labour. It seem'd the *Middle of Wheat Harvest*, for some were *reaping*, others binding up the *Sheafs*, and others *carting* it away. I stood, methought, to look at them with great Delight, 'till, leaving off their Work, they join'd together in *rustick Dances*, whilst a Supper was preparing for them. After entertaining themselves some Time with this wholesome Exercise, *one* who appear'd somewhat *superior* to the rest, approached me, and with a *smiling Countenance* desir'd me to go with them to a *thatch'd Cottage* that he shew'd me at a little Distance. I accepted the Invitation, and found a *Table* cover'd with *homely* but *clean* and *wholesome Plenty*: There were *Joints* both *boiled* and *roasted*, which they sat down to with lusty Apperites, and a large *Plumb Pudding* crown'd the Board. They had no such Thing as *Wine*, but well brew'd *Ale* went round in *wooden Cans*, and in Compliment to me, the honest *Farmer* brought forth a *Bottle* of choice *Cyder*, which his own Orchard had produc'd. I took an Opportunity of putting on my *Spectacles*, that I might discover *Truth* from *Falshood*, and to my great Satisfaction found in all the Dishes *heartly Nourishment, sound Health, and quiet Sleep*. Their *Merriment* also, upon the strictest Examination, appear'd *sincere* and *unaffected*, coming directly from the *Heart*, which tormented by no avaricious *Cares* or anxious *Thoughts*, enjoy'd that real *Peace* and true *Content* the Rich and Great in vain seek after. In short, I was *charm'd* with that *Simplicity* and *Honesty* I found among them. The *Farmer* who had employ'd them,  
entertain'd



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entertain'd them with a *friendly Welcome*, and they regarded him with *Thankfulness* and *Esteem*, but void of those *Forms* and *Professions* that are so often made Use of, and so seldom put in Practice by those who call themselves polite. — I was contemplating the *Felicity* of these happy People, when a loud *knocking* at the *Door* waked me; and presently after, my *Man* brought up a *Letter*, which I take this first Opportunity to communicate,

Dear Mr. Spectator,

I WAS Yesterday Twenty-one, and am now entirely at my own Disposal; my Fortune is 3000 *l*. I am tall, strait, healthy, and my Glass says handsome. Now, my Reason for writing to you is, because I am continually pester'd with a *Crowd of Fellows* that say they are in Love with me. I intend to marry, but dare not trust myself to chuse amongst them, knowing how apt silly Women are to be deceiv'd, by *Flattery*, *Dress*, a *Face*, and other Things that signify but little: Therefore I beg the Favour of you to examine into the Merits of all that pretend to me, and I promise to be wholly guided by your Directions, and become,

Your dutiful Ward,

And humble Servant,

ANNABELLA.

SINCE ANNABELLA so earnestly desires it, I will take upon me this important Trust, and endeavour to bestow her on him who best deserves her. In Order to which, as I don't think it convenient a *Lady* of her Age and Accomplishments should continue long unmarried, I shall be ready to receive *Proposals* from all *Batchelors* above Twenty-five, and all *Widowers* under Forty, provided they are without Children, from Eight o'Clock in the Morning 'till Nine at Night, at my House in the *Minories*, on all Days except *Sundays*; of which I give this publick Notice. And hereby I also inform those whom it may concern, (lest any one, upon Application, should imagine himself affronted, or be surpriz'd at so unusual

unusual a Demand) that none will be admitted as *Candidates*, who cannot bring *sufficient Proof*, that they possess a competent Share of *Good-Nature, Sense and Virtue*, as well as *Fortune*.

\* \* \*



*Dii immortales! Aurum obsecro quid valet?*

Plaut. Aul.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**I** OFTEN have wonder'd how People of *Fortune* and *Condition* can bear to have their Doors crowded with *importunate Tradesmen* to whom they stand *indebted*, and put them off from Time to Time, without any Regard either to their *Necessities*, or the *Justice* of their *Demands*.—For People to buy what they *cannot* pay for, is extravagant, vain, and foolish; and to refuse Payment when they *can*, is base, scandalous and dishonest; so that either Way it is highly shameful, and unbecoming Persons of Sense or Honour.

I HAVE receiv'd so many *Letters of Complaint* upon this Subject, that I have long intended to take it under Consideration; but *that* which follows, urges me at present to it.

S I R,

**I** BEG Leave to trouble you with my Misfortunes, since I believe my Case is very common, and your Reflections on it, may, perhaps, be of great Service, not only to myself, but to several of my Fellow Sufferers. — I kept a Shop for some Years in the City, where, though my Profits were but small, yet having a brisk Business, and mostly for ready Money, I made shift to maintain a Family, and got considerably beforehand in the World. As this enabled me to enlarge my Stock, and my Trade was of the genteeler Kind, I

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was

' was tempted by the Hopes of great Advantage, to re-  
 ' move myself amongst the Quality, and take a House  
 ' in one of the most fashionable Streets about St. James's.  
 ' Here, immediately, I got Custom in Abundance, and  
 ' imagined I should presently grow immensely rich, for  
 ' my Shop-Book was soon fill'd with Peers, Peereffes,  
 ' and Persons of Distinction, who order'd large Quan-  
 ' tities of Goods, and agreed to give much better Prices,  
 ' than I could possibly sell for in the City. To answer  
 ' this Demand, I made Use of all my Credit, and with-  
 ' drew what Money I had lodg'd in the Funds before, to  
 ' lay it out in Trade, not doubting it would turn that  
 ' Way to much better Account. At sending home my  
 ' Goods, I seldom, indeed, was paid; but that gave me  
 ' little Concern at first, because, as my Customers were  
 ' People of the best Quality and Fortune, I was satis-  
 ' fy'd of their Ability; and as they scrupled not a  
 ' handsome Price, I could well enough afford to trust  
 ' them a few Months. Thus went I on for some Time,  
 ' well pleas'd with the Imagination of being in such a  
 ' thriving Way, but fearing to deliver in my Bills, lest  
 ' these great Folks should be affronted; 'till urged by  
 ' Necessity, I was forced to make Application to those  
 ' who had the longest been my Debtors, some of which  
 ' promised me speedy Payment, and others bespoke more  
 ' Goods, assuring me they would discharge the whole  
 ' together. This obliged me to borrow Money upon  
 ' Interest, for I had before stretch'd my Credit as far  
 ' as it would go, and not being always so punctual as  
 ' formerly, my Reputation began to suffer. In the  
 ' City, I was never without a considerable Sum be-  
 ' forehand; but here, it is with great Difficulty I can  
 ' procure wherewith to support my Family. All I had  
 ' saved there, lies invested in dead Stock, or is out in  
 ' Debts, after which I attend from Day to Day, and  
 ' have Abundance of fair Promises; but seldom any Mo-  
 ' ney comes, and when it does, I am so embarrass'd in  
 ' my Affairs, that it does me little Good. In short,  
 ' my own Character is quite sunk, my Creditors are  
 ' clamorous, and of 10,000*l.* due to me on my Books,  
 ' was I to be sent to Jail for it, I know not where to  
 ' get a Crown. It's scarce a Month ago, since I was  
 ' arrested



‘ arrested for 200 *l.* on which Occasion, I wrote in a  
 ‘ very submissive Manner to a noble Lord, who has  
 ‘ ow’d me twice that Sum above three Years, acquaint-  
 ‘ ing him with my unhappy Condition, and beseeching  
 ‘ him either to discharge the Debt, or please to be my  
 ‘ Bail. To which I receiv’d for Answer, that he won-  
 ‘ der’d at my Assurance, that I was an impudent, im-  
 ‘ pertinent, rascally, saucy Fellow, and he would do  
 ‘ neither one nor t’other. Such Treatment, Mr. *Spec-*  
 ‘ *tator*, is unsufferable, and certainly deserves your Cen-  
 ‘ sure, who have declar’d yourself a Champion against  
 ‘ Injustice and Oppression.’ I am,

S I R,

*Your most Humble Servant.*

NOTHING can be more scandalous and dishonest  
 than to *run in Debt*, without any Care of *Payment*; it is  
 even worse than *picking Pockets*, as it is cheating *those*  
 who put a Confidence in one’s Honesty; and whoever  
 does so, be his *Quality* what it will, must have a sordid,  
 base, and little Mind. I should think, the *Complaints*  
 and *Curses* of distress’d and disappointed People, that  
*demand* what is justly *owing* them, must utterly destroy  
 whatever Pleasure can possibly be imagin’d in *Dress*, or  
*Equipage*, or *Luxury*, or any Thing besides: I am sure,  
 a Man of *Virtue* and true *Honour*, would rather *beg*, or  
*starve*, or *die*, than purchase the very *Requisites* of *Life*,  
 or even *Life* itself, at so infamous and vile a Rate. Those  
 who *ran in Debt* beyond their Circumstances and Abi-  
 lity, were, by the *Roman Laws*, to be made the Slaves  
 and Servants of their *Creditors*; nay, in some Countries,  
 they had over them an absolute and unlimited Power of  
 Life and Death. I wish, among *ourselves*, that such as,  
 being *rich* and *able*, will pay Nobody without Compul-  
 sion, might be *stigmatiz’d* upon Record, for Persons of  
 no Honesty, Veracity, or Reputation. This would have  
 a good Effect on some, who contrive, by distressing  
 those they deal with, to make them comply with unrea-  
 sonable Abatements, or else force them to seek their Re-  
 medy by a vexatious and lingering Course of Justice. A



Person of high Rank and Dignity, was notorious for this Custom, of whom I remember the following true Story. — A *Plummer* and a *Bricklayer*, who were Friends and Intimates, were employed by this *great Man*, in a sumptuous Building he was erecting; the Work of each amounted to some Hundreds of Pounds; and, after it was finish'd, they attended above a Year without so much as being permitted to deliver in their Bills. The *Plummer* was a single Man, and rich, and bore it pretty well; but the *Bricklayer* having a Wife and numerous Family, and being drove to the last Extremity, press'd in, almost by Force upon his *Lordship*, and laid his Accounts before him, telling the Necessity he lay under, and begging he might be paid. My *Lord*, in great Anger, reprov'd his Insolence, and told him, it would require a long Time to look over his Bill; the *poor Fellow*, fearing to be delay'd again, besought him, upon his Knees, to pity his Condition, and save him from a Jail, by letting him have some Part, in present, 'till he should be satisfy'd about the Whole. His *Lordship* finding the Fellow's *extream Want*, answer'd, that his Bill was exorbitant, and unconscionable, and therefore he must *abate* one half of what was charg'd; which, if he would agree to, and give a Receipt in full, he should immediately be paid, but otherwise, by G—d, he should never have one Farthing. — In this Exigence, what could the Man do? Money he must have, or go to Jail: And so, almost desperate, he accepted these hard Conditions, by which he was a great Loser out of Pocket. — He met the *Plummer* shortly after, and acquainted him what had happen'd, who being a *subtle Fellow*, went in the same Manner, gave in his Bill, and was offer'd the same Terms; against which he grievously complain'd, but, notwithstanding, at length comply'd. Upon this, without any Examination, just half his Bill was paid him. Away he took his Money to a Tavern, and sending for the *Steward*, told him, he could afford a handsome Treat, for that his *Lord* had satisfy'd him very well. The *Steward* fancy'd the Man beside himself, 'till the *Plummer* acquainted him, that having heard how barbarously his Friend the *Bricklayer* had been cheated, and expecting the same Usage, he had made his own Bill just

Double

Double what it ought to be, by which Stratagem, he had done himself Justice, and receiv'd his full Due.

IF People will play *Tricks* with *Tradesmen*, they must expect to have them sometimes return'd. Where the Pay is precarious, or long in coming, it must be made amends for, either by the *Largeness* of the *Price*, or the *badness* of the *Commodity*; so that, as cunning as some Folks think themselves, if they ever pay at all, it is grievously through the Nose; and those, from whom no Money comes but what the Law extorts, generally pay more than Double.

WHAT innumerable *low Shifts* and *shameful Pretences* People of dishonest Principles make Use of, to shuffle away those they are indebted to! Sometimes they are not at Home, sometimes just going out, sometimes not well, sometimes very busy, and at last, when it comes to the Pinch, they find Fault, and will not pay without a large Abatement; this occasions cavilling, and then away they fling, very much disoblig'd, and will not pay at all. — Not long ago, Mr. DODGEWELL, a Gentleman of this Sort, was indebted for *Goods*, sent in at several Times, to the Amount of about 30 *l*. The *Shop-keeper* brought his *Bill*, which was very civilly receiv'd, Mr. DODGEWELL telling him, he'd overlook it, and discharge it the next Time he came that Way. In about a Fortnight, the *Shop-keeper* call'd again, depending he should receive his Money; but it seems Mr. DODGEWELL had quite forgot, and desir'd his Excuse only for a Day or two, and he would come himself and pay it. Not hearing of him, ten Days after, the *Shop-keeper* came again, for which Trouble Mr. DODGEWELL begg'd his Pardon very heartily; indeed, he had been in so great a Hurry, that it was impossible for him to examine the Account, but he hop'd a few Days would occasion no considerable Inconveniency. Well, the *Shop-keeper* stay'd another Fortnight, and then came several Times without finding him, which spun out three Weeks more. At last, catching him at Home one Morning early, Mr. DODGEWELL told him, with the utmost Shame and Confusion, that unfortunately he had mislaid the *Bill*, and must intreat the Favour of him to write it out again. Another Bill was brought, and

about ten Weeks after, *that* too was lost, and afterwards a third underwent the same mishap, Mr. DODGEWELL asking his Pardon each Time in the most humble Manner for the Trouble he was so unhappy as to give him. In return of all this Complaisance, the *Shop-keeper*, a few Days after, brought him a Dozen Bills together, all *printed* very handsomely, telling him at the same Time, that not knowing how many he might have Occasion for, as *writing* them was very tedious, he had caused 500 of them to be *printed*, that they might be always ready. — This Affront, Mr. DODGEWELL could not bear, but in great Anger paid him off immediately.

\* \*



O! *inconstant Man!*

*How will you promise! how will you deceive!*

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**A**MONGST the many Vices, Follies, and Immoralities of Mankind, there's *one*, which has scarce ever yet been reprov'd in *earnest*, though none can deserve it more; and that is, *Disbonesty, Treachery, and Perjury, in making Love.* — It is a common *Maxim*, though a very base one, that *Love*, like *Warfare*, should be carried on by *Artifice, Dissimulation, Falshood*, and every Means whereby the End of it may be obtained: And most Affairs between the *Sexes* are conducted by this ungenerous Principle. — The *Man* attacks in Form; that is, he ogles, sighs, lies and flatters; he complains, he expostulates, he implores: As the *Custom* is, he talks of *Pains* he never felt within himself, and *Charms* in her he courts, which he neither sees, nor fancies, nor expects: His *Visits* are respectful, frequent and regular, and as something must be said, he vows, protests, and swears, *eternal Love, and Faith,* and



and *Constancy*, though, at the same Time, his *Love* rises very little above *Indifference*, his *Faith* is a Word of Course, and his *Constancy* a Joke. — The *Lady*, on her Side, is no less skilful how to act her Part: If she dislikes the Man, *perhaps*, she'll speak her Mind: But, if so be she thinks him worth Encouragement, her Business is, not to *acknowledge* but *conceal* her Sentiments; she frowns or smiles, seems kind or coy, reserv'd or free, so as to keep him in *Suspence*; neither to indulge his Hopes too much, nor drive him to Despair, that is, to leave addressing her; for, as to becoming wretched, dying, and all that like *Cant*, both know, it means just nothing. — Thus go they on, *d'guis'd* and *unacquainted* with each other's Heart, 'till mutual *Convenience* jumbles them together, or else, some *Trifle* of *Interest*, or a new *Amour*, makes them break off at once, and forget all that has pass'd between them, as though it had never been; and then both think themselves intirely free to act in the same Manner again with others.

THIS is the common Way of *Courtship*, (as 'tis call'd,) which, preposterous as it is, does no great *Mischief*; because here, *Disguise* is set against *Disguise*, *Fraud* *opposed* to *Fraud*, and *Art* to *Art*. But, it too often happens, that false Professions, Deceit, and Stratagem, *delude* some innocent unguarded *believing Creature*, who thinks them all *sincere*, and in Return, *gives up* her very Heart and Soul to *Love*, and doats on the *Deceiver*: — Whilst *he*, without Regard either of his own *Oaths*, *Promises*, or a *Passion* he is the Cause of, *forsakes* the wretched *Fair One*.

NOW, can any Thing be more *wile* than this? — Is it not the worst Violation of *Gratitude*, *Truth*, and *Honour*? — And can the *Perpetrator* of such *Treachery* be supposed unfit for any Kind of Wickedness? — Would he hesitate to betray his Country, or stab his Friend?

OUR Men of Gallantry, perhaps, will make a *Jest* of this, and say, that *Heaven laughs at Lovers Vows*: — But may they not assert, with equal Reason, that it is pleas'd with *Lying*, *Perjury* and *Murder*; for all these are frequently join'd together in the Prosecution of their *Amours*? — None, I believe, are arriv'd to such



a Pitch of Baseness, as to court a Woman, on Purpose to gain her Affection, and leave her to be unhappy afterwards: But, the Consequence to her is equally mischievous, (if she finds herself abandon'd by one she loves, and had good Reason to believe her own,) though the Cause should be, the *Inconstancy* of his *Temper*, the *Decay* of his *Affection*, or the *Temptation* of some other Woman, either more rich or handsome.

CAN a Man with any Sentiments of Humanity about him, consider a *poor Creature* to whom he stands oblig'd by all the Ties of *Honour*, *Love*, and *Gratitude*, deprived of *Happiness*, *Content*, and *Peace*,——it may be, for ever,——and that by him:——Can he consider her deluded by his repeated *Vows* and *Protestations* of *Affection* and *Fidelity*; and, notwithstanding his forsaking her, doating on, despairing, dying for him:——Can he, I say, consider the *Agonies* of her *distracted Mind*, the horrid and gloomy *Purposes* of her *Despair*, and all the melancholy Circumstances of her *comfortless Condition*, and not be frighted at himself, and wonder how he became a *Devil*?

I WISH all People under Engagements of this Kind, would seriously peruse the following *pathetick Letter*, wherein the unhappy *Writer*, by his own *Example*, shews the fatal Consequence of broken Vows and violated Love.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

YOUR Paper being calculated for the Benefit of the Publick, I desire you'll give the following Narration a Place in your Journal, by the first Opportunity to deter others from falling into a Crime, for which I suffer the bitterest Reflections of a guilty Conscience, and the more dreadful Terrors of the Almighty.——My unhappy Case is, as followeth:

ABOUT three Years ago, I accidentally fell into an Acquaintance with the virtuous and beautiful MIRANDA; with whose agreeable Conversation I was infinitely charm'd. After several Interviews, I made my Addresses to her, which she receiv'd with the greatest

‘ greatest Goodness and Civility. Her Fortune was considerable; and wholly in her own Power. I was  
‘ Heir to a good Estate, which my Father at his Death  
‘ had settled in Trustees during my Minority: And as I  
‘ was but Eighteen Years of Age, MIRANDA did not  
‘ think it adviseable to marry me; but, she assured me,  
‘ she had so great a Value for me, that so soon as I  
‘ should come of Age, and be thereby in a Condition to  
‘ make her a Settlement answerable to her Fortune, if I  
‘ should continue then in the same Mind, she would do  
‘ all in her Power to make me happy.

‘ I WAS very much satisfy’d with this generous  
‘ Assurance; and every Day whilst I staid in Town,  
‘ fail’d not to pay my Devoirs to her; which Conversation continued, with the tenderest Endearments on  
‘ both Sides, during the whole Winter. But the Spring  
‘ advancing, my Uncle, (who was my Guardian,) gave  
‘ me an Invitation to his Seat in the Country, to spend  
‘ the Summer with him. I immediately imparted this  
‘ to MIRANDA, without whose Permission, I was resolv’d not go. And she knowing I had a Dependance on my Uncle, who had a large Estate, and no  
‘ Child to inherit it, did, with some Reluctance, consent to my Departure, upon Condition that I would  
‘ first enter into an Engagement, not to marry any  
‘ other Person but her during her Life, and she would  
‘ give me the like Assurance on her Part. I thought  
‘ this Proposal so reasonable, that I readily came into it,  
‘ and we mutually sign’d a Contract to that Purpose,  
‘ confirming it with a most solemn Oath in the most sacred Manner. And after calling Heaven and Earth to  
‘ witness our repeated Vows of Fidelity to each other,  
‘ I took my Leave of her. In a few Days I arriv’d at  
‘ my Uncle’s, who receiv’d me in the most obliging  
‘ Manner, and told me, I was as welcome to him as if  
‘ I had been his own Child. I neglected not to give my  
‘ Fair One an Account, by the first Post, of my safe  
‘ Arrival and kind Reception: And she, by the next  
‘ Return, oblig’d me with an agreeable Answer; and  
‘ we continued a constant Correspondence for a considerable Time.

‘ I T happen’d, one Day, that my Uncle was invited  
 ‘ to dine with a neighbouring Gentleman, and he en-  
 ‘ gaged me to accompany him. The Gentleman had only  
 ‘ one Daughter, who was a very great Favourite of my  
 ‘ Uncle: And indeed, LEONORA, (for that was her  
 ‘ Name,) was Mistress of such worthy Qualities, and  
 ‘ excellent Accomplishments, as gain’d her the Respect  
 ‘ and Admiration of all that knew her. However; as  
 ‘ agreeable as she was, this first Interview made no Man-  
 ‘ ner of Impression upon me, MIRANDA being yet fresh  
 ‘ in my Remembrance. But Time and Absence often  
 ‘ prove fatal to Lovers! of which my Story is an un-  
 ‘ happy Instance.

‘ I SHOULD be too tedious, should I relate all the  
 ‘ Particulars. Let it suffice to tell you, that I had fre-  
 ‘ quent Opportunities of conversing with LEONORA;  
 ‘ and by Degrees, my Passion for MIRANDA began to  
 ‘ cool. In short, what by the strong Persuasions of  
 ‘ my Uncle, from whom I had great Expectations, and  
 ‘ by the Agreeableness of LEONORA’s Conversation, I  
 ‘ was prevail’d upon to marry her, contrary to my En-  
 ‘ gagements to MIRANDA, and in Defiance of that di-  
 ‘ vine and awful Majesty whom I had call’d upon to be  
 ‘ a Witness thereunto. And, what is a further Addition  
 ‘ to my Crime, the News of our Nuptials soon reaching  
 ‘ the Ears of the unfortunate MIRANDA, she fell into  
 ‘ a violent Fever, which carry’d her off in a few Days.

‘ I ENDEAVOUR all I can to hide my Grief  
 ‘ from my Wife, my dear LEONORA: But she per-  
 ‘ ceives with Concern the Anguish of my Mind, though  
 ‘ wholly ignorant of the Cause; and she has so much  
 ‘ Goodness, so many Charms, as would make any other  
 ‘ Man inexpressible happy. But, alas! They are all lost  
 ‘ on me! — Reflection stabs me to the Soul, and my  
 ‘ Conscience is continually accusing me of Perjury, In-  
 ‘ justice and Murder; Crimes of so horrid a Complica-  
 ‘ tion, as makes Life a Burden to me, and renders the  
 ‘ Thoughts of Death still more terrible! — Oh! how  
 ‘ shall I dare to meet the much injur’d MIRANDA be-  
 ‘ fore the Judgment Seat of that terrible and just Judge  
 ‘ whom I invok’d as a Witness of my Vows, and from  
 ‘ whom I have nothing to expect but Punishment! —

‘ How

‘ How dreadful is my Condition ! — I would give all  
 ‘ the World to retrieve my Error : — But that’s im-  
 ‘ possible ! and all the Good I can now do, is to admo-  
 ‘ nish others to take Warning by my Example.

‘ I DOUBT not, but there are many under Obli-  
 ‘ gations of the like Nature : To these I more particu-  
 ‘ larly direct my Advice in the most pathetick Language  
 ‘ of my Heart. Let me earnestly conjure and beseech  
 ‘ them, as they regard the Favour of Almighty God, and  
 ‘ the Quiet of their own Minds, strictly to perform their  
 ‘ Engagements to each other, lest they plunge them-  
 ‘ selves into the miserable Condition of the wretched and  
 ‘ unhappy

APISTEUS.

I SHALL close this Paper with some Lines, which  
 were printed a few Years since, amongst some other *Poems*,  
 by Mr. BAKER.

## The EXECRATION.

### I

**D**OWN, quick, to Hell’s dark Shades, below,  
 Damn’d to never-ending Woe,  
 May he, the guilty Mortal go ;

*Who with his Lies and Oaths deludes the Fair,  
 Then false and changing as the Air,  
 Leaves her to vain Remorse and black Despair !*

### II.

*May, there, before his starting Eyes,  
 Hell’s most hideous Forms arise,  
 And halloo in his Ears his Perjuries !*

*For ever may the Furies lash his Soul,  
 And he with racking Anguish howl,  
 Whilst Tortures ever changing round him roll !*

*Thus, thus, may Heaven’s severest Vengeance find  
 Each impious Wretch, whose brutish Mind,  
 Proves to complying Beauty faithless or unkind !*

\* \*

Pro





*Pro Deum atq; Hominum Fidem! Quod hoc Genus est!*  
*quæve est hæc Conjuratio!* Terent.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

SINCE the Beginning of last Month, when I took upon me the Care and Guardianship of ANNA-BELLA, and gave publick Notice, in this Paper, that I was ready to receive *Proposals* from all *Bachelors* above Twenty-five, and all *Widowers* under Forty, provided they had no Children, I have been as much *apply'd to*, as a *chief Minister of State* is, upon a *Vacancy at Court*. — Besides a Multitude of *Candidates* that have made their Personal Appearance, what with *Chairmen*, *Porters*, *Footmen*, *Servant Wenches*, *Postmen* and *Errand Boys*, bringing me *Letters* and *Petitions* from numberless *humble Servants*, *Votaries*, and *Admirers* of my *fair Ward*, there has been such a continual Thundering at my Door, that the whole neighbourhood has been disturb'd by it.

AS this unusual *Resort* and *Court* to me makes me appear more than ordinary considerable, I might, perhaps, have *swell'd* with *Vanity*, and been induced to imagine myself of a Thousand Times more Importance in the World than I really am, had I not taken especial Care to guard against it. I believe, few *Princes* amidst Crowds of *gaping Courtiers* receive more *Flattery* than has been paid to me: But whenever I began to find my *Brain* turn *giddy* with the *intoxicating Poison*, immediately I reflected, that my having the Disposal of a *Girl*, makes me neither *younger*, nor *handsomer*, nor *wiser*, nor *better* than I was before; and that all the *Compliments* bestowed on me, proceed from no *Esteem*, but, arise entirely from *Self-In'ereſt*, and are slyly insinuated to *blind* my Reason, *pervert* my Judgment, and make me *unjust* and *partial*. — Besides all this, when I come

come to examine *myself* and *them* together, I generally find them so *monstrously unsuitable* to my *Character*, that instead of being pleased, it puts me out of Humour, to see the *Folly* and *Insincerity* of *Humankind*. One tells me that he hopes, a Person so exceedingly well qualified as I am to *prevail* with the *Ladies*, will speak on his *Behalf*: Another exalts me *above* all my *Predecessors*, calls me the *Wonder* of the *World*, and the *Honour* and *Happiness* of the *British Nation*: A Third *says*, that I am the most *glorious* Man alive, and all the *Women* are in *Love* with me. Some extol my *Wit*, others my *Learning*, some my *Understanding*, some my *Good Nature*, some my *Chastity*, and some (who I dare say never saw me,) my *Beauty*. In short, there is not any *Virtue* or *Accomplishment*, which they would not *persuade* me I *possess* in the most *extraordinary Degree* that ever was, and, in Consequence, that I am the *tip-top* of all *Perfection*.

———— This makes me fully sensible, how *dangerously* those are *situated* that have *much* in their Power to *give*; the *Rich* and *Mighty*, who are continually surrounded by *sawning Hypocrites*, and from whose Ears *Truth* is for ever banished. ——— Miserable People! they live in a State of Ignorance, both of themselves and others, and deserve our *Envy* much less than they do our *Pity*!

BUT though, by many, I have been *flatter'd* very highly, in Hopes thereby of gaining me to their Side, others have taken a Way, which, now-a-days, by People that *understand Business*, is reckon'd much more effectual; that is, they have attempted to *bribe* me to their Interest: And their *Rate of Bidding*, I have observed to be in exact Proportion to their Want of *Fortune* or *Merit*; so that, as the *Qualifications* and *Circumstances* of People are very different, I have been offer'd from 5 to 50 *per Cent.* and, that only, for so *easy*, *trivial*, and *common* a Thing, as the *betraying* of my *Trust*, which, it seems, in the present Age, is look'd upon as Nothing. But as I happen'd to retain an *odd* and *old fashion'd* Way of *Thinking* on these Occasions, I have *rejected* all these Offers with *Indignation*, and have nothing else in View but the real Happiness of my *Ward*. However, my *Man* and *Maid*, who are more moderniz'd than I, have thought fit to make their *Advantage* of this *Affair*, by  
letting

letting only such come to me as knew how *properly* to apply for *Entrance*; and certainly by so doing, would have got considerably, had not a *Quarrel* happened about their *Divison* of the *Gains*, whereby I came to learn how ingenious they both have been to *increase* the *Perquisites* of their *Places*: But, as that is what I can't allow, I have taken all the Money from them, and am ready to return every Man his *Half-Crown*, if demanded within a Month from the Date hereof; otherwise I shall *bestow* it on such *industrious poor People* as I know to be in Want: And I have given strict Orders, that for the future, every Body may have free *Admission* to me without either *Fee* or *Reward*.

IT is somewhat remarkable, that amongst the Numbers which have come to offer themselves for *Husbands* to my *Ward*, not so much as one has been desirous to see the *Lady*, and but few have made any *Enquiry* either about her *Person*, *Temper*, or *Accomplishments*, though all have been exceeding careful to *inform* themselves in every Particular that concerns her *Fortune*: So that her *Picture*, done by a *good Hand*, which I had provided, to shew *such* as might be earnest for a Sight of her, (since I did not judge it proper she should appear herself,) has been entirely useless. This Practice, which I find so general, of considering the *Money* only, without regarding what the *Woman* is, occasions most of that *Unhappiness* the *Marriage State* is charg'd with: And therefore, I am resolv'd, that none of those who have acted in this Manner, shall be recommended by me to ANNABELLA; for, however *prodigal* they may think fit to be of their own *Felicity*, I shall advise her to run no such *Risque* of her's.

AS I took this Office upon me, for no other Purpose, but to save a *deserving unexperienced young Creature* from falling into the Hands of *such* as are ready to marry *any Body* that has but *Money*, I shall endeavour to discharge myself with all possible *Circumspection* and *Integrity*: And indeed a great deal of both is needful to oppose the *Artifice*, *Insinuations* and *Allurements* of these designing People, who leave no Means unattempted to bring about their Ends.—The *Corruption*, *Avarice*, and *Depravity* of the Age we live in, is so great, that,  
without



without a *Fortune*, be a *Woman's Merit* what it will, she is, as it were, doom'd to *perpetual Virginity*; and she that has *one*, commonly falls a Prey to some *worthless Man*, that regards her no more than he does his Grandmother.—*Interest* alone commands: And though the *Name* of *Love* is left amongst us, its *Essence* is entirely lost and gone.

THE *Letters* I have received on this Occasion, are so numerous, that it's impossible to consider them particularly, at present; but abundance of *young Fellows* having petition'd to be *admitted* under Twenty-five, upon pretence of *extraordinary Qualifications*, and some *old ones* above Forty, being equally desirous of becoming *Candidates*, for sundry Reasons *plausibly* set forth; I think proper to declare, that I am determin'd, upon no Account whatever, to break through the *Rules* at first laid down. And this, because I apprehend, that, under Twenty-five, a *Man* is seldom capable of *judging* or *fixing* as he ought; and *Batchelors*, after Forty, commonly grow *too indifferent* towards the *Sex*, to practise a *becoming Tenderness*. — Several *Widowers* likewise, would persuade me, that having a *Child* or *two*, is a Matter of very little Consequence, and therefore hope, not to be excluded, merely upon that Account: But I must beg Leave to differ with them in Opinion, since, with me, it's an *Objection* of so much *Weight*, that ANNABELLA shall never, with my Consent, be made a *Mother in-Law* the Day she becomes a *Wife*.

MY *Paper* had ended here, but that an *Accident* just now happen'd, which I think proper to communicate. — A clean-dress'd *grave Man*, that seem'd about Sixty Years of Age, enquir'd for me, and being introduced, acquainted me, his Business was to talk with me about my *Ward*: I desir'd him to sit down; and, supposing he had a Son to offer, began to ask after the *Education*, *Temper* and *Employment* of the *young Gentleman*; 'till the *old Man* told me, he came to make *Proposals* on his own Account. Full of Surprize, I look'd at him with so much Earnestness, that I believe he guess'd my Thoughts; and pulling out a *Bank Note*, Sir, says he, I am, it's true, a little *older* than the *Age* you require, but, perhaps, a *thousand Guineas* may take away that

*Objection.*



*Objection.* At this Offer I could scarce command my Temper; but checking myself a little, I *answer'd*, with some *Warmth*, that, in my Opinion, a *young Wife* would be much *unfit* for him; however, if he *thought* he wanted one, he must go seek elsewhere, for I had *none to sell*. — When he perceiv'd me angry, he put up his *Note* again, and taking his Leave, *told me*, with a very civil Bow, that he thought I had *understood the World*, but since he found himself *mistaken*, he humbly begg'd my Pardon: No *Harm* was done; and that *Money*, he doubted not, would help him to a *Wife* with at least as good a *Fortune*.

\* \*



— *nec Conjugalια festā*  
*Qui canat* —

Ovid. Met.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**T**HOUGH Father *Boubours* has shewn a great deal of Wit in his Definition of Wit, yet there is a Species reigning among the *English*, which he seems to have been a Stranger to. The *Spaniards* have some Notion of it; but it being too sprightly for their Genius, they have condemn'd and banish'd it from among the Polite, who have this Proverb at their Tongues End, *Juego de Mano, Juego de Vilano, Horse-Play is fit for Clowns*, the Minute any seem inclin'd to the breaking a Jest of this Sort. The Wit, I mean, is of an amphibious Kind, and consists both in Thought and Action; it is by some term'd *Romps*; by others *Horse-Play*. Our young Ladies who have been sent to *France* for Education, have introduced this active Species of Wit into most of the Monasteries in that Kingdom; and, I have been told, that the Nuns even exceed us in cracking these Sort of Jokes, and are so vastly improved, that hardly a Convent

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Convent has a whole Piece of Furniture. Whoever invented this agreeable Way of Conversing, was certainly a Person not only of a prodigious Genius, but a great Encourager of Trade; for it is full of Flights, and finds Employment for a great Number of Mechanicks. It is thought that the Invention is very antient; for *Ovid* tells us, at *Perseus's* Wedding, *Phineus* began Horse-Play, which ended in a Quarrel, as it still often does among our Country Gentlemen.

I WAS the other Day at a Friend's Wedding, about 50 Miles out of Town: After Dinner the Company went to Country Dances, and about Nine at Night I thought them pretty well tir'd; every one was seated and a profound Silence reign'd among us for some Time, which *Penthisilea* broke, by telling her next Neighbour, *he seem'd pensive; but come, said she, let's be Merry.* The Words were hardly out of her Mouth, but she gave the thoughtful Gentleman such a sudden Stroke with her Cushion, that she beat him off his Chair, and immediately betook herself to flight.

*Inque repentinos convivio versa tumultus  
Assimilare freto passis: quod Sæva quietum  
Ventorum rabies motis exasperat undis.*

*Now Shouts succeed, and sudden Laughter,  
To see one fly, one hobble after:  
So the smooth Seas to Mountains rise  
By sudden Blasts, and lash the Skies.*

Unhappily, by some Accident, the Lady's Heels flew up, and her Fall put her in the Power of her Pursuer:

*Dum fugit instantem trepidans Ixione natum  
Decidit in præceps.*

*As trembling she the close Pursuer flies,  
Headlong she falls —————*

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He took his Revenge by kissing her very heartily. *Rompetta* seeing her distress'd, flew to her Succour,

*Ultor adest Aphareus:*

*Revenge now sparkles in Rompetta's Eyes,  
And wing'd with Fury, to her Aid she flies.*

And snatching Mr. Spruce's Wig, almost blinded the Ravisher with a Cloud of Powder,

———— *Saxumque monte revulsum;  
Mittere conatur* ————

*Straining, the frizzled Bush around she hurls,  
Nor heeds th' OEconomy of suff'ring Curls,*

by dashing the Wig in his Face; but he was reliev'd by Mr. Spruce, who, while she lifted her Arm to repeat her Blows, snatch'd her in his, and laid her by *Penthi-silea*; but doing it a little too vigorously, the Lady came down with such Violence, that she beat the Skin off her Elbow:

*Occupat Ægides, cubitique ingentia frangit  
Offa: ————*

*Spruce, seiz'd the Fair, in these revengeful Freaks,  
Trips up her Heels: But ah! her Elbow breaks.*

This for some Minutes caused a Truce, many Excuses, and much Condolance on all Hands. I thought there had been an End, when the wounded Lady came with a great deal of Wit behind my Chair, pull'd it from under me, and gave me a terrible Fall; my Wig flew off, and my bald Head administer'd Occasion for a great deal of Laughter. I own, that in the breaking of this Jest, I thought she had broke my Bones: But this was not all, for no sooner was my Backside upon the Ground, but catching hold of my Shoulders, she pull'd me flat on my Back, and sat herself upon my Stomach:

———— *tergoque*

——— *tergoque Bianoris alti,*  
*Inflit, haud solito quenquam portare* ———

*Though light her Action, weighty seem'd the Fair,  
To me unus'd the trifling'st Load to bear.*

The Wit of this Action was highly applauded by every one in the Company, except myself, and furnish'd Matter for a great deal of Chat. In a Word, the Romps began again, most of the Chairs, and all the Glasses in the Room were broke, the Tables were overset, the Gentlemens Wigs were missive Weapons for the Ladies, and their Fans serv'd the Gentlemen 'till they were all to Pieces; one lost the Flap of his Coat, another had no Lappets left; a Third had the Tail of her Gown pull'd off, and had it not been declar'd a Jest, any one would have judg'd it a very serious Fray. Supper being serv'd in another Room, occasion'd a second Truce. At Table there were some Propositions started for a General Peace; but *Rufetta*, who had lost one Half of her Petticoat, and a Sleeve of her Manteau, would for a long Time hearken to no Terms; but sily, with her Scissars, while some were projecting how to appease all Parties, whipp'd off one of the Ties of Mr. *Bullet's Wig*; he did not approve the Jest, look'd very serious, and said, *His Wig cost him Nine Guineas. And pray, says the Lady, do you think my Cloaths cost Nothing? You have the Sleeve of my Manteau at this Time in your Pocket.* Mr. *Pert* said, *The Damage might be repair'd for half a Crown; but if it had been ten Times as great, he ought not to resent, as he did, the Favours of a fair Lady.* Mr. *Bullet*, I found, thought the Jest was carry'd too far, but he put on a forced Smile, and said, *He should not spoil good Company.* Mr. *Pert* then propos'd a Truce while the Bride was put to Bed, and answer'd for Mr. *Bullet's* accepting such Articles as he would bring on the Carper. They were too many for me to remember, but such, however, as pleas'd neither Mr. *Bullet* nor *Rufetta*; for they began to be in earnest, and unmannerly to each other, which was a good Subject of Mirth to the rest of the Company. As soon as Supper was over, I flunk away,  
and



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and got to Bed, though I might as well hope for Rest in a Paper-Mill, for both the Pain I felt by the Joke put upon me, and the Noise, deny'd it.

I HAVE heard, that a famous *Harlequin* kept a Monkey for the Sake of Imitation, and that he rais'd his Character by practising the Gestures of this Animal. I would recommend a Monkey to such as desire to excel in this Kind of Wit I have been now speaking of, for there are few Creatures more mischievous, and without being so, it's impossible, among these Wits, to rise to any tolerable Degree of Reputation. The Qualifications I remark'd absolutely necessary for one who intends to be thought a Wit in this Class, is an entire Abdication of Modesty both in Words and Actions; a plentiful Stock of Ill-Nature; an Aptitude to Laughter; a hail Constitution; strong Lungs; a Fluency of Words; a ready Invention at Mischiefs; a Disregard for good Sense; a thorough Contempt for that obsolete Thing call'd Decency; a ready Command of *Æquivoque*; a genteel Neglect of Reputation; the Art of stifling Resentment; and a good Purse, which is thought little necessary to common Wits. But I must recommend to the Ladies, who design to enrol their Names in this Class, the being very neat about the Legs; the wearing fine Garters; that special Care be taken, the Flannel Petticoat rivals the Snow in Whiteness: For I observed, though nothing else could call the Colour into *Rompetta's* Cheeks, yet Mr. *Spruce* telling her, *That she wore Twelve-penny Garters*, and *that her Petticoat wanted Bleaching*, made her Face glow, and call'd up all her Constancy to smother her Resentment.

IN this polite Age, an agreeable Liberty reigns, and the Fair Sex lies no longer under Constraint of any Kind.

— They are born equally Free with the Men; are no Strangers to their native Freedom; and are so far from being aw'd by musty Morals, and antiquated Precepts of Religion, that they can ridicule as genteelly the Theory in their Discourse, and the Practice in their Actions, as our wittiest *Atheists*. Though I fear it is acting impolitickly for their Interest; for, however engaging these modern Freedoms may be, yet we seldom find

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find a Man chuse a Wife upon the Score of this polite Breeding.

WHEN Men think seriously of Marriage, they look for a Woman whose Prudence may be entrusted with their Estates, and who is well instructed in the Duties of a good Wife and tender Mother. Besides, I fear the Ladies, if they go on in improving as they have done for some Years past, will see the Privilege of being courted transferr'd to the other Sex; but, perhaps, this they may desire, since it will ease them of a galling Restraint, and give them more Opportunities of following the Dictates of Nature.

K.



*O quam miserum est nescire mori!*

Sen. Agam.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

THE Subject of the following *Letter* is Matter of so great Importance to Numbers of my *Readers*, that I shall postpone every Thing besides, and take it under immediate Consideration: For the *Delay* of a Week, or even of a Day, might make my *Advice* come too late, to some, who may now, I hope, whilst it is in their Power, be prevail'd upon to practise it.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

' *Good S I R,*

' THE *Spectator*, your Predecessor, made himself universally esteem'd and belov'd, by lending Aid to  
' People under Difficulties and Distress; and as you, in  
' that Respect, have imitated his Example, shewing your-  
' self, by many Instances, to be a Person of no less Hu-  
' manity and Good-Nature, I am thereby encouraged,  
' without

without any Excuse, to beg your generous Assistance upon my own Account.

KNOW then, I am a young Man of Seventeen, and Clerk at present to a Gentleman in one of the Inns of Court. My Father is possess'd of an Estate, though not very large, yet sufficient to give all his Children Fortunes suitable to that Manner of Life, in which they have been educated; yet, all the Arguments and Persuasions of those who have the greatest Influence over him, cannot prevail upon him to make a *Will*; though he knows full well, should any unhappy Accident snatch him away suddenly, (which Heaven prevent) his younger Children must be left wholly destitute and unprovided for.

NOW, Sir, amongst all those Kinds of Negligence which bring Calamities on Families, I don't remember, that you, or any of your Predecessors, have reproved, or mentioned, People's Backwardness in making their *Wills*. I earnestly beseech you, therefore, not to throw away this Letter as a Paper of no Consequence; but beg you'll take the first Opportunity to consider it, and endeavour to dissuade all whom it may concern, from hazarding, in this unkind and unaccountable Manner, the Happiness of their Posterity. By so doing, I am certain you will oblige many young People, and in particular,

*Your very affectionate, and*

*Most humble Servant,*

W. K.

THE strongest of all human Passions is that of *Fear*; and the greatest of all Fears is that of *Death*; which appears so exceeding terrible to People of weak Minds, that they fly with Horror from every Thing which sets it before their Eyes. To this Cause is owing their extreme Aversion to make a *Will*, an Act that seems to suppose them *dying*, a Circumstance they cannot bear to think of; and therefore, though they can't deny the Reasonableness of doing it, no more than they can deny the Certainty of

of *Death*, yet they are for avoiding *both* as long as possible. By which Means, it often happens, that some *Casualty* suddenly cuts them off, without allowing Time to settle their *Affairs*; or else, if *Death* gives sufficient Warning, the *Fatigue* of Sicknefs, and *Distraction* of their own Thoughts, render them *uncapable* of well performing a *Business* that requires the utmost *Prudence*, *Sedateness* and *Deliberation*: Whence, it too often follows, that their *Children* or *Relations* are bereav'd of their just Dues, or left together by the Ears quarrelling and contending for them.

IT is become so customary to defer this *important Work* 'till Life's latest Moments, through this unmanly *Cowardice*, that many seem deterr'd from doing it before that Time, by a Kind of superstitious Apprehension, that *Death* immediately must follow; but, I dare assure such, this Preparation for it will not hasten them one Moment sooner to the Grave; though, certainly, it must make the Thoughts of *Death* less dreadful, to be assur'd, that whenever it comes, their *Relations* and *Dependents* will be left in *Happiness* and *Peace*; and that nothing will remain for themselves to do but dye. It is, therefore, my Opinion and Advice, that Nobody who has any Thing to give away, would trust himself *one single Day* without a *Will*, made in perfect *Health*, when the Mind is *vigorous* and clear, free from *Prejudice* or *Partiality*, and able to *judge* and *distinguish* truly, which it seldom can in Time of Sicknefs; for the *Faculties* of the *Soul* generally are impair'd by those *Disorders* the *Body* suffers, and become thereby uncapable of performing their Office right.

AS for *Parents*, in the Circumstance of my *Correspondent's* Father, who have *Children* unprovided for, it's a Matter of great Astonishment to me, how they are able to enjoy a Moment's Rest, while the *Felicity* of *those* they are obliged in Duty to take Care of, is liable to a thousand Accidents, and depends entirely on their own Breath; than which nothing can be more precarious and uncertain. I would desire such a one only to suppose, (which is far from being impossible) that *this very Night*, perhaps, may be his last; and consider, then, in what Condition he leaves his Family; one of them, with  
much



much more than he either wants, or, in Justice, ought to have, and the rest *turn'd out to Beggary*. In such a Case, all his former *Tenderness* and *Indulgence*, the *Education* bestow'd upon them, and those *fair Hopes* his Promises had rais'd, must appear to be the utmost *Cruelty*; since, with nothing to *support* their reasonable Expectations, they become infinitely more *wretched* than if he had *abandon'd* them as soon as born, and left them to live on *Parish Charity*. Can he remain unmov'd at this Reflection, and not be shock'd at this Scene of Horror? — What avails his Intention to have provided for them all sufficiently? — Will it justify his fatal Negligence, silence their just Complaints against him, or save them from being expos'd defenceless to all the *Miseries* and *Temptations* of Hunger, Nakedness and Poverty? — What a frightful and amazing *Picture of Wretchedness* and *Ruin* must these Considerations set before his Eyes! — How easy may he now prevent it all! And how inexcusable must he be, if, after this, he lives another Week and suffers his *Family* to run the same dreadful Hazard!

IT is a *Duty* incumbent on all *Parents*, to provide for, to the utmost of their Ability, and secure, as much as possible, the *Happiness* of their *Children*: This, *Reason*, *Nature*, *Justice*, all require. — To occasion a *Being* capable of *Misery* or *Happiness*, and become *regardless* of it afterwards, is not only *barbarous* but *wicked*. — *Children* have a natural Right to a *Maintenance* and *Provision* in the World, according to the Fortune and Circumstances of their *Parents*; and to deprive them of it is a *Robbery*: Nor makes it any considerable Difference to them, whether it be done by *Design* or *Negligence*, since, either Way, the unhappy Consequence must be the same.

WHEN we quit the World, undoubtedly it is our *Duty*, to leave *all* behind us, as far as we are able, in *Happiness* and *Peace*: And, methinks, it should be our earnest *Desire* too, that those we have most Reason to be concern'd for, should *enjoy* what we can give them, *quietly*, without being driven to the miserable Necessity of fighting for it with another, or applying to the *Courts of Justice*; where, frequently, after long Contention

tion and Uneasiness, *all Parties* come off *Losers*. There are daily so many Instances of *Families* by this Means torn to Pieces, that as none can deny the *Reasonableness* of keeping a *Will* always by them, those, I hope, who have not already got one, may, hereby, be brought to consider what a Train of *Mischief*, what *Misery*, what *Unkindness* and *Injustice* their dying in this Condition must *unavoidably* be the Cause of, and set themselves, out of Hand, to prevent such a sad Misfortune.

\* \* \*



*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cantum.*

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**B**IOGRAPHY has ever been allow'd one of the most useful Branches of History, because it is, of all others, the easiest reduc'd to Practice. We meet with some Things, even in the Lives of the greatest Men, which may also happen to the meanest Reader; and as it is their Behaviour in those Points, in which alone ourselves can enter the Comparison, we are from thence naturally the more inquisitive about them; Pain, Misery, and Misfortune, are the common Lot of the whole Race of Mankind, and the Manner in which they have borne them, takes up at least the most instructive Pages in the Histories of *Heroes*.

FOR my Part, I must own my Approbation of a Sort of Minor Historians, who, in Papers of this Kind especially, have entertain'd the World with Relations of what had pass'd in the Middle State of Life; which, though they are less shining, are yet as improving as the former. Battles, Sieges, and Negotiations, which are what fill up the greater Part of the first Sort of Writings, are Things from whence Nine Readers in Ten can reap no other Advantage than Amusement. Whereas this lower Class of Historians, make it their Business, from

Instances, to inculcate such Maxims, as may, almost every Day, and by almost every Reader, be drawn into Practice. It is but a very inconsiderable Number, who on this *Stage of Life* need concern themselves, how they shall act the Monarch, the General, or the Statesman; but as some one or other of the inferior Characters of Life must of Necessity fall to every one's Share, it becomes us to learn how to perform it: Nor is there any other Method of acquiring that Knowledge more easy, than by reflecting on the Mistakes of others, to avoid falling into Errors ourselves.

I INTEND this grave Introduction by Way of Attonement for the following less serious Relation, and hope, as it contains several Incidents which occur often in Human Life, that my Readers will think this a sufficient Apology for presenting them with the

*History of Beau Bronze the Fortune-Hunter.*

THIS Gentleman, at the Time of the Adventures I am going to relate, was, according to his own Reckoning, growing towards Thirty; though the Parish Register where he was born, plac'd him then in the Two and Forrieth Year of his Age. He had originally about 200*l.* a Year, which by that Time he became Five and Twenty, he had mortgag'd to two different Persons for 3000*l.* a-piece. Coming very early to the Conduct of his own Affairs, he immediately quitted the University for *London*; where having soon run through all the Vices, or to speak in a more genteel Phrase, through all the Pleasures of the Town, a few Years reduced him to the same Condition with most of our polite Sparks; that is, a broken Estate, and as broken a Constitution. Having, while a Youth, lost a great Part of his Fortune at Play, like a Bubble; he was now reduced to the picking up a precarious Subsistence by it, as a Sharper. Which proving but a very indifferent Employment, he be-thought himself of a new Scheme of Life, in which his natural Vanity made him assure himself of Success; and so came to a Resolution of making his Circumstances easy, by marrying a Fortune; on whom, like the Beau  
in

in *Æsop*, he was ready to settle his Person, and his Pox on her Heirs for ever. Nor was this Project altogether impracticable, since he was very well furnish'd with certain Qualifications which render a Man agreeable but to too great a Part of the Fair Sex; I mean, a Flow of Words, a pert Address, and a consummate Assurance.

AMONGST the rest of the Fair Ones, then, to whom BRONZE paid his Addresses, was ETHELINDA, a young Lady of about Sixteen, who had in Ready Money a Fortune of about 6000*l*. Having liv'd all her Life-time under the Care of an old Maiden Aunt in the Country, she was, on her coming to *London*, transported with the Diversions of the Town; yet having a sufficient Share of Wit, join'd to a very good Understanding, she took Care to preserve both her Virtue and her Reputation unsported. With this Lady, for Want of having a better Acquaintance with the World, the Beau succeeded in his Addresses; she consider'd his Person, as it really was, far from disagreeable; she flatter'd herself, that she should be carried in the finest Equipage to the finest Places; she imagin'd also, (from his admirable Talent at Dissimulation,) that he was violently in Love with her; from all which she fancied that she should in BRONZE meet with the fondest of Husbands. As to Estate, the Beau never visited but in his Chariot, with a Couple of Footmen; for his Creditors, in Hopes of being paid, in Case the Marriage succeeded, took Care to furnish him with every Thing necessary to keep up the Appearance of a Fortune.

THUS all Things went on with the most promising Face, 'till the Arrival from the University of a distant Relation of ETHELINDA's, named CARLOS. This Gentleman was about Three and Twenty, had good Sense, much Learning, and a polite Behaviour, without any other Defect than having a little too much Modesty. Notwithstanding he was but too sensible of his Cousin's Pre-engagement, yet he found it impossible for him to see her without falling passionately in Love with her. Lovers Eyes are always quick, and hence CARLOS, in a few Days, from a Sharper of BRONZE's Acquaintance, arrived at a thorough Knowledge both of the



Beau's Character and Circumstances; of which he took Care that ETHELINDA should be privately acquainted.

ETHELINDA was so far from giving the least Credit to this Account, that she never so much as mention'd it to BRONZE himself, or suffer'd the least Enquiry to be made about it. CARLOS perceiving the ill Success of his Project, grew so much chagrin'd, that hearing the Time of their Marriage was fix'd within a Fortnight, he went out of Town to a Country Seat of a very rich Aunt of his, on whom he had a great Dependance; as being unwilling to be a Spectator of what he imagin'd was to compleat both her Ruin and his own.

THE Melancholly which hung about him in this Retirement, was soon taken Notice of by the old Lady; and as Love is a Thing seldom out of even the oldest Women's Heads, she, without much Difficulty, guess'd the Cause on't. Her Nephew easily confess'd the Truth, and having told her the Story, 'Alas, CARLOS, *reply'd* *she*, have you so little both of Resolution and Contrivance, as to quit your Mistress so easily? Take Courage, Man, though you have been unsuccessful in parting her from her Lover, my Life for't, I'll find out a Way to make him abandon the Lady: You know my old Nurse; she is but a few Years older than me, and not unlike me: I'll send her up to Town To-morrow to my own Lodgings, and afterwards leave you to compleat a Scheme, with which I shall acquaint you.' CARLOS, reviv'd at the Thoughts of this Project, immediately set about it. Nurse, properly equip'd and instructed, was sent up to Town, and taking her Lady's Name, pass'd for a Widow of 40,000 *l.* Fortune. CARLOS, by the Means of the Sharper from whom he had BRONZE's Character, caused the Beau to be inform'd, that a Widow Lady, upwards of 70, and immensely rich, was fallen desperately in Love with him. BRONZE's natural Vanity and good Opinion of himself, made him the more easily caught; he pretended to ETHELINDA, that a Relation of his dying suddenly in the Country, had left him his Heir, which oblig'd him to go out of Town for three or four Days, to take the necessary Care about the Effects he had left behind him. This Time was employ'd in making his Addresses to the Widow;

dow ; and as Things were so before-hand concerted, that he might meet with no more Difficulty than was absolutely necessary to hinder Suspicion, every Thing being soon adjusted, the Marriage was celebrated the third Day. The Night before which, he wrote the following Letter to ETHELINDA.

*Dear MADAM,*

‘ **T**O prevent the Surprise of my so sudden Marriage, from making too great an Impression on your Spirits, I thought proper to be the first who should acquaint you with it myself.

‘ **B**EFORE this reaches your Hands, I shall be the Husband of the Widow **THRIFTY**, who is upwards of Seventy Years old, and a 40,000 *l.* Fortune; which is enough to convince you, that Love had no Hand in my Match. I hope you have more good Sense than to mind Forms and Ceremonies. You may be sure of my staying no longer with the Hag, than is absolutely necessary to get Possession of her Money ; I will then pack old Forehead-Cloth directly to a Farmer’s in the Country, where she may live comfortably for 40 *l.* a Year, while you and I, my Dear, spend her Thousands in Splendor.

*I am, in Haste,*

*Yours faithfully,*

**E. BRONZE.**

**CARLOS** came very seasonably to visit her almost as soon as she had receiv’d this Letter, and by letting her into the Secret of the Affair, not only lessen’d her Concern at this Accident, but inspired her with Joy at the Reflection on the Danger she had escap’d, which fill’d her also with the most favourable Thoughts for her kind Deliverer. **BRONZE** too was the next Day undeceiv’d by his Wife’s Elopement, having first secured about Four Hundred Pounds worth of Jewels, which he had given her the Night before Marriage, and which his Creditors had furnish’d him with, in Order to have presented

them to *ETHELINDA*. This immediately obliged the Beau to quit the Kingdom, and, with what Money he could scrape together, to repair to *Cambray*; where the Congress sitting at that Time, occasion'd high Play, and from whence he might possibly find an Opportunity to mend his Fortune. *CARLOS* and *ETHELINDA* went to pass the Remainder of the Summer at his Aunt's, where, in about two Months after, their Marriage was consummated, and they have ever since liv'd very happily together.

LL



*Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi  
Finem dii dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios  
Tentaris numeros.*

Hor. Lib. i. Od. xi.

*From my House in the Minories.*

**I**T is an excellent Observation of a late elegant and polite Writer, that as it is the Endeavour of wise Men to retrench the Evils of Life, so it is the Custom of Fools to increase them. Our Author applies this with great Justice to a Set of weak-minded People, who are always making themselves uneasy, from a superstitious and irrational Regard they pay to Things they are pleased to fancy *OMENS*. This is a Folly of which, at present, it is hard to say, whether it be more ridiculous, or more common. One may every Day see Multitudes, and I am ashamed to say amongst them some even of Quality, who are so infatuated with these Notions, that they imagine they have not a Limb, a Creature, or a Utensil about them, which has not in it, in some Manner or other, the Spirit of Prediction. The tingling of an Ear, the itching of an Eye, the howling of a Dog, the crossing of Knives, or the falling of Salt, never fails putting them in Concern; nor is there an Accident of Life so innocent, trivial, or common, as

not

not to be capable of filling them with Terror and Amazement.

THIS Feebleness of Soul, though generally ascrib'd to the Errors of Education, is, indeed, owing to nothing else but the Want of Reflection. If People would but give themselves Leave to think calmly, it is impossible for them not to perceive, that since there is an absolute Inconnection between those Things vulgarly called OMENS, and every Accident of Human Life, that therefore all these Whims of Prognosticks, are downright Chimera's, introduced originally either from the Fancies of weak, or the Contrivances of wicked Men. Such a Habit of Reasoning as this, if seriously attended to, would quickly arm their Minds against such fantastick Apprehensions, and deliver them by Degrees from those ridiculous Panicks; with which, to the Scandal of Human Nature, they are apt to be seiz'd, at the chirping of a Cricker, or the ticking of a Death-watch.

I F, without a Fault, one may divert oneself with the Whimsies of People who are infected with this Species of Madness, *Oliva*, an old Maid, and a Neighbour of mine, might now and then be entertaining. She never has any Thing befalls her, without some Fore-notice or other; she perceives Gifts from her Nails; is forewarn'd of Deaths by the bursting of Coffins out of the Fire; Purfes too from the same Element promise Money; and her Candle brings her Letters constantly before the Post. She is the Oracle of all the giddy Girls in the Neighbourhood, who resort to her every Morning, to have their Dreams told: Though some of the old People hereabouts, are so far from having so good an Opinion of her, that they are apt to fancy she deals with something worse than herself.

THE Desire of knowing future Events, is always a Sign of a weak Mind, and as such, we find it a very predominant Passion, as well amongst the Great Vulgar, as the Small. Though it must be confess'd of this Folly, if that be any Thing in its Favour, that it is of a very antique Original; and that even the most early Ages were over-run with it: In which Age, as the World was very fruitful of inquisitive and credulous Fools, so also it was of Course, productive of Cheats, Impostors,



and Deceivers. The *Chaldeans*, who had acquir'd a very just Reputation for their Knowledge in *Astronomy*, began the first, in Compliance with the Taste of those Times, to pervert that noble Science, and instead thereof, to introduce a spurious Kind of Starry Divination, which has pass'd in the World ever since by the Name of *Astrology*. Thereby, as if they had forgot that End for which God, according to the *Scriptures*, created the Heavenly Light, *viz.* for the regulating of Times and of Seasons, they have even asserted Mankind to be ruled by their Influences, the Course of Events by them to be directed, and in fine, that their Power is so great, as either to supply, or to over-rule the Decrees of *Providence*; than which it is impossible to imagine any Thing more irrational or absurd.

FOR the Practice of this delusive Art, not only the *Chaldeans*, but even their Neighbours the *Jews* grew so famous, that during the Time of the *Roman* Empire, they made a Trade, of either standing at the Corner of Bridges, or of accosting Passengers on the Road, and, like our *Gypsies*, offering, on crossing their Hands with a Piece of Silver, to tell them their Fortune. While Professors of the same Art, though of somewhat higher Rank, made it their Business, in *Rome* itself, to impose on Persons of Distinction; which they did to such a Degree, and their Villanies became so notorious at last, that the Legislature thought fit to exert itself, insomuch that they were all banish'd *Italy* by Decree.

IT may, indeed, seem something strange, that so wise and learned a People as the *Romans*, should fall into this Infatuation; but it will, however, appear much more excusable in them than in us, if we consider the Theology that prevail'd amongst them, and that the Prejudice of Education was universal, which made not only the many, but some also even of their greatest Men ready to fall into this Superstition.

*LUCAN*, in his *Pharsalia*, sets this Subject, of which I am speaking, in the fullest and most beautiful Light that can be imagin'd. He introduces *LABIENUS* in the Name of the whole Army, addressing *CATO* and entreating him, that since Heaven had directed their March so near the famous Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*,  
he

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he would therefore indulge their unanimous Desire so far, as to consult the *Oracle* upon their Success. To which, that Poet makes CATO reply, with a Spirit truly worthy of that famous Champion of the *Rōman Liberty*; which Speech, as it is generally esteem'd one of the most shining Parts of the Poem, my Readers, perhaps, may not be displeas'd with the Translation of.

*FULL of the God, that labour'd in his Breast,  
Thoughts worthy of a God, he thus express'd:  
Whither, O LABIENUS, wouldst thou go?  
Or what strange Things are these ye long to know?  
Wouldst thou be told, whether it better be  
To live a Slave, or thus in Arms die free?  
Wouldst thou be told, if Force should ever make  
A Patriot in his Country's Cause turn back?  
Wouldst thou be told, if Fortune on us frown,  
Or if with Glory, Heaven our Arms should crown?  
Whether our Loss, or whether our Success,  
Would make our Virtue either more or less?*

*If these the Secrets are, you would unfold,  
These may without an Oracle be told.  
Unsought for these, be Ammon's sacred Ground,  
A nearer Temple of the God is found.  
Within ourselves the Deity resides,  
O'er all our Thoughts, and all our Acts presides.  
When Life he gave, he did himself infuse,  
And when he speaks, he needs no Voice to use.  
All that for us to know he thought was fit,  
Is by himself within our Bosoms writ.  
Thinkst thou that God, to hide himself inclin'd,  
To scorching Sands, and pathless Plains confin'd,  
Where Hills of Dust, by warring Winds are hurl'd,  
Cramp'd in this savage Corner of the World.*

*HAS God a Place! in Earth! in Seas! in Air!  
In Heaven! in Virtue! he will sure appear!  
Where'er we turn, where'er we look, or move,  
All! all! is Him! and every where is Jove!*

*LET doubting Fools, to juggling Priests repair,  
Not led by Piety, but aw'd by Fear.  
Though Oracles, no Certainty can give,  
'Tis certain, Death will all our Woes relieve;*

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*One common Fate must wait upon us all,  
And arm'd with Virtue, can we fear to fall?  
This solves all Doubts, this leaves no Room to fear,  
Jove told us this, and need no more declare.*

*THE N march'd, and left horn'd Ammon unador'd,  
And neither Priest, nor Oracle explor'd.*

THE Miseries of Life are so heavy and numerous in themselves, that we need not by Anticipation endeavour to encrease them; and for those Delights which Mankind are capable of enjoying here, they are all of such a Nature, as to be much impair'd, when they are preceded by a ling'ring Expectation. A Regard, then, for our own Concerns, if we rightly understand them, will be sufficient to bar us from those fantastick Enquiries, which when we have bestow'd all the Pains we can about them, we shall find to end in nothing but Fraud, Folly, and Deceit. For to imagine that the Decrees of Providence are absolutely inscrutable to the clearest and most elevated Understandings, and that its deepest Secrets should at the same Time be perspicuous to Quacks, Madmen, and old Women, (for such are generally the Professors of these Mysteries,) is a Position equally absurd and wicked.

IN former Ages, when Men, if I mistake not, were in general much more learn'd than they are at present, a good deal of Cunning, nay, and some Reading too, was needful to qualify one of these Pretenders to the Occult Sciences, for Success; but in this Age, much less Disguise is necessary, or more properly speaking, they impose upon us barefacedly, and without any Disguise at all. To hear a Fellow, with a very grave Face, talking of Sextile and Quarrile Aspects, of Oppositions and Conjunctions of the Planets, and of the different Position of the various Houses of Heaven, one must acknowledge that it is no great Wonder, if by such a Person, one who wants Education should be deceiv'd. But to fancy that the Records of *Fate* are written in the Bottom of a Coffee-Cup, and that too in Characters so broad, as that the most silly illiterate Wretch breathing may read them, is so monstrous an Absurdity, that did not daily Experience

rience convince us, one could hardly be persuaded, that a rational Being could ever sink so low, as to believe it.

AS I design this Paper, in a more particular Manner, for the Use of my Female Readers, I shall close it with a Story, of the Truth of which I am convinc'd; and which may, I hope, in some Measure, serve to conduce towards putting Fortune-Tellers out of Favour.

A LADY of Quality, a celebrated Beauty, with 20,000*l.* in her Pocket, to whom a Peer of *England*, at that Time, paid his Addresses, went to a late famous Dumb Fortune-Teller, to enquire into the Secrets of Futurity. The Conjuror, with his usual Confidence, assur'd her, that if she refused whatever Offers of Marriage were at present made her, within four Years a certain great Personage would arrive, and that she should then speedily become the Wife of no less than a Sovereign Prince of the Holy *Roman Empire*. The Lady unhappily took his Advice, dismiss'd the Nobleman, and about Fifteen Years after died a neglected old Maid of Forty-five, without ever hearing one Word more of this same Prince, than what had been told her by the aforesaid Conjuror.

(LL)



— *Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam  
Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

THERE's a strong *Desire* in Mankind of becoming remarkable and particular, whereby to gain the Notice and *Admiration* of other People, and be thought wonderful and extraordinary. Every one of us, from the highest to the lowest, is less or more, actuated by this *Principle*, which puts on a different *Appearance*, just according to the *Temper* and *Inclination* wherewith it meets; — in those of bold and enterprizing Spirits,  
it



it attempts hardy and daring Actions; in *covetous Dispositions* it rakes together, and heaps up *Riches* by all manner of Means; among our *Country Squires*, it exerts itself at *Horse Races*, *Hunting Matches*, and *Drinking Bouts*; and it makes our *Beaux* in Town endeavour to out-shine each other in *Dress* and *Equipage*, and appear the finest at *Drawing-Rooms* and *Assemblies*.

THIS Fondness of being *talk'd of*, or Desire of *Fame*, in the earliest Ages, e'er the Mind of Man was become depraved and wicked, stirr'd up *those* of superiour Abilities to the *Invention* of such useful *Arts* as were of general Benefit; and the Reputation *they* then sought after, was such a one as arose from *assisting the Oppressed*, from doing *Good*, and excelling *others* in Wisdom and in Virtue. Hence it came to pass, that their *Cotemporaries* regarded them with the highest *Veneration*, and represented them to Posterity as *Demi Gods* and *Heroes*. But, afterwards, as the Notions of Right and Wrong became more neglected, *Force* and *Violence* were introduc'd more frequently: *Power* assumed the Place of *Virtue*; and instead of *aiming* at the valuable Reputation of promoting the general Happiness of Mankind, this *Desire* took another Turn, and led on Persons of *aspiring Minds* to endeavour at making themselves *remarkable* for Conquest and extended Empire. And as *those* are ever surrounded with Crowds of *Flatterers*, from whom much is to be hoped or feared, *Rapine*, *Injustice*, and *Oppression*, were by them falsely call'd *Glory*, and these publick *Ravagers* set forth and prais'd as *Objects* of Wonder, Reverence, and Esteem.

BY these Means was produc'd and cherish'd that *turbulent* Passion of the Soul, *Ambition*, which has done more Mischief to Mankind than all the *rest* together: For the *rest* but here and there destroy, while this *sweeps off* whole Nations at a Stroke. — It is surprizing and unaccountable, that laying aside Common Sense, Mankind shou'd, as it were, by a general Infatuation, extol and adore these *Conquerors* of the World; *who*, divested of the lying Applauses their *Sycophants* bestow, are the most dreadful of all Evils, and more destructive than a Pestilence. To rob a House, or commit a single Murder, is every where accounted *wile* and *infamous*; how then

then comes it, that to *pillage* Kingdoms, and kill by Thousands, is called *Glory*? Providence may design an ALEXANDER or a CÆSAR, to scourge the World; and as Punishments, we should consider *them*; but a *Plague*, a *Deluge*, or a *Conflagration*, as well deserve our *Praises*. If to lose a Sense of all Humanity, to have a *Power* and *Will* of doing Mischief is *true Glory*, the *Devil* certainly is the most glorious of all Beings, and it is high Injustice to deprive him of his Fame. But the *Parasites* of *Princes*, put no Bounds to the extravagant Folly and Madness of their *Flattery*: Those of ALEXANDER made him fancy himself the Son of JUPITER, 'till being wounded, and seeing the *crimson Blood* streaming from him, unlike the *Ichor* of the *Gods*, which *Homer* mentions, he began to doubt of his Immortality: And HERMODORUS, in a Poem writ in Honour of ANTIGONUS, stil'd him the Son of the SUN; to which that Prince wisely answered, *He that empties my Close-Stool, can easily prove the contrary.*

TO this *Desire* of being *remarkable*, most of the great Actions both *good* and *bad*, which History relates, are owing: For the Sake of this alone, Multitudes sacrifice their Ease, Health, and Quiet, despise Danger, and face Death itself with Intrepidity. The ROMANS by indulging *this* Passion in their *Soldiery*, became invincible: The cheap and trifling *Distinction* of a *Laurel Crown*, for such as behaved themselves bravely, made every *private Sentinel* a *Hero*; and, insignificant as it may seem to *us*, appear'd to *them* an ample and glorious *Recompence* for the most important Services they were capable of performing, and well worth venturing *Life* for. And even in our Days, I am persuaded, it would be found much more difficult to *raise* an Army, was it not for the *Reputation* and *Respect* which every one of the *poor Fellows* promises to himself from wearing a *Red Coat*, and being call'd a *Gentleman*. 'Twas this same Passion that inspir'd ALEXANDER, and made him rush on in Spite of all Opposition; as himself confesses, when the great Pains he took to pass the *Hydaspes* made him cry out, O Athenians! *What Hardships have I endur'd, what Dangers have I set at nought, to be commended by you!* And that Person, who set on Fire  
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the famous *Temple* of DIANA, committed that wicked Action for *no other* End or Purpose, but to make himself be talk'd of.

BUT to leave *Antiquity*, and observe this Passion among *ourselves*, may prove, perhaps, a useful Entertainment, and is withal a Kind of *Justice* we owe several of our *Countrymen*, who take vast Pains to make themselves remarkable. Was it not for *this*, many a Man of Fortune would have been unable to *drive* a *Coach* himself, whom *now* all the World must acknowledge to sit the *Box* with a becoming Grace, to *turn* with great Address, and be in every Respect a *complete* Driver. What a *Glory*! what a *Happiness* is this! both to *himself*, and his honourable *Family*! and how deservedly is he the *Envy* and *Wonder* of all the *Coachmen* in the Kingdom, who meet him as *frequently* upon the Road, as if he kept a Stage! — There is nothing can possibly increase his Fame, but to enter into the *Service* of some *Gentleman*, who, for Want of proper *Talents* or *Application*, is forced to employ another, and be his *Coachman* gratis. — Others, by the same Passion, have been qualified to *run* on *Errands*; and therefore ought, I think, to be employ'd continually in *carrying* Letters, or Messages, *to* and *fro*, for any Body that has Occasion, which would render *them* of good Service to the Publick, and make their *Speed* much better known. Can any Thing be *prettier*, than to see one of these *nimble-footed Gentlemen*, in his *white Jacket*, carrying a *Porter's Staff*, cover'd with *Dust* and *Sweat*, and straining before *his own* Chariot, to give an Account that *himself* is coming?

I MUST not here neglect a *new* Sort of *Candidates* for the publick Notice, who lately have appear'd about the Streets, and in most Places of Resort, with large thick *Oaken Cudgels* in their Hands; which, lest People should imagine intended as a Support in walking, *they* carry with the *Heads* downward. As their *Dress* is likewise affectedly *plain* and *ordinary*, and their Figure thus *threatning*, they seem so much like *Ruffians*, that a Week ago *one* of them was apprehended on Suspicion of being a *Street-Robber*, and carried before a *Justice* of the *Peace*, who would certainly have committed him to  
Newgate,

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*Newgate*, had he not sent for some of his Friends to prove him a *Man of Quality*. These Gentlemen of the *Club*, since they are so properly accoutred, should, I think, assist our *Butchers* in driving their *Cattle* home from *Smithfield Market*, which would be a mighty agreeable Employment, and make them wonderfully useful and remarkable.——This *Hint* is entirely at their Service, (only reserving to *myself* the Honour of being the *first* Inventor) and I hope to find it very speedily put in Practice: Nor do I much doubt, in this generous and ingenious Age, when the Desire of being distinguish'd, excites a noble Emulation, but that *some* of our *Gentry* will carry Burdens, *others* turn *Gold Finders*, and *others*, to shew their extraordinary Abilities, sweep our *Chimneys*: For, as a modern *Satyrist* beautifully and well observes,

*The Love of Praise, howe'er conceal'd by Art,  
Reigns more or less, and glows in every Heart:  
The Proud, to gain it, Toils on Toils endure,  
The Modest shun it, but to make it sure.  
O'er Globes and Scepters, now, on Thrones it swells,  
Now, trims the Midnight Lamp in College Cells.  
'Tis Tory, Whig: It plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.  
Here to S——e's Humour makes a bold Pretence,  
There bolder aims at P——y's Eloquence.  
It aids the Dancer's Heel, the Writer's Head,  
And heaps the Plain with Mountains of the Dead:  
Nor ends with Life,——but nods in Sable Plumes,  
Adorns our Hearse, and flatters on our Tombs.*

Universal Passion.

\* \* \*



———*Procul*





— *Procul abfit Gloria Vulgi.*

*From my House in the Minories.*

**T**HE most surprizing and magnificent *Idea* that the Soul of Man can possibly receive, is, that of the *Universe*: Other Considerations may *amuse* and *divert* his Thoughts awhile, but this *employs* and *fills* them all. Destroying, or, at least, suspending every *Passion*, it makes a Man acquainted with his own *Littleness*, by representing to him the *Power* and *Grandeur* of his Creator; and is the most effectual Check to human *Pride*.—What Man! What Monarch! that considers the immense *Expanse*, with those glorious, numberless, and vast *Bodies* that roll through it at Distances inconceivable; that bestows one Reflection upon them; or forms the slightest Conjecture about their Uses, can possibly account this *Atom* (which is call'd the *World*) as any Thing, upon a Comparison with the *Whole*!—How insignificant then must himself appear, and how readily must he acknowledge, that *Pride was not made for Man*!

THE Want of that Knowledge in *Astronomy*, which these later Ages have attain'd, whereby every *Star* is discover'd to be a *Sun*, giving *Light* and *Heat*, like this of *ours*, and consequently serving the same Purposes, *viz.* bestowing a genial and enlivening Influence on *Planets* of his own; *which*, as this Earth we live upon is crowded with *Inhabitants*, must, from a Parity of Reason, doubtless be all fill'd with *Creatures*.—The Want, *I say*, of this Knowledge, first led Mankind into that preposterous and extravagant Imagination, that *themselves* are supreme *Lords* of the whole *Creation*, and that all Things were made for *them* alone: In such a View, so agreeable to *human Pride*, they consider'd *themselves* as of infinite Importance, and attributing to *themselves*

*Divine*

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Divine Qualities, whereof they supposed all other *Creatures* destitute, they separated from the Crowd of *Animals* their *Fellows* and *Companions*, over whom *they* claimed an unlimited *Superiority* and *Power*; and to whom *they* took upon them to distribute just such a *Share* and *Sort* of *Capacity* and *Distinction*, as was most *suitable* to their own stupid *Vanity*.—Hence it came to pass, that such *Actions*, as in *themselves*, they call the Result of *Reason*, *Understanding*, *Knowledge*, or *Wisdom*, in other *Creatures* were not admitted to *arise* from any Thing but *Instinct*, or *meer Nature*; Words intended to *imply* the greatest Distance from that Perfection which *they* imagined in *themselves*, by supposing *all the rest* under a *Necessity* of *acting* after a determined and certain Manner.

—Though, after all, to be led on constantly by *meer Nature*, or *Instinct*, or what you please, in a *direct Road*, to such a Happiness as they are most capable of enjoying, is, methinks, not much less desirable, than to be left to the Conduct of *Reason*, or any other *Faculty*, be it ever so much boasted of, which *mistakes* the Way nine Times in ten.

IF we examine, impartially, *ourselves*, and the *Creatures* that are about us, we shall find, that there is more *Difference* between *Man* and *Man*, than between *Men* and some *Sorts* of *Brutes*; and that, upon a Comparison, there is little Cause to value *ourselves*, at the mighty Rate we do.——Whilst I am *playing* with my *Cat*, says MONTAIGNE, who knows whether I don't make *her* more Sport than she does *me*? We mutually *divert* one another; and if I have my Hour to begin, or refuse, she likewise has hers.—That *Brutes* have a *Communication* amongst themselves is evident; and what *hinders* it between them and us, may, for ought we know, be a *Defect* on our Side as much as theirs, since we understand them no more than they do us.

AS for the *Operations* of *Animals*; can we imagine such a regular and well-managed *Government* as that of *Bees*, can be maintained without *Prudence* and *Consideration*? Or, that the *Ants*, and many other *Sorts* of *Creatures* provide so carefully against the dead Seasons of the Year, and use such Caution to *prevent* their Food from *spoiling*, without *Knowledge* and *Contrivance*? When  
the

the *Swallows* come to us in the *Spring*, search all the *Corners* of our *Houses*, for the most commodious Places to build their *Nests*, and amongst a 'Thousand, chuse the properest for their Purpose ; is *all this* without *Judgment* and *Disceretion* ? Do they mix their *Clay* with *Water*, without knowing that it grows *softer* by being wet ? Or *line* their *Nests* with *Down* and *Feathers*, without foreseeing that their *tender Young* will lie more safe and easy ? Or can it be supposed they turn the *Entrance* of their *Habitation* from the *blustering* and *rainy* Quarters, without being acquainted with the *Qualities* of the *Winds*, and fully sensible that one is *warmer* and more *comfortable* than the other ? — Why should we attribute *different Causes* to the *same Effects* in them and us ? — When a *Fox* that is to pass a *frozen River*, lays his *Ear down* to the *Ice*, and *listens* if the *Current* underneath sounds from a nearer or farther Distance, and as *he finds*, advances or retires ; can we believe it is without *reasoning*, as we should do on the like Occasion, that what makes a *Noise* runs, what *runs* is liquid, and what is *liquid* is not passable ?

IT is certain, that *Animals* excel in most of their *Works*, all we can do by *Art* ; yet we deny them *Deliberation* and *Design* : — Which is paying them a *Compliment* we don't intend, by supposing *Nature* more kind to *them* than us ; leading *them*, as it were, by the Hand, to what is *needful* and *commodious* for their Kind of Life ; whilst it leaves *us* alone to shift, and seek out by *Art*, what is *necessary* for our Welfare ; and unable, after all our Pains, to *arrive* at their *natural Sufficiency*. — What Craft and Subtilty do *Brutes* use to save *themselves* from us ! and if, at last, we seize and make *them* serve us, and employ *them* as we please, it is no more than what we do by one another ; nay, in this they act more *generously* than we, for one *Lion* never makes another *Lion* become his *Slave*, and do his *Drudgery*.

IT is likewise plain, that *Brutes* are capable of being *instructed* after our Manner : *Parrots*, *Jays*, and *Magpies*, are taught to *speak*, and confine their Breath to *Words* and *Syllables*, which proves great *Observation*, *Pains*, and *Diligence*. Those *Dogs* also, that *lead* about the *Blind*, shew they are fully *sensible* of the Office they

are

are employ'd in, by the Care they take to keep them clear of *Carts* and *Coaches*, and to stop at those *Houses* where they have been accustomed to receive *Alms*; all which can hardly be done without *Consideration*, *Thought*, and *Reason*.——Besides, it is very evident, that *Brutes* as well as *Men*, grow wiser, and gain Experience by the *Accidents* they meet with; like the *Mule* of *THALES*, that fording through a *River*, stumbled with a *Sack* of *Salt* upon his *Back*, and finding his *Load* lighter by being *wet*, when afterwards he pass'd a *Water*, used constantly to lie down in it with his *Burden*; 'till the *Philosopher* imagining the Cause, loaded him with *Wool*, which growing much heavier by his doing so, broke him entirely of that Practice.

THUS much for *Reason*, *Forefight*, *Contrivance*, and *Understanding*:——As to *Beauty*, we are not yet agreed what it is amongst ourselves: (Some *Nations* calling that so, which is thought *Deformity* by others,) but it is certain, that in *Cleanness*, *Smoothness*, *Colour*, *Proportion*, and *Disposition* of Parts, many *Animals* excel us greatly; insomuch, that I believe, whoever imagines a Man stark naked, will judge a *Covering* more proper for him than any of the rest.——Then, if we consider bodily *Strength*, a single *Elephant*, a *Crocodile*, or a *Tyger*, can destroy *Multitudes* of Men:——Though, in *killing*, as an *Art*, I must acknowledge, we much outdo them; but that I account very little, either to our Praise or Advantage.——Besides all this, in *Temperance*, *Gratitude*, *Friendship*, and many other *Virtues*, they equal us, at least. The Love and Fidelity of *Dogs* to their *Masters*, are so common, that it would seem Impertinence to mention the many well known Stories of them; and we see *Horses* oftentimes contract such a strict Friendship, that it is difficult to make them eat or travel, when parted from one another.

I DON'T mean by this Discourse, to undervalue Man, or suppose him of less *Dignity* in the *Creation* than Providence seems to have intended; but I would moderate his Excess of *Pride*, by shewing, that other *Creatures* have their *Excellencies* as well as he, and are endued with *Capacities*, which, even compared with his own, he will find no Reason to despise. All Things upon



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upon *Earth* have a *Resemblance*, and are under the same Law; there is, indeed, some *Difference* in Order and Degree, but it is under the Direction and Influence of one *same All-wise All-mighty BEING*.

\* \* \*



*The purest Treasure mortal Times afford  
Is spoile's Reputation:——That away,  
Men are but gilded Loam, or painted Clay.*  
Shakespear's Rich. II,

*From my House in the Minories.*

**L**ET a Man behave with all the Circumspection and Integrity imaginable, if he acts in a *publick Capacity*, it is impossible for him to live clear of *Scandal*: A thousand *little Minds* will swell with *Envy* to see him rais'd above them, and endeavour all they can, with their *poisonous Breath*, to obscure his *Glory*, and tarnish his *Reputation*. Words and Actions are easily *misrepresented*: And *Ill-Nature*, that speaks well of Nobody, can every where find sufficient Matter to *calumniate* even the most Innocent.

I AM thrown upon these Reflections, by a *malicious* and *false Report*, which is industriously spread Abroad, concerning my *Guardianship* of ANNABELLA; wickedly insinuating, that all my *Professions* of Care and Caution, and my rejecting a Multitude of *Offers* for her, are only plausible *Pretences* for keeping her to myself; That I have made her generous Confidence in me a Means of serving my own *avaritious Purposes*, and getting Possession of her Fortune; and, in short, that I am just going to be *married to her*.——As nothing in the World can be more contrary to Truth than every Part of this *Story*, (which, I am sure, *she* will readily attest,) I think it highly proper to *vindicate* my *Character* in this *publick*

*lick Manner*; not contenting myself with that common but erroneous *Saying*, that, if we know *ourselves* Innocent, it's no Matter what *People* say of us: Whereas, on the contrary, it is our Duty, not only to conduct ourselves *unblameably*, but, as much as in us lies, to avoid the *Imputation* of doing otherwise; for *Evil Example* has a very pernicious Consequence, and those who are even wicked (privately) do less Mischief to Mankind than such, (though not criminal,) who are so careless of their Behaviour as to be, with good Reason, supposed Guilty. But more especially, in a *publick Station*, it is absolutely necessary to preserve a *clear and unblemish'd Reputation*; since those who take upon them to reprove and correct the Faults of others, ought certainly to appear unblameable themselves:—The Neglect of which reasonable *Maxim*, is one great Cause why abundance of wise Instruction produces so little *Good*, whilst the Practice of those that give it is so *different* from what they teach.

TO bestow a young *Lady* well in *Marriage*, is a Matter not only of the nicest Nature, but of the utmost Consequence. The *Men* are so generally *corrupted*, that to find out one with *Good-Nature*, *Virtue*, and *Honour* sufficient to make a *Woman* happy, requires much *Prudence* and *Penetration*; and therefore, when first I undertook this difficult and important Task, I gave *publick Notice* of it, that amongst a *Number* I might have an Opportunity of *choosing* out the *best*; and have since inform'd the *World* of all that has happen'd in the Management of this whole Affair; whereby I thought to serve my *Ward* most effectually, and by such *open Dealing*, secure myself from every Imputation of *Self-Interest* and *Design*. But my *honest Meaning* has not been able to secure me from the Lash of *Calumny*, which has trump'd up a very odd *Argument* against me, that, since I would not *sell* her to any other, I must of Necessity reserve her for myself. This Falshood was first rais'd by that *old Gentleman* who offer'd me the *Bank Note* to betray her, (as I before inform'd my *Readers*,) whose own corrupt Mind made him imagine it impossible for me to refuse his *thousand Guineas*, had I not been determin'd to make myself Master of her whole Fortune. The *Self-Love*

*Love* of all the rest whose *Offers* I had rejected, drew them likewise into the same Opinion ; by which Means, this *Story* has been spread abroad, and affirm'd with all imaginable Confidence : Though every *unprejudic'd* Person will easily be convinc'd, how improbable it is I should entertain such Thoughts, when the *Advertisement* I myself publish'd, to invite *Candidates*, excludes all People of my own Age.

THROUGH an unhappy *Disappointment* in my *Youth*, I have continu'd all my Life a *Batchelor* ; and though I don't absolutely resolve that I will never alter my Condition ; yet, I hope, *Providence* will always keep me in my Senses, and protect me from that *Misfortune*, which, sometimes, befalls *old Men* in their *Dotage*, the marrying a young Wife. — I am fully sensible, that *Disappointment*, *Uneasiness*, *Contradiction*, *Jealousy*, *Hatred*, and *Wretchedness*, usually attend such *Matches*, and that, in the Course of Nature, it can scarce be otherwise : For, without taking Notice, how impossible it is, for a gay, charming, beautiful, young *Creature* to have any Kind of *Fondness* or *Regard* for a decay'd, wrinkled, thoughtful, peevish, coughing, flaying *old Fellow*, whose *Endearments* must be nauseous to her ; it is certain, that the *Opinions*, *Inclinations*, *Temper*, and *Passions* of *Youth* and *Age*, are so directly opposite, that they can admit of no *Harmony* or *Agreement* ; insomuch, that for my own Part, I assure my *Readers*, was AN-NABELLA Mistress of the whole World, and would accept of me, neither her *Fortune* nor her *Charms* should tempt me to make both her and myself so miserable.

A N earnest Desire of vindicating my *Character* from a *Slander*, which might render me both *ridiculous* and *detestable* in the Eyes of all considerate honest *People*, and thereby prevent my Endeavours from being serviceable to Mankind, has, I fear, carry'd me too far : But, I hope, my *Readers* will excuse it, and not charge me with being over-credulous, when they consider, how valuable *Reputation* is, how easily injur'd, and how difficult to be recover'd.

O Reputation! dearer far than Life,  
 Thou precious Balsam, lovely, sweet of Smell,  
 Whose cordial Drops once spilt by some rash Hand,  
 Not all thy Owner's Care, nor the repenting Toil  
 Of the rude Spiller, ever can collect  
 To its first Purity and native Sweetness.

Sir Walter Rawleigh.

BUT notwithstanding the Wickedness and Censoriousness of the Age we live in, I hope, in a little while, to make my *Fidelity* and *Care* in the Discharge of this great *Trust* repos'd in me, appear beyond all Doubt, by lodging my *fair Ward* safe and happy, in the Arms of a *tender* and *indulgent* Husband: And this I have good Reason to believe I shall be able to effect, by bestowing her on *HONESTUS*; a Gentleman who, with my Approbation, is endeavouring to make his Addressees and himself agreeable. — This *excellent young Man*, for he is yet but eight and twenty, by the *Kindness* of *Nature*, and the Advantage of a *liberal Education*, is Master of every genteel and generous Accomplishment. His *Person* is well proportion'd and finely turn'd; his *Stature* rather tall than short; his *Complexion* fair and healthy; his *Features* just and regular; expressing an uncommon Sweetness and Delicacy, but without the least Effeminacy. His *Wit* is lively, cheerful, innocent, mannerly, and unaffected: His *Learning* universal, deep and useful: His *Temper* (for I have examin'd into all the Recesses of his Soul with my *Philosophick Spectacles*,) is open, sincere, humane, beneficent, placid and affectionate. He is virtuous by Inclination: All his Passions obey his Reason, and are conducted by the strictest Rules of Honour, Virtue, and Discretion. — His *Father* dying when he was about the Age of Twenty, left 500 *l.* a-Year, intirely to his own Management: This he did not judge sufficient to support a Life of *Idleness* and *Pleasure*, but therewith apply'd himself industriously to Business, and by *Merchandize*, has already made it double; scorning and detesting all those *little Arts* in *Trade*, which many practise, he is every where admir'd and sought after for his *Integrity*; whereby his *Dealings* are become so extended



tended, and well establish'd, that if Heaven spares his Life a few Years, he must acquire a vast Estate.——

He has been for some Years past an *Acquaintance* and *Admirer* of ANNABELLA, but sigh'd in Secret, and resolv'd to check his *Passion*, whilst he saw her surrounded by a Crowd of *fluttering Coxcombs*; (for, however the *Ladies* may only mean to *amuse* themselves with such Company, it is certain, that *Persons* of real *Merit* are thereby kept off and made afraid of them;) but when, by my *Advice*, these *Creatures* were no longer admitted, he made his Affection known to me, in a Manner so expressive of the utmost *Regard* and *Concern* for her *Happiness*, that there was no Room to doubt the *Sincerity* of his Heart; and, at the same Time, laid open, with so much *Candour*, and in so exact a *Method*, the State of his own *Fortune* and *Circumstances*, that I should have done my *Ward* the greatest Injury, had I *discountenanc'd* one who is qualify'd to make her so good a *Husband*.

——When I first mention'd HONESTUS to her, (which I did without giving my *own* Opinion of him, that I might find out how she stood inclin'd,) I could discern, by a sudden *Blush* and *Surprize*, that he was a Person not disagreeable; and after a few Visits, it was easy to perceive, he had found a Way of getting considerably into her Favour.——But there are *Forms* and *Ceremonies*, which require Time, must be submitted to; and therefore, although I long to see a happy End of this Affair, I am not for hurrying it on faster than my *fair Ward* thinks proper.——*Ladies* are very nice and scrupulous on these Occasions, and desirous of trying a Man's *Temper*, before they venture on him; and, in Truth, I think they can't be over cautious in a Matter of so great Importance, and amidst so much *Deceit* and *Treachery* as is daily found amongst the Men. However, I have searched his Heart so thoroughly, that I fear no *Discovery* to his *Prejudice*: But on the contrary, am very well assur'd, every Thing she finds there will serve to heighten her Esteem, and produce a *tender, mutual, and equal Passion*; such a one, as always ought, I think, to *precede* Matrimony.——In short, I have good Reason to believe it will be a *Match*; and therefore, acquaint All whom it may concern, that I shall (at present, however,)

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however,) receive no other Offers; since, notwithstanding it is a common Practice, nothing, in my Opinion, can be more *ungenerous* and *dishonourable*, than for a *Woman* to encourage the Addressee of *more* than *one* at once.

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*The Spleen, still serves for a Pretence,  
To those, who have a Want of Sense.*

*To* HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

**T**HE Desire I have of being your Correspondent, join'd to the just Cause I have to complain, will, I hope, in some Measure be an Excuse for the Indifference of this Performance. To improve the Mind, and correct the flagrant Vices and Follies of the Age, is a Work worthy of your Spectatorial Dignity. What I have to lay before you, Sir, is the great Hardships Trades-People suffer, through the different Whims and Humours of their Customers; they seem generally to think, (that is, when they vouchsafe to think at all,) that because a Man is placed behind a Compter, or a Woman follows a Trade, they are not made of the same Clay; for which Reason, when a fine Lady is troubled with the Vapours, she takes the Tour of the City by Way of Diversion, calls at twenty Shops, turns over the Goods for an Hour or two together, only for the ill-natur'd Pleasure of finding Fault, and giving Trouble; though 'tis ten to one, if she lays out a Shilling. That you may therefore, Sir, have a View of their Caprices, though but in *Epitome*, permit me to give you a short List of my Customers, and the various Methods they take to plague me.

MY Father was a Gentleman of a good Family, but a small Estate, which of Course descended to his eldest Son; and having nine of us besides, we were all forced

to Trades, 'Twas my Lot to be a *Manteau Maker*, and by Industry and Complaisance, I have at this Time as good Business as any of my Profession. My Customers are of all Degrees of People; but that I may give due Respect to their Quality, I will begin with my Lady BETTY TREMOR, who, before her Marriage, was extremely good-natur'd; every Thing I did pleased her, and I never brought home a Suit of Cloaths, but I had the Satisfaction to hear my Work commended. Yet since (thro' the Dislike she had to the Match,) the very Sight of her *old Lord* puts her into the Vapours, and I am immediately sent for, that she may vent her Spleen. Her Birth-day Cloaths were generally lik'd, yet she has made me roll and unroll the Sleeves no less than four Times since; and after I had stood 'till I was ready to faint, I must stay an Hour longer, to hear her call me twenty Fools, and tell me I am not fit to make a Stuff Gown for her Scullion; though I could wish her Ladyship would please to remember, that she owes me about fifty Pounds, which has been running up these six Years.

THE next I present you with, is Madam BURLY, who is married to a wealthy Citizen; she was formerly his first Wife's House-maid, and is one of the largest robust Women I ever saw; yet for Fear of being out of Fashion, she is resolv'd, in Spight of Nature, to be terribly troubled with the Vapours, which are often carry'd to such a Pitch, that she boxes her Footman, knocks down her Maids, and if her Spouse presumes to interpose, throws the first Thing that is next her, at his Head. In the Midst of one of these Fits, I happen'd very lately to bring her home a Suit of black Velvet. The first Thing I met with at the Head of the Stairs, was the Tea-pot full of scalding Water: The Present was, indeed, design'd for her Maid; but, to my Sorrow, it fell wholly to my Share. I had unluckily held up my Bundle to avoid the Blow: But it will be impossible for me to describe to you the Passion she was in, at having her Finery wetted; she forgot the Vapours, and in one Minute reassum'd herself, I mean in her primitive State; she swore like a drunken Trooper, call'd me fifty Names, and declared she had rather I had been scalded to Death, than her Velvet should have been spoil'd.

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As soon as my Fright would let me, I ran down Stairs, and made the best of my Way home : She sent for me again, to roll her Sleeve ; but I desir'd to be excus'd, and sent in my Bill, which the good Gentleman paid me unknown to her ; should it ever reach her Ear, I am afraid he will pay dearly for doing an Act of so much Justice.

MY next Customer made me some Amends for this Accident. As the Adventure gave me great Diversion, I hope the Repetition may afford some to your Readers. I receiv'd Orders to attend a Lady, who was just come out of the Country, at her Lodgings in *Covent Garden*. The Person who came, told me, I did not know her ; but hearing I made for People of Quality, and was a good Manteau Maker, she had pitch'd upon me, and that I must go with her the next Morning, to buy a great many Cloaths. I punctually obey'd, but was not a little surpriz'd at the Lady's Frankness ; after making me sit down, *I suppose, Madam, says she, such Things are common to you Manteau Makers, so I shall tell you the plain Truth. You must know, I was never in London before, and came now, thinking to get a Service ; but this good Gentlewoman's Cousin, (pointing to an old Woman who sat by,) having taken a Fancy to me, I must have the finest Cloaths that Money can buy, or else, he says, he won't marry me : Now, not understanding such Matters myself, I have sent for you ; and if they please him, you shall have all my Custom.* I was at no Loss to find how Matters stood ; however, that was none of my Business. In short, we laid out above a Hundred Pounds, for Madam had nothing at this Time, but a Coarse Country Stuff Gown : So I was forced to sit up Night and Day, to get them done ; and when she was fully dress'd, you never saw so odd a Figure as she made ! She was, indeed, young, and her Face not ugly ; but had a Shape, that nothing could bring into Form ; which, with the Addition of a great Coarse Pair of Paws, and a masculine Voice, made her look like a Plowman in Woman's Cloaths. Her Lover had presented her with a Watch, and his own Picture at it ; which viewing narrowly, I fancy'd I knew the Face, but could not recollect it. My Womanish Curiosity was so great, that rather than not



get into the Secret, I made an Acquaintance with Mrs. JANE FLIMSEY, who was very intimate with her; and, would you believe it, Mr. STONECASTLE? Who should this well-judging, extravagant Spark be, but Mr. GRIPEALL, the great Money-Scrivener, who has lately marry'd one of the prettiest young Ladies in Town! I tell you this Story, Sir, that the old Fool may read it, and repent of his Folly; for I assure him, as innocent as he thinks this awkward Lads, by the Help of her Friend Mrs. FLIMSEY, she is in a fair Way of being quickly able to make him a Present, that would, indeed, be good enough for him, if it were not for the Danger there is, that he might carry it home. This Mrs. FLIMSEY, is kept by a certain Banker's 'Prentice, who is not above Eighteen, and I much fear his Master may suffer for his Folly and Extravagance. In short, Sir, the World is come to such a Pass, that Shame, which was formerly counted commendable, is now reckon'd a Vice, and there are too many People, who have thrown off the very Mask of Virtue. When an old Fellow, like GRIPEALL, can even forget his Love for Money, and squander it away upon a dirty Strumpet, I hope he will never turn up the Whites of his Eyes again at his publick Devotions, and talk of saving Grace, and the Assurance he has of being one of the Elect. No, Sir, that he may be all of a Piece, let him either discard his Harlot, or clap on a Sword and a smart *Toupee*; resort to the Court End of the Town, shake his Elbows all Night at a Gaming-Table, drink, swear, and shew the World, that in his old Age, he can be as perfect a Man of the Town, as those who have been bred up *Rakes* from their Cradle.

NOW, Sir, I'll trouble you with but one more of my Customers, and that is Mrs. LOVESHEW: She is marry'd to a Tradesman of excellent Sense, who, though he likes to see his Wife decently fine, is quite out of Patience at the gaudy Choice she generally makes. I went with them t'other Day to buy a Suit of Cloaths: The Lady pitch'd upon a Brocade, which had half the Colours of the Rainbow in it: He modestly reminded her, tho' he might be able to afford it, yet such a Dress did not become his Wife. The Lady, who is with Child, took it so ill, that she fell into Fits; and because she was deny'd  
that,

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that, would have none. Her Mother, who has been a very polite Lady in her Time, has severely reprimanded her Son in-Law, for his ill-Manners, in refusing her Daughter the Choice of her own Cloaths. But the honest plain Man, seems resolv'd not to appear ridiculous for his Wife's Whims, and says, he's sure she can't long for a Piece of Silk. I can't help wishing, Mr. STONE-CASTLE, that every Tradesman's Wife in *London*, would be wiser, and study their Husband's real Interest, more than superfluous Trifles.

I HAVE already sufficiently lengthen'd my Letter ; and if I find you think it worth publishing, it may, perhaps, tempt me to trouble you with more ; for I assure, you, Sir, we Manteau Makers are People of great Intelligence ; and as the *Censorial Office* is a Kind of *Inquisition* against *Vice*, it is odds but I become one of your best Informers.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your constant Reader and Admirer,*

(LL)

MARY PINTAIL.



## *The* COMIC GIFT.

O R,

### *The* SUMNER'S TALE,

*Imitated from* CHAUCER.

WHERE *Humber's* Streams divide the fruitful Plain,  
There liv'd a Fryar of the *begging Train* ;  
Who, as *Dan Chaucer's* merry Tales have told,  
Wou'd give his *Prayers*, his *Mass*, or *Heav'n* for Gold.

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As once, his Gown high tuck'd, his Scrip new hung,  
 Pois'd on his Staff, he *pensive* trudg'd along;  
 Saw a Door ope, where oft the Beachen Bowl  
 Smiling with Nut-brown Ale had cheer'd his Soul:  
 Gently he tap'd, then cry'd, ' May here *Content*  
 ' with *Peace* for ever dwell'—and in he went:  
 Sick lay the *Host*; the *Fryar* growl'd a Pray'r,  
 And with an *Ave Mary* told his Care:  
 Here down he laid his Staff, there hung his Hat }  
 Brush'd from the Wicker Chair the Tabby Cat,  
 And with a *solemn Leisure* down he sat: }

Then thus began: To-day I preach'd in Town:  
 ' but kept not servile to the *Text* alone:  
 ' Ah! THOMAS, had you heard my subtle Wit,  
 ' My *Gloss*, my *Comments* on the Holy Writ:  
 ' Though well, I know, 'gainst *Fryars* you incline,  
 ' You'd own that *Fryars* are of *right Divine*.

The *Host* reply'd, ' In *Comments* I've no Skill,  
 ' By *Comments*, *Priests* can prove just what they will.  
 ' of Reas'ning deep some *Clerks* to shew the Force,  
 ' From Head to Head drawl out the long *Discourse*;  
 ' On this Side now, and now on that dispute,  
 ' Are now confuted, now again confute;  
 ' Make *Saint* with *Saint*, *Father* with *Father* vie,  
 ' 'Till *Glosses* prove the *Scriptures* all a *Lie*.

A H! Friend, the *Fryar* cry'd, ' You'll nought believe,  
 ' But what your *simple Reason* can conceive;  
 ' *Laymen* must *credit*, tho' the Doctrine's *new*,  
 ' The *Text* may *wary*, but the *Comment's true*.

THE Wife trip'd in and stopp'd th' haranguing Priest,  
 A Courtsy drop'd, and welcom'd in her Guest:  
 Slow from the Chair the *smiling Fryar* 'rose,  
 And made with awkward Air his solemn Bows:  
 Nor there he stopp'd; but to enlarge his Bliss,  
 Squeez'd her soft Hand, and smack'd a hearty Kiss:  
 Ah! Friend, quoth he, ' How happy is thy Life,  
 ' Not the whole Town can boast so fair a Wife;  
 ' At Church I view'd her as high Mass was said,  
 ' Soft roll'd her Eyes, and gently wav'd her Head:  
 ' Each Dame was envying, fighting was each Swain,  
 ' While she the fairest shone amid the fairest Train.

The

The sweetly simp'ring Dame new Pleasures found,  
 With greedy Ear imbib'd the flatt'ring Sound :  
*Prink'd* up her *Tucker*, ev'ry *Charm* she try'd,  
 And by her little Arts reveal'd her Pride :  
 Then thus address'd him — ' Wou'd you taste our Cheer,  
 ' The *Fare* is homely, but the *Heart* sincere :  
 ' What cou'd you eat, Sir? — Nothing, cry'd the Priest,  
 ' But a *thin Slice* from off a Capon's Breast ;  
 ' A Brace of Woodcocks, and a fat Pig's Head,  
 ' With a nice Pudding of the whitest Bread :  
 ' My *squeamish* Stomach loaths a *sumptuous* Treat,  
 ' Learn'd Clerks who *study much*, but *little eat*.

SWIFT tripp'd the Dame away, and seem'd to fly  
 Brisk as a Colt, and Jolly as a Pie :

As the Fryar's Mind on Int'rest chiefly ran,  
 Absent the Wife, he thus address'd the Man :  
 ' Is not our Order *pious*, ours which shares,  
 ' The *Day* in *Fasting*, and the *Night* in *Pray'rs*?  
 ' Than *those* more pious, whom base Trifles win,  
 ' Who hold *Pluralities* to be no Sin :  
 ' For why should Country Parish claim their Care?  
 ' Curates perform the Drudgery of *Pray'r*?  
 ' Though their whole Study is t<sup>e</sup> increase their Store,  
 ' Talk wond'rous Things in Praise of being poor ;  
 ' With *Mock-humility* of *Fasting* preach,  
 ' Though their *fat Sides* deny they *practise* what they  
     *teach*.  
 ' *All Priesthood should be Meek* : But when there's seen  
 ' the rosy *Prebend*, and the pamper'd *Dean*,  
 ' Stalk to th' *expecting Choir* with Front elate,  
 ' In all the Grandeur of *Cathedral State* ;  
 ' There doze in Stalls, or o'er a Sermon nod,  
 ' Can we suppose them *meek*, or thoughtful on their *God*?  
 ' Thus they : Ah ! *Thomas, Thomas*, by *St. Ive*,  
 ' 'Tis from the *Fryar's* Zeal the *Laymen* thrive :  
 ' Hence by our Convent's *Pray'rs* you're blest'd with  
     Wealth,  
 ' Hence by their *Masses* you'll regain your Health.  
 THE *Churl* in Bed reply'd, ' I have been told  
 ' The whole Pursuit of *Priesthood* is the Gold :  
 ' Thus some have said, this I myself aver,  
 ' I'm not a Jot the better for their *Pray'r* ;



' To *Monk*, to *Fryar*, and to *Priest* I've given,  
 ' All were *divine Embassadors of Heaven* :  
 ' But late, alas! I found this Truth confess'd,  
 ' They surely best succeed who give the *least*.  
 ' WELL, well, reply'd the *Priest*, appease your Rage,  
 ' War with my *Patrons* never will I wage :  
 ' Some *Fools* indeed, will e'en with Kings contend,  
 ' To lash their *Vices*, or their *Morals* mend :  
 ' I to reform a *Prince* would never arm  
 ' My Tongue with Thunder, or with Threats alarm ;  
 ' Harsh Precepts in a *Court* can never charm.  
 ' There's not one Vice I'd lash, nor tedious dwell  
 ' On Stings of Conscience, or the Pains of Hell ;  
 ' But gentle Rules in gentle Words convey,  
 ' 'Till ev'ry conscious *Fear* in *Hope* dissolv'd away :  
 ' In short, I ne'er with *Patrons* disagree :  
 ' If they're resolv'd for *Hell*, what's that to me ?  
 ' But that *your* Soul to Heav'n may be consign'd,  
 ' Confess to me your Crimes, and calm your Mind.  
 ' FAITH, cry'd the *churlish Host*, by good St. *John*,  
 ' I've once before To-day been shriv'd by one ;  
 ' And once a Day's enough, — enough indeed :  
 ' The sneering *Priest* reply'd, more sure to speed ;  
 ' Yet to our *Convent* something you will spare,  
 ' And bounteously reward a *Fryar's* Pray'r ;  
 ' But shou'd you fail, ah ! what I dread to tell,  
 ' *Saints* we must *pay*, and *Fathers* we must *sell*.  
 ' The *Layman's* lost, if lost that learned Store,  
 ' Then *Sermons*, *Comments*, *Lectures* are no more :  
 ' In vain you'll wish you had a *Fryar* to preach,  
 ' For who, dear Sir, can like a *Fryar* teach ?

HE ends ; but ah ! th' Harangue no *Convert* gains,  
*Thomas* the same *gruff churlish Wight* remains,  
 So daring *impious*, that he thought the *Fryar*  
 A canting *Hypocrite*, a fawning *Liar* ;  
 Then thus ; — ' D'ye think, Sir, that I sure shall speed ?  
 ' *Host*, I as firmly believe it as my *Creed* ;  
 ' Nay, I am positive, the *Fryar* cry'd ; —  
*Thomas* seem pleas'd, and with a Smile reply'd,  
 ' *Persuasive* are thy Words while yet I live,  
 ' In thy own Hand, *Sir Fryar*, a Boon I'll give :

' On

' On this Condition, and on this alone,  
 ' that the *whole Convent* equal shares the Boon;  
 ' This thou shalt swear,—Eager he plights his Troth,  
 His Mass Book kiss'd, more firm to bind the Oath:  
 Then *Thomas*, — ' Here thrust down thy Hand behind,  
 ' Worthy your *Convent*, there a Gift you'll find:  
 Adown he thrust his Hand unto the Clift,  
 And gropes around to find the wish'd for Gift:  
 Delusive Hope! Something too closely pent,  
*Hoarse rumbling* from within, demands a Vent;  
 It burst; then dissipated here and there,  
 And fill'd th' *expecting Hand* with *empty Air*:  
 Amaz'd the *Fryar* started with Surprise,  
 Red glow'd his Cheeks, and ardent flash'd his Eyes:  
 ' Is thus, he cry'd, thy *Penitence* confess'd?  
 ' Is this, false Churl, thy Duty to a *Priest*?  
 Nor there he'd ended, but to stop the Fray,  
*Men, Maids, and Wife* ran in and chas'd the *Fry'r* away.  
 THE *Priest* enrag'd, now meditating Ire,  
 With hasty Pace trudg'd to the neighb'ring 'Squire,  
 A *Quorum* Justice of a sober Life,  
 The Parish Umpire, to compose their Strife:  
*Ab! Benedicite*, the Justice cry'd,  
 What Evil cou'd to *Fryar John* betide?  
*John* raving stamp'd, e'er that he Silence broke,  
 At last, with swelling Passion thus he spoke:  
 ' *DIVINES* agree, and *Sages* have confess'd  
 ' The *Church* herself is wounded in her *Priest*:  
 Again he roar'd; — Pray Sir, your Patience hold,  
 The Justice cry'd, 'till all your Tale is told:  
 The *Fry'r* the *Fact* relates, as told before;  
 But as the Story heighten'd, rag'd the more:  
 And ever and anon abruptly mix'd  
*Revenge, Pray'rs, Priest, and Holy Church* betwixt.  
 ' *SANCTA Maria!* cry'd the 'Squire's fair Dame,  
 ' Is this, *Sir Fryar*, all the Crime you blame?  
 ' In my Opinion, as I hope to speed,  
 ' A *Churl* has only done a *churlish Deed*.  
 NOT so, the 'Squire with sager Wisdom fraught,  
 But gravely pans'd, and seem'd quite lost in Thought;  
 In Mind revolv'd the *Statutes* o'er and o'er,  
 If ever such a Case occur'd before:

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Then thus reply'd, ' *Good Fry'r*, that *Sound* and *Air*,  
 ' Should be divided in an *equal* Share  
 ' Among *Thirteen*, — No, — not the utmost Skill  
 ' In *Euclid's* Problems could perform his Will;  
 ' The Fact, as to a *Priest*, I own uncivil,  
 ' The Inspiration of some *freakish Devil*:  
 ' Ne'er let the madding Churl perplex thy Soul,  
 ' Sit down and lose thy Sorrows in a Bowl.

*JENKIN*, the *Clerk*, who heard the whole Disaster,  
 And thought he had more Wisdom than his Master,  
 Pertly address'd the 'Squire, — ' Sir, I believe,  
 ' Wou'd you and your *good Confessor* give Leave,  
 ' I'd shew a Way by which the *pious Tribe*,  
 ' This *Comic Gift*, should *equally* divide;  
 ' And though I ne'er *Euclid's* deep Problems knew,  
 ' You'll all allow, 'tis an Axiom true.  
 ' Here, in the Parlour, from the Air close pent,  
 ' I'd have a Cart-wheel with *twelve Spokes* be sent,  
 ' which is, save one, the Number of the Tribe,  
 ' 'Mong whom I *equally* this Gift divide;  
 ' Then to each *Spoke*, each lay his rev'rend Beard,  
 ' Like some wise Seers of Yore, of whom I've heard;  
 ' Your *noble Confessor*, whom Heaven save,  
 ' Shall hold his Nose upright into the *Nave*;  
 ' The Churl be brought, and cou'd it hap'ly speed,  
 ' That he cou'd there repeat his *churlish Deed*;  
 ' 'Tis *Demonstration*, that each Spoke around  
 ' Wou'd *equally* convey the *Air* and *Sound*:  
 ' Indeed the *Fryar* here wou'd *first* be serv'd,  
 ' But sure that *pious Man* has best deserv'd.

THE *Fryar's* Frown betray'd his troubled Mind,  
 But 'Squire and Lady thus in Judgment joyn'd;  
 With a new Coat that *Jenkin* should be clad,  
 And that the Churl was neither *Fool* nor *Mad*.



To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

HERE is no Topic more agreeable to your Female Readers, than that of *Love*, they being more sensibly touch'd with that *Passion* than the Men; and as your Paper is calculated for the Entertainment of the *Fair*, I believe the following little *History* may meet with some Approbation from you, and not prove unacceptable to *them*. Though it may carry with it the Appearance of a *Novel*, I assure you there is no Circumstance through the whole, but what is Truth: By giving it a Place the first Opportunity, you will oblige,

Hertford,  
April 2.

Your constant Reader,

F. G—— C——.

THE first Impressions that *Love* makes on us are the strongest, nor can they be remov'd by the Commands of *Parents*, *Interest*, or *Prudence*: How unhappy then are those Ladies, who, for the Alliance of *Families*, *Titles*, or private Views, are torn from the Arms of those they love, to be married by mercenary Fathers to those they can scarce endure. CLERIMONT, a Gentleman of Fortune, lov'd a Lady, beautiful, young, and rich: The Lady had an equal Passion for CLERIMONT: Their Loves seem'd so much the more happy, because it was approved of by their Parents, who design'd to marry them. ARABELLA, for such was the Lady's Name, looked on CLERIMONT as her Husband, and gave herself therefore a Liberty to indulge a Passion which she thought it her Duty to increase: CLERIMONT was as fond of his ARABELLA, and flatter'd himself with the greatest Happiness, in living with a Woman whose Love was mutual. While the Writings for the



the Marriage were drawing, the young Lady went to one of the Theatres to see a favourite Play; in the Middle of the first Act, CLEANTHES, a young Nobleman of the first Rank, came into the same Box where ARABELLA sat: Her Mein, her Charms, and her Wit, rais'd in him a sudden Passion he knew not how to account for: He gaz'd, he sigh'd, he lov'd: When the Play was over, he conducted her thro' the Crowd to her Chair, and was agreeably surpriz'd when he saw her Servant, to find it the Livery of a Gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next Morning he waited on ARABELLA's Father, and enquir'd after his new Charmer; and as soon as he heard it was his Daughter, he made Proposals of marrying of her: The old Gentleman, when he had recover'd from his Surprise, and found the young Nobleman serious in his Demand, thought the Match too *advantageous* not to be made up as soon as possible. They agreed to have her Jointure settled that Afternoon, the Writings sign'd, and the Marriage consummated the next Morning. CLEANTHES would fain have seen the Lady; but her Father said it was not so proper, 'till he had acquainted her with his Intentions. CLEANTHES hurry'd to his Lawyer to give Instructions for the Settlement; and the old Gentleman sent for ARABELLA, to inform her of his new Engagement: But what Words can describe her Wonder, and the various Effects of Love, Grief, and Despair, whilst she receiv'd the Charge of giving the next Morning her Hand in Marriage to a Lover she knew nothing of? In vain were all her *Tears, Prayers, and Intreaties*: No Reproaches of Injustice to CLERIMONT, no Arguments of future Misery to herself, nor all the soft Persuasions of a paternal Love, could set aside the prevailing Arguments of *Grandeur, Title, and Riches*. Her Father was severe, and would be obey'd, and haughtily urg'd, it was nothing but her *Duty* to comply: He threaten'd her with *Violence* if she resisted his *Will*, and with an imperious Command left her in all the Anguish of a despairing Maiden. Scarce had she recover'd her Senses, when she found Means to send this News to her CLERIMONT's Lodgings; but he was unhappily gone for a Day or two to a Country House he had in a neighbouring

bouring Village, to order some Repairs for the better Reception of his ARABELLA.

THE next Morning, which was to bring her *Misery* and a *Husband*, arrives, after a Night spent in Fears, Hopes, and Despair: Her Father enters her Chamber, renews his Reasons of *Interest*, *Power*, and *Wealth*, but finds her still inflexible: As he knew nothing could move her, but persuading her it was her Duty, he threatened her with the heaviest *Curses* in Case of Disobedience. In fine, amid the Horrors of such a Guilt, amid the tender Thoughts of CLERIMONT, and the Fears of a Father's Curse, she suffered herself to be dragg'd to the Altar, perceiving it impossible to avoid the Sacrifice.

AFTER the Ceremony, she was conducted to her Lord's House, where, if Pomp, Titles, and Riches could give Happiness with a Man she did not love, none could have been more happy than ARABELLA: But in the publick Joy she seemed discontented, and broken Sighs, and dejected Looks, betrayed the inward Sorrow of her Heart.

CLERIMONT heard the next Day of ARABELLA's Marriage; and after being informed of the Particulars, he could not bear to continue in *London*, but took Post Horses immediately for *Paris*, under all the Grief a disappointed Lover could bear.

ARABELLA's Husband was good-humour'd, complaisant, and passionately fond of her; preventing every Wish, by giving her every Thing she could desire: But Love is very unjust; she could only repay the *Tenderness* of her *Husband* in a cold *Indifference*; which he perceiv'd, and was sensibly affected with, though he knew not she lov'd any other Person. He continued his earnest Endeavours to please, but without any Success.

AT this Time a Friend of his arrived from *Paris*, and told him, without any Design, of the former Love of ARABELLA and CLERIMONT. He was Thunder-struck with the News, and never enquired more into the Cause of her Coldness to him: He was convinced of her Virtue, as she was strict in her Behaviour, cautious of her Company, regular in her Family, shewing great *Respect* to him, but no *Tenderness*; and he saw with Grief

Grief, it was her good Sense only, not her Inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her Conduct, but complained of his own bad Fortune.

AMONG other solitary Amusements, ARABELLA us'd to divert her Melancholy in designing Landskips, which she did to Perfection: In all her Designs, (her *Passion* and *Thoughts* being still fixed on CLERIMONT,) you might find that unhappy Lover; sometimes as a despairing Shepherd under the Covert of a *Willow*; sometimes as a gay roving Swain among a *Troop* of Country Lasses, just as her *Hope* or *Fear* dictated. CLEANTHES having often seen CLERIMONT in publick Places, and knowing his Person, felt inexpressible Anguish to see the Heart of his Wife so sensibly affected towards his Rival; but he was quite overwhelmed with Grief, when he saw her hang these Pictures by her *Bedside*, that so her *Lover* might be the first Object that appeared to her when she wak'd; and one Morning while her *Husband*, who deserved the utmost *Pity*, seemed to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy to hear her sigh, as she looked on those Landskips, and in a passionate Tone cry out, — *My Dear, Dear CLERIMONT!* — But even this Declaration moved not CLEANTHES to shew any *Resentment*, but, if possible, he redoubled his *Tenderness*, hoping that might wean her from a *Passion* so ill placed.

ALMOST two Years he spent in this Condition, without being able to change in the least the Heart of his ARABELLA; when despairing of her Love, he resolved to make a Campaign in *Flanders*; where, in a desperate Attempt, which he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his Wishes, he receiv'd two mortal Wounds: He was carry'd to his Tent, where, finding some Strength remaining, he call'd for Pen and Paper, and wrote the following Letter to her.

*My Dear ARABELLA,*

‘ I WOU'D have said *Wife*, had I not been convinced  
 ‘ that Name is hateful to you: As this is the last  
 ‘ Letter you will ever receive from me, I must testify  
 ‘ in it my Grief for having been the Occasion of the  
 ‘ Misery I am sensible you feel in your losing CLERI-  
 ‘ MONT: But had I known, my ARABELLA, your  
 ‘ Heart

Heart had been pre-engaged, I would not have parted you from the Man you so tenderly lov'd, to have joined you to a *Husband* you could never endure. That I loved you, by my Actions you may be satisfied; but should any Doubt remain, think what I must have felt, rather than give you any Uneasiness in reproaching you, when I have beheld the *Happy CLERIMONT* in every *Picture*, in every *Room*, nay, by your *Bed-side*, to be the Object of your Wishes. — When I have heard you sigh for him, and passionately call for him. — This I silently suffered; I saw you indulge a Passion which you should have strove to stifle. — I *wish'd* you could have lov'd *me*, but *wish'd* in *vain*. I am now within a few Moments of Death; and in these latest Words I desire that no uneasy Remembrance of what is past, may ever disturb the Pleasure which you will soon be at Liberty to enjoy with your *CLE-*  
*RIMONT*. — Could you have lov'd *me*, we both might have been *happy*; but your first Love had made too strong an Impression to be eras'd. You may be *happier* with *CLERIMONT*, but can never have a more *loving Husband* than

*Your Expiring*

CLEANTHES.

THE News of CLEANTHES's Death, accompany'd with this Letter, flung her into an extreme Grief; but when his Body was brought home from the Army to be interr'd with his Ancestors, she would have sacrificed herself, that she might give him her *Life*, because she had not given him her *Heart*. As often as she called to Mind the *Love*, *Merit* and *Tenderness* of her *Husband*, with Reproaches on her *Stars*, her *Love* and her *Father*, she flung herself into all the Agonies of *Rage* and *Madness*.

SO violent a State brought on a burning Fever, which in a few Days terminated in the Death of a Woman, who died unhappily for being marry'd to the Man she could not love, and who might have liv'd happy with the Man she did.

*Exemplo*



*Exemplo monstrante viam.*

Manil.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

A MAN that would pass through the World with *Decency* and *Satisfaction*, and entail Happiness on his *Posterity*, must conduct himself with a great deal of *Good Nature*, *Probity* and *Discretion*; for if these are wanting, whatsoever his Station be in Life, he will make himself miserable, and probably occasion the *Ruin* of his *Family*.

THIS Truth can never be more remarkably proved, than by giving my *Readers* the History and Character of DUPLEX and SINCERO. — These two Gentlemen were *Merchants*, and near Neighbours, brought up under the same Master, and traded in the same Way. — When DUPLEX began the World his Fortune was full 10,000 *l.* SINCERO had not quite 1500 *l.* but the Difference of their Circumstances was much less than that of their Disposition and Manner of Dealing; whereby, in a short Time, SINCERO gain'd the Reputation of an open, honest, and fair Trader, whilst every Body accounted DUPLEX a crafty, artful, and designing Man. They set out, almost together, with an equal Application to Business, and soon became considerable among the Merchants: DUPLEX, by the Advantage of so fair a Fortune; and SINCERO by his blameless Character, which quickly gain'd him a universal Credit. Both of them were Men of excellent good Parts, and well acquainted with Mankind; but in their natural Temper, DUPLEX was assuming, deceitful, reserv'd, and avaritious: SINCERO courteous, affable, undisguis'd, and generous. In Affairs of Business, DUPLEX was imposing, rigorous, and untractable; SINCERO gentle, reasonable, and compassionate. *One*, nicely punctual to his Word, might always be rely'd upon; but it was dangerous

gerous to believe the Promises of the *other*. DUPLEX would not rob, because he fear'd the Punishment: SINCERO was not only strictly honest, but friendly, by *Inclination*. If you ask'd a Favour of SINCERO, he would find a Pleasure in obliging you; but DUPLEX would serve Nobody, unless he imagin'd it might turn to his own Advantage. These were the Principles which made DUPLEX odious, whilst SINCERO became universally esteem'd and prais'd.

AFTER a few Years, DUPLEX thought fit to marry; induced thereto by *Interest*, which he made the Guide of all his Actions. The *Wife* he took, had neither Beauty, Youth, Sense, Good-Nature, nor Good-Manners, but was notoriously deficient in them all: However, blind Fortune had accidentally lavish'd upon her an Abundance of *Riches*, which he prefer'd to all the Accomplishments in the World. — A wealthy Merchant dying, suddenly, abroad, without a *Will*, she, a distant Relation, and unknown to him when alive, came in as next of Kin, and some of his Effects being in the Hands of DUPLEX, occasion'd their first Acquaintance. Her best Days had been spent in *daily Labour*, whereby she gain'd a scanty Livelihood: She was lame, deform'd and hagg'd; her *Behaviour* coarse and vulgar; her *Temper* morose and violent. — The Courtship was not long: They marry'd; after which Time, during her Life, DUPLEX scarce knew a quiet Hour: If he had been inclin'd to please her, it was a Thing impossible; the Clamour of her Tongue was continual, as well as loud, and he the Object of it; till, happily for him, she fell to drinking *Drams*, and dispatch'd herself in about five Years, leaving him two Daughters, of whom I shall speak anon.

ON the other Hand, SINCERO continued not long a Batchelor; but then, in the Change of his Condition, he was directed by *Motives* very different from the former. He consider'd *Matrimony* as a State wherein tho' *Money* is very needful, yet, that *alone* can never produce *Happiness*; and abhorr'd the Thought of *selling* himself for *Pelf*. He judg'd aright, that when two People are oblig'd to pass a Life *together*, it is highly requisite they should be perfectly *agreeable* to each other; and that

*Misery*

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*Misery* must ensue, unless their *Humours* and *Inclinations* suit. In pursuance of this Opinion, he fix'd his Choice on CLARISSA, a Lady some few Years younger than himself. She was remarkable for her *Beauty*, the exquisite *Turn*, and just *Proportion* of her *Person*; but much more so for the *Perfections* of her *Mind*. The *Race* from whence she sprung, had been long renown'd for *Virtue*, fine *Sense*, and fine *Breeding*, and she excell'd in all. Her *Education* had been regular and polite: She was Mistress of *Music*, *Dancing*, *Painting*, and all those other genteel *Accomplishments* which are most graceful in the *Fair Sex*, and had learn'd at the same Time the Art of good *O'Economy*, and the prudent *Management* of a *Family*: But with all this, she was neither *affected*, *proud*, nor *vain*. Her Behaviour, on all Occasions, was *modest*, *cheerful*, *discreet* and *innocent*: She had *Wit* at Will, but it was always under the Direction of *sound Judgment*, and never made Use of it to expose, or give Uneasiness to any Body; for *Good-Nature* was her most *distinguishing* Excellence, and she had the sweetest Temper in the World.

THIS Lady, SINCERO thought would make him a desirable *Wife*: He address'd her, he lov'd her with an unfeign'd Affection: She accepted, and return'd his Passion; and, after a convenient Time of Trial, her fond *Parents* gave her to his Arms, with a Satisfaction not to be express'd. Her Fortune, though not large, might well be call'd a handsome one; but herself was an inestimable Treasure.

SINCERO, by his wife Choice, was made the happiest Man alive: After the *Fatigue* of Business without Doors, he never met with any Thing at Home to ruffle or discompose him: There CLARISSA kept all Things serene and quiet, and receiv'd him always with open Arms, a smiling Countenance, and all the soft Endearments of chaste and faithful Love. — They grew old together; but their Affection for each other remain'd *unalterable*. She found constantly in him a most obliging, careful, and tender Husband: He in her, a sincere Friend, a prudent Wife, and an agreeable Companion. — Their Satisfaction in each other had a happy Influence on all the Family. The Children, (for they had

two Sons, and as many Daughters) by the *Example* of their Parents, became open hearted, affectionate, and kind to one another, as well as complaisant and friendly to every Body besides; and even the very *Servants*, meeting with no Pride, Peevishness, or unreasonable Complaints, grew more tractable and civiliz'd than usual, and not only serv'd them with Cheerfulness, but lov'd them also.

BUT to return to DUPLEX. ——— His natural *ill Temper* was render'd so much worse by the *Perverseness* of his Wife, whom in his Heart he despis'd and hated, that the Effects of it continu'd all his Life. Being uneasy in himself, he made every Body so about him. His *Servants* he look'd upon as meer *Slaves*, and treated with the utmost Moroseness, Haughtiness and Contempt. His *Daughters* were brought up not to love, but fear him: He regarded them with *no Kind* of Tenderness, nor allow'd them an *Education* any Way suitable to his Circumstances. Taking no Pleasure in their Company, he *seldom* saw them, and when he did, was for ever finding Fault, in such a Manner, that they dar'd not speak before him, but trembled at his Presence; and consider'd him rather as a *Tyrant* than a *Father*. This (as such Treatment always must in *Children*, whose young Minds should be *sooth'd* with Love and Gentleness) destroy'd their *natural Vivacity*, broke their *Spirit*, and made them *fretful, gloomy, obstinate and sullen*.

HAVING suffer'd so much already, DUPLEX was afraid to think any more of Marriage; but his *Avarice* increasing with his *Riches*, he employ'd his whole Endeavours to amass up *Money*, and was so eager after it, that, not content with *safe and honest* Ways, he enter'd into *clandestine Trade*, wherein, being discover'd, he fell under the *Displeasure of the Government*, and was obliged to pay a large and heavy *Fine*, as well as undergo abundance of *Trouble and Disgrace*. He made a Practice, likewise, of *lending* Money to People in Necessity, for *exorbitant and unlawful* Interest, whereby he suffer'd frequent Losses, was continually under uneasy Apprehensions, and very often harrassed with expensive, vexatious, and shameful *Suits at Law*. By these Means, he rather lessen'd than increas'd his Fortune, and made his  
Life



Life a *miserable State* of Hurry, Perplexity and Confusion.

WHEN his *Daughters* became *marriageable*, he had several good *Offers* for them; but being determin'd to part with nothing in his Life-time, it was not likely they should succeed. At last, however, a *Gentleman* of a good Family, though but a slender Fortune, took a Fancy to the Youngest, and meeting with *Encouragement*, (for DUPLEX gave Hopes to *all* 'till they began to talk of Money) the *young People* engaged themselves so far, that, believing he would soon be brought to Reason afterwards, they *ventur'd* upon Matrimony. — This was what DUPLEX wanted; he had now a fair Opportunity of *getting off* a Child, and a plausible Pretence of doing nothing for her: Accordingly, when they came to ask his Blessing, he pretended to be violently displeas'd, and turn'd them both out of Doors, protesting he would not give her one single Farthing: And, indeed, he kept his Word; for though she quickly *lost* her *Husband*, and was thereby reduced to extream *Necessity* and *Distress*, he would not afford her the least *Assistance*, 'till, at his Death, which happen'd twelve Years afterwards, he gave her half his Wealth: — But then it came too late; for, being quite *worn out* with Grief and Poverty, she scarce tasted the Sweets of *Affluence*, before she died, and left an *only Son* behind her, who now enjoys her Fortune. His other *Daughter* was so far advanced in Life, she could not hope for many Offers, and therefore, accepting the *First* that came, she fell into the Hands of *one*, who made her the worst of *Husbands*, in a few Years spent all her Fortune, abus'd her in the vilest Manner, and broke her Heart. This was the lamentable Consequence of *Artifice*, *Covertousness* and *Indiscretion*!

AS for SINCERO, after they had long enjoy'd together an uninterrupted *Happiness*, he left his Wife a Widow; but not before he had seen all his *Children* well disposed of, and settled to his Wish. He had carry'd on, for many Years, with the strictest Honesty, a vast extended *Trade*, and had acquir'd a large Estate, together with the best of Characters. His *Daughters* he marry'd, at a proper Age, to *sober*, *diligent* and *thriving Citizens*, giving them noble Portions; and, when his *Sons* were capable

capable of managing his Business, he left it off to them ; having nothing so much at Heart, as to make all his Children happy. They, in return, regarded him as the most generous *Benefactor*, as well as the best of *Fathers*, and strove to out do each other in *Obedience*, *Gratitude* and *Affection*. Not one of them would do any Thing but by his Advice, nor displease him to gain a Kingdom. When he died, they were inconsolable, and thought themselves undone.—— His *afflicted Widow* did not long survive ; but, while she did, their Endeavours were united to make her forget her Loss : They got her by Turns amongst them, and shew'd, by all the Means in their Power, how sensible they were of what they owed to so kind and good a Parent. But though she received their *dutious Behaviour* with her accustom'd obliging *Tenderness*, it could not banish from her Mind the *Remembrance* of so dear a *Husband* : He, there, was ever uppermost : Grief, not to be overcome, had seiz'd her Spirits, and in about a Year she follow'd him ; expressing, in her last Moments, how great her Satisfaction was to see the *flourishing Condition* of her Family, and leave all her Children in *Happiness* and *Peace*.

\* \* \*



———— *Spatio brevi*  
*Spem longam refecet.* ————

Hor.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

AS I was one lonely Evening revolving in my Memory several of the Faces, Tempers, Objects and Situations, I had met with in the Course of my Peregrination ; the Tide of Images flow'd in so numerously upon me, as, at length, sunk my overlabour'd Senses imperceptibly into the Arms of Sleep.

I WAS on a sudden, in a Dream, convey'd to a wide and wild Country, exceedingly populous, full of unbounded

bounded *Vistas* and other *Romantic* Prospects, which afforded, all the Way, a very amusing but gloomy Scene; the rather, because the Sun there never rose to any *Meridian*, but the Day seem'd ever *Dawning*. Its Inhabitants, though for the Generality no industrious, yet a wakeful and vigilant People, assured me it was called *Cabo de Buena Esperanza*, otherwise known by the Name of the *Land of Promise*; and that, in Defiance of the *Salique Law*, it had ever been under the Female Government. The Lady Regent thereof, was tall of Stature, but very slender; and, by the bounding Kind of Gate she mov'd in, seem'd much taller than she was. She appear'd always in a Mantle ermin'd, or (as I found at my closer Approach) embroider'd over with the Flocks of *Anchors*, the noted Cognizance of her Country. The Seat, or rather Sphere of her Abode, was in the Midst of a most delectable Garden, shining down, self-center'd, as it were, or suspended in the Atmosphere, like a Planet of the most auspicious Aspect. This tempting *Phenomenon*, you must needs think, soon drew the inquisitive Steps of a UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR. So methought I advanced to the great Gate, where I beheld Multitudes crowd in of all Conditions, without any Porter to obstruct them: But a Gardener there was, whose Name, I thought, I could read to be *Confidence* in his very Countenance. He welcom'd them all to an Entrance, upon the slightest Pretext of helping him to *Weed*, or *Water*, or the like; though the Generality manifestly meant no more than to make the shortest Cut through the Garden of their good Lady HOPE, up to the Orchard of FRUITION. How selfish, how ungenerous are the Professions of these encroaching Pretenders, thought I! to make a Thoroughfare of so charming a Paradise, without ever offering at any Proof of Desert, bringing any Recommendation for their Passport, or making any Acknowledgment for the Trouble! I therefore, more conscientiously accosted him, to this Effect:

‘ Sir, I am a Stranger to you, but wish it might be  
‘ made known to the *Patroness* of this fair *Domain*, that  
‘ I am ambitious of being distinguish'd in a more grate-  
‘ ful and uncommon Manner to her, than I have yet  
‘ seen Example of. That I have no Pretensions to her  
‘ Favour,

‘ Favour, but what my Fidelity in her Service may  
 ‘ authorize ; and that I am ready to dedicate such Por-  
 ‘ tion of my Time thereunto, as my Obedience and  
 ‘ Abilities shall render acceptable. As he departed  
 with this Message. I could hear my *Nuncio* sneeringly  
 say, *I suppose, Sir, you have brought your Shroud and*  
*Coffin along with you ?* I heeded not the *Sarcasm* ; but  
 soon found my Address gain’d me not only Admission  
 to the Sovereign Presence, but many a gracious Smile,  
 many a promising Intimation of *Patronage* and *Promo-*  
*tion*, with Orders that *I might wait*, that *Care* should  
 be taken of me, and that I should be conducted to my  
 proper Office or Preferment. Upon this, I immediately  
 perceiv’d myself transported out of the Grand High-  
 Walk of *Procession*, which was planted, all the Way up,  
 with *Arrogance* and *Presumption*, *Persistence* and *Reso-*  
*lution*, in the Form of the *Heliotrope*, the *Narcissus*, and  
 other such-like staring brazen-fac’d Vegerables ; and de-  
 puted to the Cultivation of a more solitary *Parterre*,  
 which lay aloof on the Right Hand. The Company in  
 this Compartment were Men of Parts and Probity, but  
 of great Modesty and Reservation to all out of their  
 own Pale. They shew’d me several *Roots* they had  
 brought with them, some of which were ready to  
 sprout : These they call’d *Science*, *Example*, *Emulation*  
 and *Renown* ; but acknowledg’d they had not yet at-  
 tempted to *set* them, as knowing that, like other tender  
*Climbers*, or adhering and dependent Plants, they would  
 not thrive or grow substantively ; therefore they waited  
 for the making and sending in of some *Garden-Sticks*,  
*Espaliers*, or *Trellises*, for their Support, which, in our  
 Language, I understood to signify the same as *Salary*,  
*Annuity*, *Competency*, *valuable Consideration*, &c. How-  
 ever, as the Ground was every where enamell’d over  
 with many other pretty Greens and Flowers, we could  
 not rest from amusing ourselves with these. They were  
 Perennial, and Winter could not divest them of the  
 blooming Verdure. But all, within this Verge, were  
 of an *humble* Growth, and of a *sensitive* Nature. Those  
 call’d *Patience* and *Expectation*, overspread all the Spot  
 like *Camomile*, and nothing would aspire above the ar-  
 bustine or dwarfish Stature of *Supposition* or *Probabi-*  
*lity*.



*liti.* With these, many pretty Edgings, many Knots and Flourishes did I figure out: With these wrought Bands and Garlands, which I hung aloft, as Testimonies of my *own* Loyalty, and Trophies to my *Sovereign's* Honour: And whenever my Spirits were low and drooping, refreshed them again, with the Wreaths and Chaplets I wove thereof, and wore about my Temples. We conceived it here highly criminal to leap over the Borders, low as they were, and gather those Flowers the pressing Throng made free with: Nay, we found ourselves at every Tendency to such an Attempt, like those other Nocturnal Trespassers upon their Neighbours Enclosures, who have been infatuated by Magic Spells, ever returning into our destin'd Paths, though we wish'd at length, and made several (faint, indeed, but) fruitless Steps, to mingle, and proceed with the rest.

CONTIGUOUS to the *Quarter* we were in, was a *Division*, the most spacious in all the Garden; whereof, by producing a *Badge* I wore in my Bosom, I was permitted to take a Review. By the cooing of the Turtles, and chirping of the Sparrows, the ardent Sighs and languishing Looks of the numerous Assembly, I perceived it to be the Rendezvous of LOVERS. Cross it ran a railed *Partition*, separating the Males from the Females; through which they could cast their wishful Eyes, but not approach to any nearer Communication. In the Midst thereof was a *Door*, and near its *Lock* hung an odd-shaped Sort of a *Key*. By the *Clog* which was fastened thereunto, it seemed to have been particularly designed that it should not be lost. But, though it was accounted a *Master-Key*, and I saw it often handled and turned about, by some of the impatient *Youths*, it was all to little or no Purpose. On the other Side of the Palisade, that *Door* yielded a more dreary, yet alluring Prospect; there being a *Porch*, or Avenue to the same, all overgrown with *Moss*; therefore was it named the GROTTO; and really, in my Opinion, it did make an Appearance somewhat *Grotesque*. Hither, the brisk young *Females* were continually scudding, and (many of them,) endeavouring thereat, to convert their pretty Fingers into *Picklocks*; while a little roguish *Cupid*, seemingly officious to serve them, would often mischievously

chievously interfere, with a Feather dipp'd in *Oyl*, to lubricate the *Springs* or *Wards* of the *Lock*, and, every now and then, laugh'd heartily, to see what a *Pickle* they made their Hands in.

BESIDES these, and several other busy Scenes about me, what farther heightn'd the Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction in my melancholy and unprogressional Duration, was, the Prospect of that vast *Orchard* at the upper End of the Garden, which we saw so plentifully laden all over with Fruit; and this, so riotously gather'd and engross'd by the *bold* Crew beforemention'd. Among other Fruit Trees there growing, I ask'd my Companions, what that gay one was call'd, which overtopp'd all the rest, and look'd like a Ship under full Sail, with all her Streamers and Pendants playing in the Wind? They told me it was nam'd DIGNITY; and that all the *Scepters*, *Truncheons*, *White Wands*, &c. I ever saw, sprung out of the Arms and Branches thereof. I beheld main scrambling about the Root of it, for the *Ribbands* which were thrown down, by the Wind, as I at first thought, but afterwards perceiv'd it was by one of the Company, who had clambered up into the Tree, having first helped himself to a *Red*, and a *Blue* one, and cramm'd a *Coronet* into his Sleeve besides. At another *Tree*, no Conversation pass'd, but in the Dialects of *Ombre* and *Quadrille*, *Hazard* and *Backgammon*: The Expectants here, waited for the *Wind-falls* of lucky *Cards* and *Dice*, which grew in Clusters upon every Bough: And, indeed, they did fall sometimes in such Manner, as to cover and even bury many good old *Escutcheons*, and *Coats of Arme*, which were spread under the Tree for that Purpose.

ANOTHER strange *Tree* there was, unknown to *Theophrastus*, *Dioscorides*, or *Pliny*; and even yet undescribed by *Johnson*, *Parkinson*, or *Ray*. By certain periodical Rotations in the Head of it, I thought, our *Philosophers* might illustrate their Doctrine of the *Circulation* of the *Sap*. There was reported to be a prodigious Disproportion in the Fruit of this Tree; not apparently, with Respect to the Size, but the Nature or Nourishment thereof: Insomuch as one or two of the ripest, a Man could not devour all the Days of his Life;

but any one among Thousands of others, would sustain him but a little while. The whole Product of this Tree, was all curled up in little *Rolls*, and looked like an immense Preparation for some large Piece of our old *Fili-grain* Work; so that there was no distinguishing the *Fruit* from the *Leaves*, as they grew or shot forth, being then of equal Value; but when it *shed* them, and they were cut open, the Difference appeared by certain little *Streaks* in the one, which the other wanted. There swarm'd a perfect Market of People under this Tree, most of them parting with *certain* Sums of ready Money, without any *Certainty* whether their Purchase would be advantageous, or insignificant. When the whole Tree was thus bought up, an injudicious Boy or two perched upon the Branches of it, and threw down, at random, so many of the *Leaves*, that it was *Ten* to *One* if a Purchaser could get any *Fruit*. I might have heard many other secret and singular Qualities of this Tree, which the *Botanists* in those Parts had named the Tree of *LOTS*. But, here my Eyes being attracted to one still more wonderful; in the Name of Eagerness and Impatience, cry'd I, what is that poor turmoil'd Tree in the Middle, at which such Crowds of both Sexes are so vehemently shaking? O ho! said my Companions, that is called the *Tree* of *LIFE*; and all those are new-marry'd People, under the Canopy of its Shade, *shaking* for *Issue* and *Heirs-Male*: And that which grows next on the Right Hand of it, is call'd the *Tree* of *KNOWLEDGE*. Do you see what a *Library* it bears? And how many are gaping on that Side of it, whence there sprout forth innumerable Productions upon the *Perpetual Motion*, the *Philosopher's Stone*, the *Quadrature* of the *Circle*, and the *Longitude*? IN short, the continual Observation of so many more Avaricious, so many less Loyal Subjects, than I supposed there were, often brought Moisture to my Eyes, and Murmurs to my Lips, at the partial Treatment. To see the Unfaithful, the most Successful! the most Presuming, the most Prevailing! and Fraud or Rapine carry their Ends before the most submissive Fidelity! Is this Patronage, is this Promotion, thought I? No, *Movere*, *sed non promovere*, is the Course of a *Mill-horse*; and I will dance no longer the *Fairy-Round* of such a delusive Dependency.



Dependency. My Complaint was soon remonstrated, not without such unjust and disadvantageous Aggravations as are customary among the Idolatrous Sycophants of the Great; and I had Offers of my *Liberty* thereupon brought me, by the *Emissary* I before too fondly employ'd to sacrifice it; who frankly declared, *He had presaged my Success, from the Moment of my first setting out: And confess'd, that this Climate was indeed beneficial to those who are only Sojourners, but not unto any who take up their Residence therein: That it was thought I could have found my Freedom in my Service: That I had known, it was every Prince's Concern to enlarge his Dominions; and to multiply the Objects of Vassalage and Subjection; and that, whosoever became Master of his Will, would no longer be the Servant of HOPE; whose Interest it is, to take all Advantages of People's Credulity; to make the Duty of her Votaries its own Reward; and when they will put on the Chains of Servility, it is her Business, how little soever consistent it may be with her Honour, to rivet them.*

SO I was led to a little Door, which those who abdicate, or are emancipated from the Tyrannical Enchantments of the Lady ESPERANZA, are wont to pass through; at the creaking of whose Hinges, I wak'd; having first been saluted with the *Gratulations* of the more Divine FIDELIA, who was ready there to receive me, and administer'd such wholesome *Reflections* upon the Thralldom I had escaped, as may not, perhaps, be thought unworthy of a Place in some of our succeeding Papers.

Q







——— *ah, quanto satius est,*  
*Te id dare operam, qui istum Amorem ex animo amo-*  
*reas tuo!* Ter. And.

——— *nimia illæc Licentia*  
*Profecto evadet in aliquod magnum malum.*  
 Ter. Adelph.

*From my House in the Minories.*

**A**S the following *Letters* have some Relation to one another; I shall publish them together, for the *Entertainment* of To-day, with such *Observations* on them, as I hope will be of Use. The *first* comes from a *Gentleman*, complaining that his *Mistress* has discarded him, in a Manner which he thinks irregular; and the *other* from a *young Lady*, who sets forth some Hardships her *Sex* lies under in that tender Point of *chusing a Husband*.

*TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;*

*S I R,*

**I**AM a constant Reader of your Paper, and am very sensibly pleas'd, at a Time when your Brother *News Writers* are endeavouring to foment our unhappy Differences, to see you engaged in so laudable an Undertaking, as the correcting of our Follies, and persuading us to Virtue. Now, as every Thing comes under the Consideration of an *Universal Spectator*, I shall make no Excuse for giving you the following Trouble, but proceed to inform you, that about three Months ago I was at a Ball, where I fell passionately in Love with a very beautiful young Lady. From that Time I sought all Opportunities of getting into her Company, and engaged in my Interest such of her Acquain-

‘ Acquaintance as I had any Knowledge of, by whose  
 ‘ Assistance I got several Letters convey’d to her, and  
 ‘ believ’d myself in a very fair Way of succeeding;  
 ‘ when, all on a sudden, I receiv’d a Message, to desire  
 ‘ me to desist Writing, and to assure me, that neither  
 ‘ my Letters nor Addresses would any longer be ad-  
 ‘ mitted. I was almost Thunder-struck at such un-  
 ‘ expected News, knowing that I had done nothing to  
 ‘ disoblige her; which she herself very readily confess’d,  
 ‘ when she was asked whether any Misbehaviour of  
 ‘ mine had occasion’d this severe Alteration. But, not-  
 ‘ withstanding, I could not prevail so much as to obtain  
 ‘ one single Interview, and to have my Answer given  
 ‘ me from her own Mouth.——Had I, indeed, been  
 ‘ reject’d upon my first making known my Pretensions,  
 ‘ I could not then have blamed her, for every one has  
 ‘ undoubtedly a Right to please herself in Love: But  
 ‘ after having receiv’d several of my Letters, and  
 ‘ known my Intentions for so long a Time, then, with-  
 ‘ out being able to give any Reason, to cast me off, and  
 ‘ refuse seeing me, betrays a light ungenerous Spirit.  
 ‘ I believe you and all Mankind will agree with me,  
 ‘ that no discreet Woman will give a Lover any En-  
 ‘ couragement, unless she has some Thoughts of pro-  
 ‘ ceeding farther in the Affair; and that it is an unjust  
 ‘ Way of acting in the Fair Sex, to keep People in Su-  
 ‘ spence, with no other Design than to satisfy their  
 ‘ Pride and Vanity. But this is a Task I am unequal  
 ‘ to, and must beg the Favour of you to take upon you;  
 ‘ and if I am so fortunate to engage a Pen like yours  
 ‘ in my Behalf, I shall not yet despair of bringing  
 ‘ Matters to a happy Conclusion, which will for ever  
 ‘ confirm me, Sir,

*Your obliged humble Servant,*

\* \* \*

WHAT shall I say to this *disappointed Lover*?——  
 In Truth, I pity him, but can’t find any mighty Reason  
 for his complaining of his *Lady’s* Conduct, since she  
 seems to have given him all the *fair Play* a Man of Ho-  
 nour could desire. —— Whilst he was a *Stranger* to  
 her,

her, she did not *haughtily* reject his *Addresses*, but receiv'd his *Letters* for some Time, and gave him *Opportunities* of trying to make himself *agreeable*; which, afterwards, when she found he could not be to her, she, very civilly, by a *third Person*, desir'd him to desist; and this, certainly, was a more *genteel* and *generous Way* of acting, than it would have been to *mortify* him *herself*, by telling him *she did not like him*. — In my Opinion, every *Woman* has a Right to proceed thus far, and may, if she thinks fit, hear what any *Man* has to say, without being suppos'd thereby under any Engagement to him. The Men ask *whom* they *please*, (a Privilege deny'd the other Sex,) but it's presum'd, they never *do so*, 'till they are assur'd of their own Inclinations, and have consider'd well the Consequence; and the poor Women would be hardly us'd, should they be debarr'd a *reasonable Time* to know their own Minds, and give their *Answer*, in a Case that requires the utmost Caution and Deliberation. My *Correspondent* says, the *Lady*, at last, made no *Objection* to his *Behav'our*: But is not this a Proof her *Dislike* was to his *Person*? And surely that will justify her Refusal. — However, to do him *all* the *Service* in my Power, and lest her discarding him in such a Manner, should be any Prejudice to his *Attempts* elsewhere; it is hereby *order'd*, that the said *Lady*, upon his requesting it is a Favour, shall give him a *Certificate*, duly attested under her *Hand* and *Seal*, to inform all whom it may concern, that the *Bearer* thereof, during the Time of his being in her Service, did *behave* himself *obligingly*, *modestly*, and *submissively* towards her, as becomes a *Lover*; and that his *Dismission* was not occasion'd by any *Falshood*, *Impertinence*, or *Misconduct*. — And in Order to settle Matters of this Kind upon a better Foot than they are at present, I think proper likewise to *enact*, that, for the future, every other *disbanded Lover*, shall, upon Demand, be intitled to a like *Certificate* of his good Behaviour.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

Y OUR famous *Predecessor* was a sincere Friend to the Fair Sex, and gave them many useful Admonitions, which much retriev'd the Honour of Woman-kind; and I hope you likewise with equal Candour and good Temper will bestow on us your Advice, when we apply to you, and hear our Complaints; which Belief encourages a Scribe of fifteen to write to you. — I find our Sex, at present, unhappily loaded with dull Rules and unreasonable Formalities, which a long Run of Custom has establish'd and confirm'd. In former Times, when virtuous Women were honour'd, and lewd ones despis'd, a Lady might receive two or three Suitors, without any Reflection; (and then it was some Reputation for the distinguish'd Gentleman to bear away the Prize from a Number of contending Lovers :) But should any Woman do so now, she would immediately be call'd a Coquet; which is a Name given to all Women who, in this Case, have two Strings to their Bow. Or, an Age ago, a Lady might receive a Gentleman for two or three Years; and afterwards, if she found any Reason of Dislike, discard him: But, when a Woman does so now-a-days, she is certainly branded with the Name of Jilt; though the Men change their Mistresses as often as a Courtier does his Face, or a Beau his Dress. Now, Mr. Spectator, I'll be judged by you, what a hard Condition we are in: At this Rate, most Women must either lead Apes in Hell, or take up with a *Hobson's Choice*; must absolutely refuse all, or become contented with the first that Offers. As I said before, it would be some Honour to a Man to win a Lady from a Crowd of Admirers; but, pray, what Credit is it, for a Fellow to prevail, when there is no Antagonist to oppose him?

I AM now, as I've mention'd above, in the 16th Year of my Age, and consequently han't had much to do in the World, having been no more than an Attendant, to say *Yes*, or *No*, when I was ask'd a Question;



' stion ; without any Affections, but what were bias'd  
 ' by *Mamma*, or some favourite Relation. But, now, I  
 ' begin to condemn all girlish Tricks, and think myself  
 ' a Woman ; which is the Reason of my troubling you  
 ' with this Scrawl ; for I'd fain be advis'd by you, how  
 ' to behave myself in these Affairs, when my Turn  
 ' comes, which, perhaps, may be e'er long. I find my  
 ' natural Temper a little coquetish, that is, I would  
 ' willingly make myself so agreeable, as to have an  
 ' Opportunity of chusing out of several, without being  
 ' obliged to take the first that comes ; though, as for  
 ' any jilting Airs, I abhor them heartily. I desire to  
 ' know, therefore, whether a Woman mayn't receive  
 ' more than one Lover at a Time, without any Blemish  
 ' to her Honour ? Since Husbands not only coquet it be-  
 ' fore Marriage, but after, surely, if the Men were  
 ' generous, they would, without Censure, allow us our  
 ' full Swing, 'till that dreadful Day, which subjects us  
 ' to their Commands. — Pray give an Answer as soon as  
 ' possible, to,

*Your constant Reader,*

*And humble Servant,*

CAROLINA.

THIS Letter is partly answer'd in my *Observations*  
 on the preceding ; but lest my *fair Correspondent* should  
 imagine herself neglected, I'll consider her *Epistle* a little  
 more particularly ; and that I may the better do so, re-  
 duce it to these two *Queries*.

First Quere. — *May a Woman entertain several Lovers at the same Time ?*

*Answer.* — Was I sure a *Licence* for so doing would  
 be made Use of to no other Purpose but *chusing* out the  
 best deserving of them for a *Husband*, and that a *Num-*  
*ber* of *Suitors* would never be encourag'd out of *Vanity*,  
 and for the *Amusement* of their Attendance, I could  
 readily indulge her in it : But, a *general Liberty* of this  
 Kind, is so liable to be *abus'd*, and would create such a  
*Multitude* of *Coquets*, that I dare not venture to allow  
 it. — Besides, a considerable *Inconvenience* would  
 arise,

arise, even to the *Women* themselves, (which makes me believe, however fond Miss CAROLINE may be of such a *Licence*, that a Majority of her Sex would vote against it) for whilst *Crowds* are following some *coy fair Ones*, to no Purpose, *others* (who, perhaps, are more kindly inclin'd,) must inevitably be left alone.

Second Quere.—*After a Woman has once receiv'd a Man's Addresses, may she with Honour turn him off.*

Answer.—Yes, certainly, if *she* discovers him *false and base*, or unable to make *her* happy.

\* \* \*



*Reliquiæ sacræ!* ————— Phæd. Fab.

*From my House in the Minories.*

THERE are innumerable little Stories and Novels founded on the Intrigues of the Roman Catholic Clergy; many of them have not only a Pleasantry in the Narration, but carry with them a severe and just Satyr on their Vices in private Life, and their ridiculous Jugglings in Religion. A Correspondent, who dates his Letter from *Richmond*, complains of the impudent Manner after which Popery lately made its Appearance there; and that some Company he often happens to be in, are eat up with a religious Zeal for Relicks. To expose that unmeaning Devotion, and the Artifice of the Priests, he has communicated to me the following entertaining Story, which, he says, is still avouch'd for Truth in some Parts of *France*. — The Story is told in a very agreeable Manner; but, unless I am mistaken, I remember something not unlike it: I hope the Gentleman will excuse my not inserting the Introduction to his Letter, as it seems to carry with it some personal Reflections; a Thing this Paper will always carefully avoid.

*The* BREECHES:

O R,

St. THOMAS DE BECKET's Relick.

**F**ATHER GIRARD was a celebrated Preacher in one of the most noted Cities of *France*; a Man of ready Elocution, handsome Person, and a lively Eye, which was generally roving among the Female Part of his Audience. As he was one Day preaching and searching after Hearts instead of God, and striving by wanton Ogles to make Profelytes to Love instead of Religion, he happen'd to fix his Eyes on a beautiful young Lady, named AGATHA, Wife to a Physician called BERNARD, and was immediately enamour'd with her. The Lady was so very devout, that she had her Eye constantly fix'd on those of the Preacher: But notwithstanding the Zeal of her Devotion, she could not help perceiving that he was handsome: And secretly wish'd Mons. BERNARD, her Husband, was not less agreeable. When Sermon was ended, AGATHA address'd Father GIRARD to give her Confession, who was not a little pleas'd at having so favourable an Opportunity to discover his Passion. GIRARD, seated in the Confessional Chair, heard a short Detail of her own Sins; but then she began a long Account of those her Husband; Age, Neglect, Inability, and, lastly, Jealousy, were reckon'd up as Cardinal Vices. The Father Confessor, with an amorous Grin, reply'd: Jealousy, Madam, is a Passion which can scarce be avoided by that happy Person who possesses so divine a Creature as yourself. AGATHA smil'd, and thinking it Time to return to some Female Friends, who were wairing for her, desir'd Absolution. The Confessor sigh'd, and leering on her with another languishing Look: 'My fair Daughter, cries he, who can free her who is bound to himself? I am captivated with the irresistible Power of your Beauty, and without your Assistance, can neither absolve myself nor you.' AGATHA was young,  
and

and not well vers'd in such Intrigues; yet by the Assistance of a good natural Apprehension, she was not at a Loss to unravel the Meaning of these Words; she had besides, to quicken her Wit, been strictly guarded, and not over-well used by Dr BERNARD; therefore she had not many Scruples of Conscience, but soon let Father GIRARD perceive, that she was not so dull as to mistake his Meaning, nor was of so nice a Virtue, as to be displeas'd at *his* Declaration, and to find, notwithstanding the Sanctity of his Character, he was made of Flesh and Blood. The Business of the Absolution was entirely forgot; GIRARD began to be very amorous, and openly profess'd his Passion, and the Lady undertook to find some Method to have another Interview.——After some Consideration, she acquainted him she was often troubled with Fits, and that all the Medicines her Husband could administer, procur'd her no Ease: Therefore, said she, 'the next Time he is sent for into the Country, I'll feign myself ill of those Fits, and send for you to bring with you some Relick for my Relief.—I suppose, Father, you'll not refuse my Summons, and my Confidant Maid shall conduct you to my Chamber.'——GIRARD applauded her Wit, embraced her with some Rapture, and then they parted.

Dr. BERNARD, who apprehended no ill Consequence from his Wife's religious Zeal, was sent for next Morning, (very opportunely for our Lovers,) to a Country Patient. Scarce was he gone, but AGATHA was seiz'd with one of her Quondam Fits, and in the Midst of her Attendants, call'd frequently for some holy Relick——Some holy Relick of *Thomas a Becket*. The Confidant Maid who was intrusted with the whole Affair, press'd some one to fetch some of that Saint's Relicks from the next Convent, and that Father GIRARD, famous for his Sanctity, should bring it.——They obey'd, told Father GIRARD of the Accident, and he, like a holy and pious Man, chearfully hasted away with the utmost Expedition.

GIRARD arrived, and entered the Room where the afflicted Lady lay, and with a becoming Gravity and well acted Sanctimony, approached the Bed-side. AGATHA pray'd for Help from *Thomas a Becket*.—GIRARD promis'd



mis'd his own Assistance, and that of the Saint also; but said it was necessary before the Relick could have the desir'd Effect, she should make her Confession ——— This made every one depart the Room, and left our religious Lovers to their private Ejaculations.

THE pious Father had not long apply'd the Sacred Relict of *Thomas a Becket*, before Dr. BERNARD, unfortunately returning, was heard coming up Stairs. The Ghostly Father leaped from the Bed, hurried on his Gown, &c. but unhappily forgot his *Breeches*, which lay as a useless Garment at the Bed's Head. The Confidant, at the Stairs Head, bawl'd out her Thanks to Heaven that the Lady was recovered: Dr. BERNARD enter'd the Room, and began to frown to see a *Priest* had found the Way into his House, and began to suspect something from his Wife's sudden Illness. — AGATHA, with a chearful Smile, and with religious Thanks to Heaven, told her Husband of her dangerous Fit, and her miraculous Recovery by *Thomas a Becket's Relick*. — The good Doctor, deceiv'd by the sham Innocence of AGATHA, began to correct his jealous Thoughts; and Father GIRARD, after some pious Advice, and a few Scriptural Texts, wisely withdrew.

FATHER GIRARD had not gone far before he recover'd from his Fright; and at his Recovery, missed his *Breeches*: This put him into another full as bad: What could he do? he dared not go back; but on Consideration, hop'd for the best, that AGATHA and the Maid would convey them secretly away. In the mean Time, the careful uxorious Monsieur BERNARD was rejoicing at his Wife's Recovery, and saying a thousand Things to her: In the Midst of his fondling, he flung himself on the Bed by her, and putting his Hand back to take her in his Arms, run his Arm into the *Breeches*. Surpriz'd at the greazy Trowfers, the known Appurtenance of the Priest, he fell into a worse Fit than that his Wife would have made him believe she had been in. He storm'd! he swore! he rav'd! — Amidst this Distraction, AGATHA, with a ready Wit, and an innocent Face, the peculiar Attributes of a Woman, reply'd, without the least Hesitation, that it was those *Breeches* which had sav'd her Life; 'Tis to them, says she, that I owe  
 ' my

‘ my Cure. — O thou miraculous Vestment of the  
 ‘ divine *Thomas a Becket*, which has shed a pleasing  
 ‘ Influence on thy Adorer ; still may’st thou be the Aid  
 ‘ of weak Woman. — These, adds she, the holy  
 ‘ Father left with me, to strengthen me, and prevent the  
 ‘ Return of my Fit ; in the Evening he is to come for  
 ‘ them.’

THE Readiness of this Excuse, and the well-feigned Religion of his Wife, either deluded honest Monsieur BERNARD ; or else, not knowing how to act, he seem’d to believe her, and so it pass’d off. AGATHA’s Confidant, in the Evening was sent to tell Father GIRARD her Mistress was entirely recovered, and therefore he should come to fetch away the sacred Relicks : She added to this Commission, and acquainted her Mistress’s Confessor of all that had passed. Father GIRARD knew not how to act, but pressed by the Necessity of the Thing, he went to the Warden of the Convent, the Person who presided over them, and was to punish their Irregularity of Manners, and acquainted him with the whole Affair. The Warden reproved him for his *Negligence* ; for, says he, *Si non Caste, tamen Caute* ; *If not chastely, yet cautiously*, is the Maxim of our Convent : However, some Expedient must be found out to save the Reputation of the *Order*. — After some Pauses, he ordered the Chapel-Bell to ring, and convened all the Brothers of the Convent. When they were assembled, he told them of a *Miracle* wrought by the Power of *Thomas a Becket*’s Breeches, in the House of Dr. BERNARD ; acquainted them with the Particulars, and advised to fetch them back to the Convent in solemn Procession. The whole Convent immediately marched out in great Order to Dr. BERNARD’s House. The Doctor met them at his Street-Door, and desired to know the Meaning of so solemn a Visit. The Warden, who was at the Head of them, answered, they were obliged, by the Rules of their Order, to send their Relicks to distressed People, who desired them, in a *private* Manner, and to fetch them back in a *private* Manner, if through the heinous Sins of the Person, the Relick had *no Effect* : But where there was a manifest Miracle, they were to bring them home again with Solemnity, and to record the Whole in the Archives of the Convent.

Dr,

Dr. BERNARD conducted the Warden and Father GIRARD up to his Wife's Bed-chamber. The good Lady held out the *Breeches* wrapped up in a clean Napkin, which the Warden opened, and kissed the sacred Relick with a personal Reverence; then going down, each Brother passed by in their Turns, and paid it the same Honours; after which, being placed on a long Pole, like a Military Standard, the Fraternity returned in greater Solemnity, singing an Anthem, and followed by vast Crowds of People: When they came to their Convent, it was placed some Days on their Altar as an Object of Devotion; and Dr. BERNARD, ostentatious of his Wife's Piety, told every Body the astonishing Miracle wrought on his Wife by *St. Thomas a Becker's Breeches*.



*Nosce Teipsum.*

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**K**NOW THY SELF, is a Sentence of Advice which the *Greeks* esteemed so highly, that they caused it to be engraven on a Plate of Gold, and hung up in the Temple of APOLLO, and its Author, THALES, was the first to whom they gave the glorious Title of *wise Man*.—Short as this *Precept* is, it is a Summary of all Instruction, both *moral* and *religious*; for whoever knows himself, will reflect from whence he came, and, consequently, adore and praise that *Power* which gave him Being: It must also lead him on to a Consideration of the *Relation* wherein he stands; and what he owes to all *Mankind*; it will likewise teach him what Place he fills in the *Creation*, and make him behave in such a Manner, as is most suitable to his *Rank* and *Dignity*: So that it comprehends his Duty to *God*, his *Neighbour*, and *Himself*, and must destroy the Seeds of Pride, Envy, Cruelty, and Impiety.

BUT



BUT not to enter gravely into this Subject, which, perhaps, would make my *Readers* more serious than they care to be; at present I shall only shew, how the Want of this most useful Knowledge is the Occasion of those *Follies* and *Extravagancies* which bring certain *Contempt* and *Ridicule*.——For Want of this, my Friend WILL. WINDLE, who, by a Fall in his Infancy, has the Misfortune to have Legs like crooked Billets, and a Back sticking up like a Camel's, dresses out the first in Stockings with Silver Clocks, and makes the other as remarkable as 'tis possible, by hanging down it a long thick Tail, and spreading over it a Paste of Grease and Powder; whereby, instead of being considered, where-e'er he comes, with Compassion, as an unfortunate Man, which in a decent Habit he certainly would be; he, now, only serves to excite the Mirth of every Beholder, and is despised and laughed at, as the awkward and fantastical Representative of a Monkey.——It is owing to this unhappy Ignorance, that TOM WAFER will needs set up for writing Poetry, though he has no more Genius than an Ox, nor Learning beyond the Bellman. Poor TOM was brought up to the Law, for which Employment he has an admirable Capacity, and by a little Application, would, undoubtedly, have gained a handsome Fortune; but, very unluckily, he took it in his Head to fall in Love with the *Muses*, and imagine himself inspired by *Phœbus*: Since which Time, he has wholly given over Business; because, he says, it cramps his Fancy; and wastes his Life in writing insipid *Verses*, or lulling his Friends to sleep with reading them. Hence it comes to pass, that instead of Ease, Plenty, and Reputation, to which he had the ready Means of attaining, he finds himself incumbered with Debts and Poverty, meets with Affronts or a cold Reception every where, and has often the horrid Mortification of hearing himself called a wretched Scribbler.——GLAURA, some Years past, thought proper to retire for a Month or two into the Country; her Absence was not then much minded, and had been long ago quite forgot; but she is so exceedingly censorious towards her own Sex, so ready to make every little Freedom criminal, and so full of Invective, Scandal, and Ill-nature, upon all Occasions, that,



that, by being provoked to examine into her Conduct, People have found out the Farm House, where she was brought to Bed; can tell her the Boy's Name; who nurs'd it; where it is at present boarded in the Country; and which of her Father's Footmen was the Father of it.

——Mr. TIMEWELL has lately purchased 2000 *l.* *per Ann.* he's a good temper'd Man, and might enjoy it without Envy, nor would any Body enquire how he came by it; but, in all Companies he complains of the South Sea Year, curses the Directors, and tells of his own Losses. This never fails to raise a Laugh upon him, for every Body have now informed themselves, that before that Time, his Fortune was barely 6000 *l.* that he laid it all out in Stock, and was the busiest Man in *Change-Alley*; that he never was in Trade, or had any visible Means of increasing it, and that he sold out at near 800.

IT would be endless to mention all the Follies and Absurdities arising from an Ignorance of ourselves and our own Abilities, from attempting Things we are unfit for, or pretending to be what we are not. The *Ass* in the *Lion's Skin* was not more ridiculous than a Man in such Circumstances. How great must be the Shame and Confusion of Mr. TATTLE, at a great Man's Table, in a Circle of strange Company, upon the following Occasion!——A *Gentleman* was giving an Account of *Spain*; Mr. TATTLE breaks in upon him, and talks of it as if he had been born there, describes their Manners, Laws and Customs, and tells Stories of them, which he laughs at very heartily. The *Gentleman*, with great Civility and Good-nature, rectifies his Mistakes, and assures him they are quite a different Sort of People than what he seems to think. *Sir*, says Mr. TATTLE, with much Warmth and Anger at the Interruption, you must not tell me so; what I relate, comes directly from our *Minister* at that *Court*, who returned from thence but t'other Day, and is my particular Acquaintance. Then, after giving several Instances of their Intimacy, he went on with greater Confidence than before, till one of the Company whispered him in the Ear, that the *Gentleman* he spoke to, was that very *Minister*, and but just arrived in *England*.

WHEN People act out of Character, or mistake their Talents, they always become ridiculous. How preposterous is it to find *Divines* employing their whole Time in *Politicks*, writing for the *Play-houses*, or explaining *wanton* Authors! To find *Gentlemen* of Rank and Fortune associating themselves with *Gamesters*, *Scoundrels*, and *Pickpockets*! Or, Women of Virtue and Reputation continually at *Masquerades*! Who can forbear laughing, to find People talking with great Assurance of *Authors* they never read, or translating from *Languages* they do not understand? To find *Old Age* affecting *Youthfulness*, humming *Opera Airs*, and tripping *Minuets*? Or to hear *Girls* discoursing gravely of *Rapes*, and *Trials* for *Criminal Conversation*? To observe People advising *others*, who are *themselves* notorious for *Indiscretion* and *Misconduct*; or disputing *Points* of which they are entirely *ignorant*, with those who have made them the Study of all their Lives?

\* \* \*

*The following humourous POEM, we hope, will not be unacceptable to our Readers.*

*The* COBLER. A TALE.

YOUR Sage and Moralist can show  
Many Misfortunes here below;  
A Truth which no one ever mis'd,  
Though neither Sage nor Moralist:  
Yet all the Troubles notwithstanding,  
Which Fate or Fortune has a Hand in,  
Fools to themselves will more create,  
In Spite of Fortune and of Fate.  
Thus oft are dreaming Wretches seen,  
Tortur'd with Vapours, and the Spleen,  
Transform'd (at least, in their own Eyes)  
To Glafs, or China, or Goose-Pies.

Others

Others will to themselves appear  
 Stone-dead, as *Will*. the Conqueror ;  
 And all the World in vain might strive,  
 To face them down that they're alive.  
 Unlucky Males with Child will groan,  
 And sorely dread their lying down ;  
 As fearing, that to ease their Pain,  
 May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlain*.

Imaginary Evils flow,  
 Merely from Want of real Woe ;  
 And when prevailing Whimsies rise,  
 As monstrous wild Absurdities  
 Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute,  
 Found without *Bedlam*, as within it.  
 Which if you further wou'd have shown,  
 And Leisure have to read — read on.

THERE liv'd a Gentleman, possess'd  
 Of all that Mortals reckon best :  
 A Seat well chose in wholesome Air,  
 With Gardens, and with Prospects fair :  
 His Land from Debt and Jointure free ;  
 His Money, never in *South-Sea* ;  
 His Health of Body firm and good,  
 Though pass'd the Hey-day in his Blood :  
 His Comfort fair, and good, and kind ;  
 His Children rising to his Mind :  
 His Friends ingenuous and sincere ;  
 His Honour, nay, — his Conscience clear :  
 He wanted naught of human Bliss,  
 But Pow'r to taste his Happiness.

TOO near, alas ! this great Man's Hall  
 A merry Cocker had a Stall ;  
 An arch old Wag as e'er you knew,  
 With Breeches red, and Jerkin blue :  
 Cheerful, at Working, as at Play,  
 He sung and whistled Life away.  
 When rising Morning glads the Sky,  
 Clear as the merry Lark, and high ;  
 When Ev'ning Shades the Landskip veil,  
 Late warbling as the Nightingale.  
 Though Pence came slow, and Trade was ill,  
 Yet still he sung, and whistled still ;

Though

Though patch'd his Garb, and coarse his Fare,  
He laugh'd, and cast away old Care.

THE rich Man view'd, with Discontent,  
His ratter'd Neighbour's Merriment ;  
With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see,  
A Beggar pleasanter than he :  
And, by Degrees, to hate began  
Th' intolerable happy Man ;  
Who haunted him like any Sprite,  
From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.

IT chanc'd as once in Bed he lay,  
When Dreams are true, at Break of Day,  
He heard the Cobler at his Sport,  
Amidst his Musick stopping short :  
Whether his Morning Draught he took,  
Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoke.  
The 'squire suspected, being shrewd,  
This Silence boded him no good,  
And, 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,  
A Machiavelian Plot he fear'd.

Straight Circumstances crowded plain  
To vex and plague his jealous Brain :  
Trembling, in Pannick Dread he lies,  
With gaping Mouth and staring Eyes ;  
And straining wistful both his Ears,  
He soon persuades himself he hears  
One skip and caper up the Stairs,  
Sees the Door open quick, and knew  
His dreaded Foe in Red and Blue,  
Who, with a Running-Jump, he thought,  
Leap'd plumb directly down his Throat ;  
Laden with Tackle of his Stall,  
Last, Ends, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl :  
No sooner down, than with a Jerk  
He fell to Musick, and to work.

IF much he griev'd our Don before,  
When but o' th' Outside of his Door ;  
How sorely must he now molest,  
When got o' th' Inside of his Breast !  
The waking Dreamer groans and swells,  
And Pangs imaginary feels ;



Catches and Scraps of Tunes he hears,  
 For ever ringing in his Ears ;  
 Ill-favour'd Smells his Nose displease,  
*Mundungus* strong, and rotten Cheese :  
 He feels him, when he draws his Breath,  
 Or tug the Leather with his Teeth,  
 Or beat the Sole, or else extend  
 His Arms to th' utmost of his End,  
 Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,  
 The Ribs of any Mortal Side.  
 Is there no Method then, to fly  
 This vile intestine Enemy ?  
 What can be done, in this Condition,  
 But sending instant for Physician ?

THE Doctor, having heard the Case,  
 Burst into Laughter in his Face :  
 Told him, he needs no more than rise,  
 Open his Windows, and his Eyes ;  
 Whistling and stitching there to see  
 The Cbler, as he us'd to be.  
 Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences  
 Shall ne'er persuade me from my Senses,  
 How shall I rise, the heavy Brute  
 Will hardly let me wag a Foot.  
 Though Seeing for Belief may go,  
 Yet feeling is the Truth you know :  
 I feel him in my Sides, I tell ye ;  
 Had you a Cbler in your Belly,  
 You scarce would flee as now you do :  
 I doubt your Guts would grumble too.  
 Still do you laugh ? I tell you, Sir,  
 I'd kick you soundly, cou'd I stir.  
 Thou Quack, that never had'st Degree,  
 In either University :  
 Thou meer Licentiate, without Knowledge,  
 The Shame and Scandal of the College.  
 I'll call my Servants if you stay ;  
 So, Doctor, scamper while you may.

ONE thus dispatch'd, a second came,  
 Of equal Skill, and greater Fame :  
 Who swore him mad as a *March Hare*.  
 (For Doctors, when provok'd, will swear.)

To drive such Whimsies from his Pate,  
He dragg'd him to the Window strait.  
But jilting Fortune can devise,  
To baffle and out-wit the Wife:  
The Cobler, e're expos'd to View,  
Had just pull'd off his Jerkin blue;  
Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,  
To sit in *Fresco* in his Shirt.

Ah! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,  
You know him not so well as I;  
The Man who down my Throat is run,  
Has got a true-blue Jerkin on.

In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,  
Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore;  
Told him he might believe as well,  
The Giant of *Pantagruel*  
Did oft, as break his Fast or sup,  
For poach'd Eggs swallow Windmills up;  
Or that the *Holland* Dame could bear  
A Child, for ev'ry Day i'th' Year.

The vapour'd Dotard, grave and sly,  
Mistook for Truth each wrapping Lye;  
And drew Conclusions such as these,  
Resistless, from the Premisses.

I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,  
A Windmill's bigger than a Stall:  
And since the Lady brought alive  
Children, three hundred sixty five;  
Why should you think there is not Room  
For one poor Cobler in my Womb?  
Thus every Thing his Friends could say  
The more confirm'd him in his Way:  
Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,  
'Twas certain, though impossible.

NOW worse and worse his piteous State  
Was grown, and almost desperate:  
Yet still the utmost Bent to try,  
Without more Help he would not die.  
An old Physician, sly and shrewd,  
With Management of Face endu'd;  
Heard all his Tale; and ask'd, with Care,  
How long the Cobler had been there?

Nored

Noted distinctly what was said ;  
 Lift up his Eyes, and shook his Head,  
 And grave accosts him, on this Fashion,  
 After mature Deliberation,  
 With serious and important Face :  
 Sir, your's is an uncommon Case :  
 Though I've read *Galen's Latin* o'er,  
 I never met with it before ;  
 Nor have I found the like Disease  
 In Stories of *Hippocrates*.  
 Then, after a convenient Stay,  
 Sir, if Prescription you'll obey,  
 My Life for your's, I'll set you free,  
 From this same two-legg'd Tympany.  
 'Tis true, you're gone beyond the Cure  
 Of fam'd Worm-powder of *John Moor* ;  
 Besides, if downwards he be sent,  
 I fear he'll split your nether Vent :  
 But then, your Throat, you know, is wide,  
 And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd ;  
 The same Way he got in, 'tis plain,  
 There's Room to fetch him out again :  
 I'll bring the forked Worm away,  
 Without a *Dysenteria* :  
*Emeticks* strong will do the Feat,  
 If taken *Quantum sufficit* :  
 I'll see myself the proper Dose,  
 And then *Hypnoticks* to compose.

The Wretch, though languishing and weak,  
 Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,  
 Cries, what so learn'd a Man as you  
 Prescribes, dear Doctor, I shall do.  
 The Vomit speedily was got,  
 The Cobler sent for to the Spot,  
 And taught to manage the Deceit,  
 And not his Doublet to forget.  
 But first the Operator wise,  
 Over the Sight a Bandage ties :  
 For Vomits always strain the Eyes.  
 Courage ! I'll make you disemogue,  
 Spight of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue ;

I'll drench the Rascal, never fear,  
And bring him up, or drown him there.  
Warm Water down he makes him pour,  
'Till his stretch'd Guts could hold no more;  
Which doubly swell'n, as you may think,  
Both with the Cobler, and the Drink,  
What they receiv'd against the Grain,  
Soon paid with Interest back again.  
Here come his Tools! he can't be long,  
Without his Hammer and his Thong.  
The Cobler humour'd what was spoke,  
And gravely carry'd on the Joke;  
As he heard nam'd each single Matter,  
He chuck'd it fouse into the Water;  
And then, not to be seen as yet,  
Behind the Door made his Retreat.  
The sick Man now takes Breath awhile,  
Strength to recruit for farther Toil.  
Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,  
The Tackle floating there espies;  
Fully convinc'd within his Mind,  
The Cobler could not stay behind;  
Who to the Alehouse still would go,  
Whene'er he wanted Work to do:  
Nor cou'd he like his present Place,  
He ne'er lov'd Water in his Days.  
At length he takes a second Bout,  
Enough to turn him Inside out;  
With Vehemence so sore he strains,  
As would have split another's Brains.  
Ah! here the Cobler comes, I swear!  
(And Truth it was, for he was there.)  
And, like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,  
Kick'd, with his Foot, the Vomit down.  
The Patient, now grown wond'rous light,  
Whipp'd off the Napkin from his Sight;  
Briskly lift up his Head, and knew  
The Breeches, and the Jerkin's Hue:  
And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,  
As down the Stairs he ran his Way,  
He'd ne'er set Foot within his Door:  
He'd jump down open Throats no more:

No;



No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again  
Run, like a Fox, down the Red Lane.

OUR Patient thus, his Inmate gone,  
Cur'd of the Crotchets in his Crown,  
Joyful his Gratitude expresses,  
With thousand Thanks, and hundred Pieces,  
And thus, with much of Pains and Cost,  
Regain'd the Health he never lost.

## M O R A L.

**T**AUGHT by long Miseries, we find  
Repose is seated in the Mind;  
And most Men soon or late have own'd,  
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.  
This real Wisdom timely knows,  
Without Experience of the Woes;  
Nor needs instructive Smart, to see,  
That all on Earth is Vanity.  
Loss, Disappointment, Passion, Strife,  
Whate'er torments, or troubles Life,  
Though groundless, grievous in its Stay,  
It shakes our Tenements of Clay,  
When past, as nothing we esteem;  
And Pain, like Pleasure, is a Dream.





*Blest is the Land where every Fair can find,  
In Life's gay Prime, an Husband young and kind:  
Where Boys and Girls, with numberless Increase,  
Assure succeeding Times of Glory, Wealth, and Peace.*

Anonymous.

*From my House in the Minories.*

NOTHING is more notorious than the general Neglect, or rather Contempt of *Matrimony*, which at present prevails amongst us, to the great Prejudice of the whole Nation, by rendering useless many thousands of deserving *Females*, who would make valuable *Wives* and *Mothers*, and giving up our young *Fellows* to a Life of Licentiousness and Debauchery, which often ends in Misery and Ruin. This prevents a due Increase of People, and is a Mischief that cries aloud for Remedy.—— But before I proceed farther I shall lay before my *Readers* the Occasion of my present Paper.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;  
SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

*The humble Petition of Rachael Withful, Spinster, Deborah Sprightly, Single Woman, Susannah Lovemore, Widow, and thirty Thousand others, whose Names are hereunto subscribed, on Behalf of themselves, and all the Virgins, Spinsters, Single Women, and Widows in Great Britain.*

*Sheweth,*

‘ THAT a Multitude of People, in all Ages, has  
‘ been accounted the truest Riches and Security of a  
‘ Kingdom.

VOL. II.

M

‘ THAT

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‘ THAT the Means of procuring them, in all civiliz’d and wise Nations, has ever been by the Way of *Matrimony*.

‘ THAT your *Petitioners* are not sensible of any kind of Impediment in themselves to prevent their entering into the aforesaid State, but verily believe themselves duly qualified, in all Respects, to discharge the Duties of it.

‘ THAT your *Petitioners* are likewise ready, as far as in them lies, to contribute their honest Endeavours towards the peopling and enriching of their native Country.

‘ THAT, notwithstanding, these your *Petitioners* good Inclinations are render’d of none Effect, by the Indolence, Perverseness, and Avarice of the *Men*, who enjoy the sole *Privilege* of professing *Love*, and proposing *Matrimony*; but make little or no Use of it, unless sometimes for the Sake of *Money*.

‘ THAT by this Neglect, your *Petitioners* remain at present wholly unserviceable to their King and Country; a Consideration which fills their Hearts with Sorrow.

‘ THAT your *Petitioners* having tender Consciences, are under great Uneasiness of Mind, for not fulfilling God’s first Command, *increase and multiply*, which they believe their indispensable and bounden Duty.

‘ YOUR *Petitioners*, therefore, humbly beseech your Honour, to lay their Case before the King and Parliament, and propose what Methods you judge most proper for the Redress of these their Grievances; that they may no longer waste their Lives in vain, but be put in some lawful Way of exerting their several Capacities towards the Increase, Security and Happiness of the Kingdom.

*And your Petitioners shall ever pray.*

WHAT a glorious Instance is here of publick Spirit! and, old as I am, how could I hug the dear Creatures that shew themselves thus zealous for the Service of their Country! Sure, our dronish and tardy *Batchelors* must hang their Heads with Shame, to see the *Women* thus generously offer up themselves for the Preservation

of

of the Commonwealth, whilst they are thoughtless of its Safety. — No Wonder, *Nations* that used to shrink and tremble at the *English Name*, dare to insult and bully us, when our *Females* are thus neglected, and such a Stop put amongst us to the Propagation of our People.

UPON a diligent Enquiry, I learn from good Hands, that, at a very moderate Computation, there are at least eight hundred thousand *Females* ripe and fit for Marriage, within *England* only, without reckoning *Wales* or *Scotland*, whereof I am not yet sufficiently informed; and what a prodigious Loss is it to let all these lie barren! Suppose, one half only, should every Year be fruitful, what a noble Recruit would here be for all the Exigencies of State; and in a few Years, what Enemy would dare to look us in the Face? Those in the *Administration* could not, I am persuaded, do a more politic, as well as popular Thing, than to provide *Husbands* for all the *Women*; which would conduce very much towards uniting us amongst ourselves, allay the Spirit of Discontent, and quiet that unaccountable *Noise* and *Clamour* that is raised against them. Doing this, I make no Doubt, would advance the *Stocks* immediately, at least 10 per Cent. extricate us out of all Difficulties in regard to *Foreign Powers*, and make all the World court our Friendship: For there would be no contending with a Nation that increased at the Rate we should do in such a Case.

HISTORY informs us, that Swarms of *Goths* and *Vandals*, *Huns*, *Tartars*, *Scythians*, and other Nations poured in at several Times from the North and Eastern Parts, and over-ran all *Europe*; and the *Curious* have been always at a Loss to account for their vast Multitude: But an old *Manuscript* I have by me, makes the whole Matter plain, by shewing, that this surprising Increase of People, was owing to their wise Management of the *Women*, by taking a prudent Care, that not so much as one of them should remain in a Condition unserviceable to the Publick: For as soon as they were fit for Marriage, *Husbands* were allotted them, and they were employed, constantly, in *Breeding*, for the Good of their Country. — and, I am sure, our present Neg-

ligence in this Respect ought much rather to give *us* than *them* the Title of *Barbarians*.

AMONGST the *Jews*, a Man was exempted from the Wars for one whole Year after he was married; because he was supposed to be serving the Commonwealth to as good Effect at Home: And the *Romans* knew so well how much the *Glory* and *Preservation* of their State depended on the *Marriage* and *Fruitfulness* of their *People*, that nothing was more common than for their *Censors* to impose a heavy Fine upon *old Bachelors*. They were likewise by Law debarred the Liberty of receiving any *Legacy* left to them by *Will*, unless from their nearest *Relations*: Nay, even *marry'd People* that were *Childless* might not inherit any more than half an Estate. On the other Side, they did not only highly honour *Matrimony*, but rewarded it with ample *Privileges* and *Immunities*. The Precedence of their *Magistrates* was just according to the *Number* of their *Children*, or a *marry'd Man* before a *Batchelor*; and in all *Elections* it was ordained, that such *Candidates* should be preferred who had the *most numerous Issue*: And any Person might stand for an *Employment* sooner than the appointed Age, if so be he had as many *Children* as he wanted Years to qualify him for bearing such a Dignity. Moreover, in the City of *Rome*, those who had three *Children*, in the other Parts of *Italy* four, and in the *Provinces* five, were for ever discharged from any troublesome Offices in the Places where they resided.

I HAVE shewn the *wise Conduct* of other Nations, in this Particular, and some Kind of Direction for ourselves, and in Hopes their good *Example* may excite a laudable Emulation in our *Legislature* for the Grandeur and Support of the *Commonwealth*, by proper Laws to discountenance *Celibacy*, which is at present so much in Vogue amongst us, to the great Prejudice of the Kingdom. The above *Petition* sufficiently, I think, acquits the *Female Sex* of being blameable in this Affair. To their Glory be it spoken, *they* appear both ready and willing to serve their Country; but, alas, what can *they* do alone! the Men too must be stirred up to perform their Duty, or else their *Zeal* will signify just nothing. As an Advocate for the *Fair Sex*, and a Lover of my Country,



Country, I would, therefore, humbly propose, that an *Act* be made to disqualify all *unmarry'd Men* from holding any *Post of Honour, Trust, or Profit*, of Sitting in either House of Parliament: (for what Regard can those be supposed to have for Posterity, who are resolved to leave none of their own behind them?) But that, on the contrary, *they* be, in every *Parish*, obliged to serve the Offices of *Scavenger and Constable*, and keep nightly *Watch and Ward* about the Houses of *marry'd People*, that their Nights may pass without Disturbance or Molestation. Be it likewise enacted, that whatever *single Man* of the Age of twenty-five Years, or upwards, shall not, on or before the first Day of *May* next ensuing, fix his Choice on some *Woman* to be his *Wife*, and such his Intent and Desire, *make known* to her by actual *Courtship*, and execute as soon as possible, that such *single Man* shall pay the Sum of *ten Pounds* for the Uses hereafter mentioned, and shall also pay the like Sum every Year that he continues in the same *unprofitable Condition*: Nobody, however, shall be understood to come within the *Penalty* of this *Act*, who has not *one hundred Pounds Estate per Ann.* or is in some Way of Business whereby to acquire the like Sum; nor shall any Thing herein extend to such as can produce *Certificates*, well attested, of their *Inability*, upon the *Inspection* of a *Jury of Matrons*; or of having suffered a *Refusal* from their *Mistresses* within the Space of one Year before. And, whereas the *Men* have justly forfeited, by *disuse*, the valuable *Privilege* of *making Love* and *proposing Matrimony* to whom they please, which, hitherto, has been vested in them alone; be it enacted, that after the said first Day of *May*, which shall be in the Year 1731, that *Privilege* shall be equally indulged to both *Sexes*, and the *Women* be allowed all the same *Arts and Stragems* which the *Men* have been accustomed to practise in their *Courtship*, and have free Liberty to *declare their Mind*, in what Manner they judge proper, without the least *Reflection* or *Blemish* on their Character; And whatever *Man* shall decline to marry the *Woman* so making her Inclinations known to him, unless by Reason of some prior *Engagement*, or *Inability*, shall be look'd upon as a *Batchelor Convict*, and pay the *Penalty* of *ten Pounds* as aforesaid. Be it moreover



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enacted, for the further Encouragement of *Matrimony*, that one half of the *Money* hereby raised, be distributed as a *Reward* amongst *those* that are most *instrumental* to increase the *Publick Stock of People* by producing a *numerous Offspring*, and to assist them in bringing up their Families; and that the *other half*, therefore, shall be applied for the Relief and decent Support of *such as marry* meerly for the *sake of Love*, and are unprovided of a Maintenance, in such Proportion as their *Necessities* and the *Number* of their *Children* shall require.

A LAW like this, would quickly make us a happy People, restore the *Nation's Glory*, and give to our Hands again, the *Balance of EUROPE*; the Loss of which, though maliciously imputed by *designing Folks* to other Causes, is entirely owing to the permitting such Multitudes of our *Men and Women* to remain *unmarried*.

\* \*



*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus usque  
Aurorem & Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt  
Vera Bona, atq; illis multum diversa, remota  
Erroris nebula. Quid enim ratione timemus,  
Aut cupimus?* —————

Juv.

*From my House in the Minories.*

**I**T was the Prayer of *SOCRATES*, that the Gods would give him *such Things as themselves knew to be most convenient and best for him*: Intimating thereby, how ignorant *Mortals* are of their own real *Wants*, and what is proper for them to ask of *Heaven*; — and in the same Manner, with an entire *Resignation* to the Guidance and good Pleasure of that *Power* which made us, ought we *all* to send up our *Petitions* thither.

**THERE** is Nobody, I believe, (who will take the Pains of recollecting and considering them,) but may find, in his own past Life, many *Desires*, which, if they

they had been gratified, would have made him *miserable*; as well as frequent *Blessings* arising to him from Things and Circumstances which were the chiefest Objects of his Fear. *Providence* often gives a Turn so directly contrary to all human *Forecast* and *Expectation*, that we, who know nothing of the eternal Production of *Causes* and *Effects*, cannot judge, with any Certainty, what we ought to seek for, or what avoid. — *Happiness* is the Wish and Pursuit of *all*; but we are so bewilder'd by our *Passions* and our *Ignorance* together, that without the Direction and Assistance of some *Power* infinitely wiser than ourselves, it is impossible ever to attain it. We scarce see an Inch before us, and form so ill a judgment even of that little we do see, that were we left to our own Conduct, of all Creatures we should become most wretched; *mistaking* continually our real *Good*, and eagerly pursuing what would prove our sure *Destruction*. — Were we always to obtain our Wishes, we should fare like the *Countryman* in the *Fable*, whom JUPITER indulged with Rain or Sunshine upon his *Fields*, whenever he thought fit to pray for it; 'til a *barren* Harvest and *empty* Barns, (whilst *Plenty* smiled on all his Neighbours round,) convinced him of his *Folly*, and made him lament, too late, the Completion of his own rash Desires.

BUT under all this Ignorance of Things, we have one certain *Rule* to go by, and that is, to follow close the Steps of *Virtue*, who, though she oftentimes may lead us through rugged, dangerous, and gloomy Paths, we shall always find will conduct us safe at last to *Peace* and *Joy*. — Let us, in all the various Actions and Affairs of Life, stand firmly upon our Guard, against every gay and alluring *Temptation* of Interest and Advantage, against Riches, Greatness, Pleasure, Applause, and all which the World is usually most fond of, and suffer ourselves to be conducted by no other *Principles* but those of *Integrity*, *Truth* and *Virtue*. Whatever occurs or offers itself to us, let us not so much enquire whether it will advance our *Fortune*, or gratify our *Appetites*; as whether it is *good* and *honest*, and consistent with what we owe to *Heaven*, *ourselves*, and all *Mankind*. If we form our Measures thus, we may rest assured, that, whatever befalls us, is for the best: We are under the

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Guardianship and Care of a just and almighty *Providence*, which will turn even *Misfortunes* into *Blessings* for us; and, notwithstanding all *Appearances*, raise *Happiness* out of *Misery*. It is a comfortable Thing to be placed above the Power and Fear of *Accidents*; and the only Way of being so, is, by throwing ourselves entirely into the Hands of *Heaven*. There is no Station or Circumstance of *Life*, however elevated, that is out of the Reach of *Misfortune*; but a steady Course of *Virtue*, and a firm *Reliance* on the gracious and wise Direction of that *Being* which orders all Things, will support us under the greatest that can arrive, and make us consider it but as a necessary *Progression* towards a compleat and perfect Happiness. — A Man thus *fortified*, nothing can terrify or affright.

*Si fractus illabitur Orbis  
Impavidum ferient Ruinae.*

*Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,  
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd;  
He, unconcern'd, would bear the mighty Crack,  
And stand secure amidst a falling World.*

THE *Necessities* of *Nature* are but small, and those easily supplied: Very few are destitute of *Food* and *Cloathing*, sufficient to support and keep them warm; and for *all* besides, which *Providence* thinks fit to hold back from us, we may be satisfied it is much better that we should be without it. — Our first *Petition* to the GODS, says SENECA, should be for a *good Conscience*, the second for *Health* of *Mind*, and then of *Body*. — When we lift up our *Eyes* and *Hands* to Heaven, and pray for *Wealth* and *Grandeur*, for the Gratification of our *Pride*, and our *Ambition*, we ought to tremble at our own *Presumption*, and dread the *Curses*, which, perhaps, we are calling down upon our own Heads: — How miserable are many made, by what we are so rash to ask for! And how much wiser would it be to receive with Thankfulness what that *Being* is pleased to bestow, who knows our *Wants* better than we *ourselves*; and in all Things, like SOCRATES, refer ourselves entirely, with due Submission, to his good Will and Pleasure.

G O D

GOD gives us what he knows our Wants require,  
 And better Things than those which we desire.  
 Some pray for Riches: Riches they obtain;  
 And, watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain.  
 Some pray from Prison to be freed; and come,  
 When guilty of their Vows, to fall at Home;  
 Murder'd by those they trusted with their Life,  
 A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.

Such dear bought Blessings happen every Day,  
 Because we know not for what Things to pray.  
 Like drunken Sots about the Streets we roam;  
 Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home;  
 Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain Place,  
 But blunders on, and staggers every Pace.  
 Thus all seek Happiness, but few can find,  
 For far the greatest Part of Men are blind.

Dryden's Pal. & Arc.

WHEN we behold the *Wicked* exulting in Prosperity,  
 and the *Virtuous* distress'd and wretched, we may be apt  
 to wonder at the Dispensations of Providence, and think  
 them *irregular* and *unaccountable*; but if we could dis-  
 cern a little deeper than the Surface of Things, we  
 should perceive, that even at present, a *guilty Mind* de-  
 prives the *one* of all Enjoyment, whilst the *other*, sup-  
 ported by a *Consciousness* of *Innocence*, scarce feels the  
*Woes* he seems to suffer: that the *first* is dragged on to  
 Punishment through the *Mockery* of Happiness; and that  
 the *Distresses* of the *latter* are only necessary Steps to-  
 wards a lasting and refined *Felicity*. — Appearances are  
 exceedingly fallacious; and many of *those*, People fancy  
 the most happy, are the greatest Wretches in the World;  
 — But, however it be, we may assure ourselves that  
*Heaven* is just, and soon or late, will vindicate and re-  
 ward the *Good*, and condemn the *Evil Doer* to that  
 Punishment he deserves.

IT is not only imprudent and presumptuous, but  
 highly impious, to murmur and complain of Providence,  
 whatever be our *Lot*. Not Heaven, but our own *Dis-*  
*content* and *Folly* make us miserable. We reject that *Hap-*  
*piness*



*pinefs* it has given into our own Power, for a wild Pursuit after an imaginary *Something*, which it *with-holds*, because improper for us. Dazzled at the *glittering* Fortunes, the Rank and Magnificence of *others*, we envy theirs, and repine at our own *Condition*, without examining whether *those* People are in reality more *happy*, or better *satisfied* than ourselves. For, notwithstanding all their *outward* Splendor, did we see their *internal* Cares and Uneasiness, it is probable we would not change with them. Every one of us has that *Post* assign'd him, which, *he* that directs the whole, *knows* to be most conducive towards the *Good* of *all* in general, and each of us in particular. *He* is the *Father* of the *grand Universe*, beholds it at one View, and *orders* every Thing throughout in the *wisest* and *best* Manner, with a due Regard to every Part. This we should steadfastly believe, and not only forbear complaining, but enjoy with Thankfulness of Soul whatever is our Portion. — M. De la MOTTE, in his ingenious *Fables*, reads us a Useful Lesson on this Subject, the Meaning whereof I shall present my *Readers*.

—— A Wretch, *says he*, that by casting his Eyes and Wishes on the Circumstances of other People, was much uneasy at his own; weary'd Heaven with Complaints from Day to Day; 'till JUPITER willing to content him, took him up to the *coelestial Storehouse*, where the Fortunes of all Mankind, in *Bags* seal'd up by *Destiny*, were ranged according to their several Conditions and Degrees. Here, *says the God*, though thy impious Murmurs deserve rather my Anger than my Indulgence, yet, if possible, thou shalt be satisfy'd. — Weigh and chuse amongst them all; but know, tht better to direct thy Choice, that the lightest are the most desirable, for only the Evils and Misfortunes of Life are heavy. — The Man, with Thankfulness assured himself of Happiness, since now it depended upon his own Election, and lifting up with all his Strength the first and highest *Bag*, that of *Supreme Command*, wherein tormenting Cares lie concealed under the Disguise of gilded Pageantry; that Man's Shoulders must be strong, indeed, *says he*, who can support this Burthen; for my Part, I'll have none of it. — He tried a second, that of *Prime Minister*, and People in *exalted Posts*; but what with *ambitious Desires*,  
Anxiety,

*Anxiety, Fatigue*, what with the *Vexation of Disappointment*, and the *Dread of Disgrace*, this was rendered so exceeding pondrous, that he could not help crying out, Oh! unhappy *they* to whom this *Load* belongs! good Heaven preserve me from it! — He went on from one to another, and poiz'd a Thousand and a Thousand, but found them all too weighry for him, some by *Dependance*, and the *Misery of Constraint*, others by *boundless and unsatisfy'd Desires*; some by *Hope*, some by *Fear*, and some meerly by a *Surfeit* of what the World calls *Pleasure*. — Good God, *says he*, is there no such Thing then as a tolerable Condition? — But stay; — Wherefore do I complain? at last I think I shall be fittid; here's *one* that feels much *lighter* than the rest. And it would be still more so, *says JUPITER*, but *he* that now possesses it, knows not his own Happiness, and that *Ignorance* occasions all its *Weight*. — O Stupidity! cries the Man; pray grant *it* me, and I shall not be so foolish. — Take and enjoy it replies the *God*, for it's indeed thine own; — and learn from hence, never to find *Fault* again with *Providence*.



*Nullum est tam angustum Beneficium, quod non bonus  
interpret extendat.*

Seneca.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

**A**S I was some few Days ago diverting myself in a Friend's Library which is enriched with great Variety of Curiosities, I happened to light upon a little Manuscript writ fairly in a modern Hand, and entitled, *The Art of murdering Benefits*, or, *An Essay upon Contemptible Favours*. It shews in general, that not one Gift in fifty we receive of our Fellow Creatures, even that of Life itself, is worthy of being called a Benefit.

nefit. It sets forth, by a more familiar Train of Argument and Examples than that great Author does from whom I have borrowed the Motto of this Paper, the various Kinds and Shapes of Benefits, with the Motives, Degrees, and Ends of them, and undertakes to prove that few or none pass undisguis'd between us, or uncorrupted with base Allay.

FOR my Part, I could not every where agree with the Author, and be of that suspicious Temper; I have read many discouraging Tenets upon this Head, and how much in Doubt we ought to hold the good Offices of our best Friends, and yet if I do think more favourably of them than sometimes perhaps they may deserve, I find it gains me more in Satisfaction than it loses me in Safety; I look upon it to be no other Policy than to imbellish the little *Gold* we find in the *Oar* of Conversation, and not to despise the whole *Mass*, because there may happen to be even a great deal of *Dross* in it; and I would appeal to my Author himself, whether he thinks that same Kiss given by the Carpenter's Wife of *Oxford*, through her Window at Midnight, to the spruce Clerk of *Osney-Abbey* (as venerable *Chaucer* relates it in his *Miller's Tale*) would have been such a *disagreeable Courtesey* as he instances, to a Loyer who had been duly affected with the Tokens of *Good Housewifery* that were about her Lips, after having been all Day long at her *Spinning-Wheel*.

ANOTHER Thing to be observ'd in Apology for Benefits, and to the End we may not be too forward or rash in our Censure of them, is, that we are so blinded by Pride, Jealousy, or Partiality, as very often to mistake those Things for Injuries which are real Favours. Thus, tho' only the asking of a Favour shall be interpreted a Discourtesy, yet the Interest of one Person may be so involved in the Honour or Happiness of another, that we may actually confer a greater Favour even in accepting than bestowing one. This is very prettily made out in the following *Proposition* and *Answer*, which I found in rummaging among some old Papers, and superscribed with the Title of

THE GARLAND.

BETWIXT two *Suitors* sat a *Lady* fair,  
Upon her Head a *Garland* she did wear :  
And of th' enamour'd two, the *first* alone,  
A *Garland* wore like her, the *other*, none :  
From her *own* Head she took the *Wreath* she wore,  
And crown'd *him* with it who had none before :  
Thus these two *Lovers* *Brows* were *both* about  
Bedeck'd with *Garlands*, and *she* sat without.

BEHOLDING then these *Rivals* on each *Side*,  
And equally adorn'd in *Flora's* *Pride* ;  
She from the *first* *Man's* Head the *Wreath* he had,  
Took off, and therewith her *own* *Temples* clad :  
And so this *Lady*, and the *second* were  
In *Garlands* deck'd, and the *first* *Man* sat bare :  
Now, which did she love best, of him to whom  
She gave, or him she took the *Garland* from ?

THE ANSWER.

I N my Conceit, she him wou'd soonest have  
From whom she took ; not him to whom she gave :  
For to bestow, divers *Respects* may move,  
But to receive, none shou'd persuade but *Love*.  
She grac'd him much, on whom her *Wreath* she plac'd,  
But him whose *Wreath* she wore much more she grac'd ;  
For where she gives, she there a *Servant* makes,  
But makes herself a *Servant* where she takes.  
Then where she takes, she honours most, and where  
She most does Honour, she must Love most dear.

LASTLY, I shall only observe against one more  
Argument in my aforesaid Manuscript Author, that the  
Nature of Benefits themselves is not depreciated by being  
conferr'd upon inferior Objects, and for that Reason no  
more to be rejected by those of superior Merit than the  
Sun is by the Cedar because it shines upon the Shrub :  
They rather give us Encouragement to expect they  
would



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would operate more generously were they more nobly center'd, and this Observation will serve for an Introduction to the following Song :

STREPHON *versus* TRAY:

O R,

*The* AMOROUS CONTEST.

A New Song, to the Tune of

*Oh! what Pain it is to part.*

Beggars Opera.

I.

O H! what Pain it is to see  
Can I bear it, can I bear it ?  
Oh! what Pain it is to see,  
Can Flesh and Blood e'er bear it ?  
When *Cælia* does to me deny  
A Kiss, which would give Ecstasy ;  
A Dog my happy Rival be ;  
Can Flesh and Blood e'er bear it ?

II.

Hopes in Complaisance I place,  
They deceive me, they deceive me,  
Hopes in Complaisance I place,  
But all these Hopes deceive me :  
I bow, I cringe, but spite, alas,  
Of courtly Airs and artful Face,  
*Tray* fawns with such superior Grace,  
That all these Hopes deceive me.

III.

When I Skill in Musick show,  
'Twill not please her, 'twill not please her ;  
When I Skill in Musick show,  
Yet still it will not please her :

My

My Tune, tho' soft, my Voice, tho' low,  
'Tis vain ; my chiefest Notes must bow  
To sweet enchanting *Ba—wa—warw* ;  
That Air alone will please her.

IV.

Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woes,  
Balmy Kisses, balmy Kisses,  
Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woes  
Some precious balmy Kisses :  
In vain my Sighs to move her 'rose,  
From me she flew, and cruel chose  
T'apply her Lips to *Tray's* cold Nose,  
And lavish there her Kisses.

V.

Yet my Heart is fix'd to try  
If she'll love me, if she'll love me ;  
Yet my Heart is fix'd to try  
If she at length will love me ;  
For if thus kind, thus tender, she  
Can to so mean a Creature be,  
How vastly, vastly more to me,  
If once she'd change and love me.

Q.

---

*Leyden, Jan, 17, O. S.*

*To Mr. ———, of Trin. Coll. Camb.*

S I R,

**W** I T H braying Asses, howling Dogs,  
With squeaking Mice, or croaking Frogs,  
Poets and Painters may amuse,  
For such Devices can't abuse :  
Carve roguish Boys, or waggish Foxes  
On Stoppers, or Tobacco Boxes ;

Or

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Or by just Emblem paint out Truth,  
 For Age, a Grave ; a Cradle, Youth ;  
 But not describe an Ape for Man ;  
 Or for a Woman draw a Fan ;  
 Nor for a Weezle hunt a Hare,  
 A Dog for Cat, or Bull for Bear ;  
 Nor move a Forest on the Flood,  
 Or hang a Herring in a Wood.  
 Tho' in Burlesque, and *Dutch* Design,  
 The Picture coarse, and Verse not fine ;  
 Each *Dutchman* laughs at Sight so odd,  
 As Head of Bravn and Tail of Cod,  
 Surrounded by Canal or Flood,  
 With Post of Fir, or Wall of Mud.

With Men of Trade each Street abounds,  
 Who cast up Pence, or sum up Pounds ;  
 Who thrive in Peace, and gain in War,  
 By Casks of Pitch, or Tubs of Tar ;  
 Something or nothing, always doing,  
 From *Van Trump*, down to *Vander Bruin* :  
 With drowsy Gate, and clumsy Size,  
 Most wond'rous Grave, and wond'rous Wife ;  
 With Canvas Frock, and Speckled Shirt,  
 With Air of Lead, or Mien of Dirt,  
 Upon the Ice one sees 'em sliding,  
 From *Amster-Roter-dam* to *Leyden*.  
 With Cheese and Butter they regale,  
 O'er Cans of Mum, or Mugs of Ale ;  
 And can't afford, or won't allow  
 A Cheek of Ox, or Heel of Cow.

Here we buy Hadocks, or eat Oysters,  
 As slovenly as in your Cloysters ;  
 No Sauce, yet Fish ; no Fire, yet Smoak ;  
 With a bad Butler, and worse Cook ;  
 With nasty Flaggons spoil our Cloaths,  
 And on our Napkins wipe our Nose.  
 Excessive loud, or very low,  
 As Humours stagnate, Fancies flow ;  
 With knock-down Arguments maintain,  
 By Dint of Fist, or Dint of Brain ;  
 Pray to a *Saint*, or sing a *Psalm* ;  
 And do no Good, tho' do no Harm :

In Reason weak, in Passion strong;  
 Bold in Opinion, ever wrong.  
 Trencher'd Professor's Lecture hear,  
 How flows the Tide, or rolls the Sphere;  
 But their Solutions are not good,  
 Or cannot well be understood:  
 For worse and worse our *Hum-drums* grow,  
 And study much, but little know:  
 Dream on as in a *College* Way,  
 That is, all *Night*, and all the *Day*.



*Amare inepte nil ab Odio discrepat.*

*From my House in the Minorities.*

I CAN'T help being provok'd at the blind *Partiality* of those *Parents*, who without any Consideration of *Merit* or *Justice*, prefer some *One* of their Children to be a *Favourite*, to the Prejudice and great Discouragement of all the rest. — This Mistake is one of those, which, to vindicate, would be opposing Common Sense; and therefore, the usual *Plea* for it among such People is, that *indeed they cannot help it*: A Pretence very well expressing the Weakness of those that use it.

EVERY Child, unless it is *forfeited* by Misbehaviour and Disobedience, has, naturally, an *equal Right* to the Care and Favour of its *Parents*; and tho' the *Law* of most *Nations* distinguishes the *Eldest Son*, by giving him a larger Portion of *Wealth* and *Fortune*, there ought to be no Difference made between them in Point of *Paternal Tendernefs* and *Affection*. For the Reason why *Law* and *Custom* gives the *Father's* Estate to the *Eldest Son*, is not meerly for his *own Sake*, and as a Mark of more *Regard* and *Love* towards him, but that *he* may be thereby enabled, in his *Father's* Stead, to become the *Guardian*, *Protector* and *Benefactor* of all his younger



younger Brethren; a Trust, which, by being older than the rest, it is supposed he is best qualify'd to discharge. And this may make it needful for his *Parents* to bestow on him a more polite and expensive *Education*, in order to *manage* and *become* an Estate, than those *other* Children require, that must be bred to *Business*; but it is no reasonable Excuse for excluding them from an equal Share of Kindness and Indulgence. — I mention the Case of an *Eldest Son*, because that bids fairest in Defence of the *Partiality* I am reproving; and by shewing that to make even such a one a *Favourite*, is contrary to *natural Justice*, and the Intent of those *Laws* themselves, which give him the *Estate*, I think it is self-evident, that in every other Case, this *Folly* must be without Excuse. — I beg Leave, however, to declare, before I proceed farther, that I don't intend hereby to debar *Parents* of their undoubted Right to *punish* Children that are vicious and perverse, and *reward* such as are dutious and affectionate, in what Manner they judge proper; but for them constantly to fondle and humour *One*, and brow-beat or neglect the *rest*, when there is no remarkable Difference in their Behaviour to occasion it, deserves the highest Blame, as it is, in itself, contrary to Reason and Equity, and, in its Consequences, always the Cause of much Uneasiness, and frequently the Ruin of a Family. It is likewise most commonly observable, that these *Favourites* do not only *insult* and *domineer* over every Body else about them, but return the imprudent Fondness of their *doting Parents* with such *Ingratitude* and *Disrespect*, as brings a sorrowful but too late Repentance.

I WAS led into these *Reflections*, by a Visit Yesterday to my Friend Mr. GENTLE, in whose Family, for near fifteen Years, Miss KITTY, who is now Seventeen has been sole Mistress and Governor: *Father*, *Mother*, *Children* and *Servants*, being entirely at her Disposal and Command. — This *Girl*, at two Years old, came home from Nurse; when People saying, she was a *pretty Child*, and mighty like *Mamma*, from that Time she became her Mother's *Darling*, and has continued so ever since, while two fine *Boys* and a lovely *Girl* scarce know they have a *Mother*, but by her continual Chi-

dings

dings and Rebukes. My *Friend*, who is a good-natur'd honest Man, that loves his Quiet, and minds chiefly the getting Money, at first to oblige his Wife, and since for the Sake of his own Peace, has been induced to acquiesce in this *Partiality*. and submit to his *Daughter's* Government; though, privately, he is very kind to his other Children; which, whenever Miss *KITTY* mistrusts, he fails not to hear of her Resentment. — The first Token of her *Mother's* simple Fondness, was a general Order in the House, that the *Child* should never be let cry for any Thing, or be contradicted upon any Occasion whatever: Which Command being punctually obey'd, Miss *KITTY* soon became the most peevish, passionate, humourfome little *Vixen*, that ever was born into the World; roaring for every Thing she saw, and fighting like a Tyger, if it was not brought her instantly; and this *Temper*, instead of endeavouring to controul, her *Mother* gratify'd, by giving her all she cry'd for, wheedling her into Humour, and calling her *Beauty*, and *Queen*, and *Angel*, and all the extravagant Names that foolish Fondness could suggest; which, in a little Time, furnish'd Miss with such a Stock of *Pride* as is scarce conceivable. — As Miss grew up her Employment was to tell *Stories* of her *Brothers* and *Sister*, as well as of the *Servants*; wherein finding herself encourag'd, she (as most Children will) invented *Lies*, and occasion'd continual Disturbances. With this *Education*, it is not very difficult to conceive, that she is at present *haughty*, *imperious* and *assuming*; her *Temper* *fretful* and *impatient*; and that *Good-Sense* Nature intended her, over-run with *Pride* and *Vanity*. Her Person is tall and strait, and would be reckon'd handsome, but that there is a disagreeable Kind of *Insolence* and *Affectation* in all she says or does, which makes her generally *dislik'd*; whereas her Sister *LUCY*, who is one Year younger, tho' dress'd up in her *cast-off Cloaths*, and the constant Subject of her Derision, is sure to win the Hearts of all that see her, by the *Meekness*, *Modesty*, *Innocence*, and *pretty Manner* of her Deportment; by which Means it comes to pass, that *LUCY* has abundance of *Offers*, while *KITTY* has not so much as one *Admirer*; to the great Disappointment of the *Mother*,

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*ther*, who calls *LUCY* a *bold forward Girl*, and will not hear of any *Proposal* for her, 'till *KITTY* is first disposed of.

WHILE *Tea* was getting ready, *LUCY* waited on her Sister with all the Submission of a Servant; but bringing by Accident the *Bohea* Cannister instead of the *Green*, *KITTY* call'd her *Fool* and *Post*; *LUCY* calmly answer'd, Any Body might mistake; to which *KITTY* reply'd, with great Warmth, *Good Mrs. Saucebox, consider who you talk to.* — None of us seem'd to mind what pass'd, but drawing round the Tea-Table, my *Friend* said, he would call up his two *Sons* for me to see; but *KITTY* silenced him, by desiring *we might not be troubled with Boys Company*. Nor was it long her *Mother* escap'd Correction, for having found Fault that the first Dish was too sweet, and the second not strong enough, *KITTY* roundly told her, *every Thing was too much, or too little, or too bad, or too good for her, and in short, she was grown so whimsical that to please her was impossible.*

AFTER the *Tea* was over, I got up to take my Leave, but my good *Friend* insisting that I should sup with him, I sat me down again, very much, as I could perceive, to the Uneasiness of *Mrs. KITTY*, whose Countenance as plainly express'd a Desire I should be gone, as mine, perhaps, had a Disapprobation of her Behaviour; and therefore, when she found I was resolv'd to stay, she flung out of the Room in a very rude and abrupt Manner, which gave her *Mother* a visible Concern, and made her soon after follow, to endeavour to bring her again in Temper.

MY *Friend* and I, according to the Custom of old People, fell into a Chat about former Times, 'till near an Hour before Supper; when his two *Sons* came in, and paid their Compliments.—Mr. *WILLIAM* the eldest, is just turn'd of eighteen, and a very promising sober young Man; his *Father* intends him for the *Business* of the *Law*, which is his own Profession; and, as he can give him a handsome Fortune, has bestow'd on him the Education of a Gentleman. *Master HARRY* is a cunning bustling Boy, and tho' not quite twelve Years old, shews a Genius fit for getting an Estate, which is  
the



the Reason his *Father* designs to bring him up to *Trade*; and therefore, by my Advice, does not perplex his Head and waste his Time in learning *Greek* and *Latin*, which are likely to be of little or no Service to him; but instead thereof, takes Care to have him *write*, and *understand* his own *Mother-Tongue*, and be made a *perfect Master of Accounts*; both which must be of continual Use. As he is my *Godson*, and bears my *Name*, I often take upon me to examine him, and, by what I can foresee, he is likely to become a *plodding* and *wealthy Citizen*.

SOON after, Mrs. GENTLE, with her two *Daughters*, came again into the Room, and Miss KITT Y seem'd much more compos'd than when she left us: We enter'd into a general Conversation, and all was Cheerfulness and Gaiety. But in the Midst of all our Good-Humour, a *Fray* happen'd, very unfortunately, between my *Name-sake* and his *Sister's* favourite *Lap-Dog*; for he rising to call a Servant, set his Foot upon the Dog's Tail, which the surly Cur return'd by snarling and biting him by the Leg; this provok'd my *Godson* to give him a little Kick, which sent him yelping about the Room. Miss KITT Y ran and catch'd up the noisy Beast, at the same Time striking her *Brother* a swinging Blow over the Face, and protesting he should go to Bed without his Supper. The poor *Boy* shook his Ears, and urg'd in his Defence, that her *Dog* was more to blame than he; but KITT Y would not hear a Word, insisting that he should be sent to Bed immediately. Her *eldest Brother* endeavour'd to make a Jest of it, telling her he would fetch a Surgeon to cure her Favourite, and thought to turn it off by talking pleasantly on the Occasion; but this enrag'd her to that Degree, she called him *stinking Jackanapes*, and bid him *prate his Nonsense to those that minded him*.

In the Midst of this Disorder, Supper was served up, and my *Friend*, his *Wife*, and I, interposed to procure a Reconciliation; but our Labour proved all in vain. However, she was at last prevail'd upon to sit down to Table, which she was pleas'd to say, she did out of Respect to me; but though both her *Brothers* condescended to beg her Pardon, she continued sullen and silent, and  
would



would neither eat nor drink, notwithstanding the Entreaties of all the Company.

THIS Accident made every Body uneasy; the *fond Mother* could not taste a Bit for fear her *dear Child* should be sick with Fasting; my *good Friend* was full of Shame and Vexation at the visible Mismanagement of his Family: Mr. *WILLIAM* was angry at his Sister's Perverseness; poor *HARRY* was fearful of further Punishment; *LUCY* did not know how to behave in this nice Conjunction; and I was wishing myself at Home again; insomuch, that scarce a Word was spoken amongst us during the whole Supper Time. When the Cloth was taken away, *KITTY* left the Room, to vent her Spleen with less Restraint; quickly after, *LUCY* and her *Mother* followed; and the two young Gentlemen stay'd not long behind, but civilly wished us a good Night.

AS soon as they were gone, my *good Friend*, with Tears in his Eyes, begged my Pardon for what had happen'd: *You have seen too much*, says he, *to think of hiding from you my Misfortunes*; this headstrong Girl is my continual Torment; her Mother's doting Fondness, and my imprudent Compliance, have made her Temper insolent and intollerable; she is always out of Humour, and daily occasions Disturbances in the Family. Sometimes I think that her Behaviour deserves the severest Treatment; and yet, when I consider that our own Folly has been the Cause of it, I judge her rather an Object of Compassion. We have been the Ruin of our Child! for with this Disposition, what can I foresee for her but Misery, and Sorrow for Ourselves? — This was too tender a Point for me to talk upon, and therefore, after my Pipe was out, I took my Leave; but thought the Story might be of Service to caution other Parents against a Weakness which is productive of so much Mischief.

\* \* \*

*Ignarum*



*Ignavum Fucos pecus a praecepibus arcent.*

Virg.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

I NEVER pass along the *Streets* of this *great City*, but it affords me an inexpressible Satisfaction to consider the *Trade, Wealth* and *Number* of its *Inhabitants*, together with the sundry *Ways* and *Methods* whereby they live comfortably and happily. Nothing gives a generous Mind such *sincere Delight*, as beholding the *Felicity* of its *Fellow Creatures*; and an *Englismen* that loves his *Country*, must needs feel his Bosom glow with *Pleasure*, while he overlooks the *Glory* and *Opulence* of this grand *Metropolis*.—— But my agreeable Reflections on these Occasions are frequently interrupted by the *Clamour* and *Importunity* of our *Common Beggars*, a Sort of *Wretches* that, by a *filthy Habit* and *lamentable Tone of Voice*, impose upon our *Pity*, and make us *pay*, to get rid of the *Uneasiness* they give.

FAR be it from my *Intention* to hinder real *Charity*; but supporting these *Vagabonds* is so directly contrary to it, and attended with so many and great *Inconveniencies*, that, as *Spectator*, I think it my *Duty* to animadvert upon them. For, it is very certain, that much the greater Part are idle *Counterfeits*, *Rogues* and *Profligates*, that, to avoid *Working*, take up this lazy Course of *Life*, and, by various *Disguises* and *Pretences*, extort more *Money* from *tender hearted* People than easily can be imagined, which, afterwards, they squander away in *Drunkenness* and *Revelling*; and I make no Doubt, that many of those who beg about our *Doors* a-Days, are ready enough, at *Night*, to *pick our Pockets*, *break into our Houses*, or *assault us in the Street*.

ACCORDING to the *Information* I have taken Pains to get, these *Creatures* are grown numerous almost beyond *Belief*, and become not only an *Incumbrance* on  
all

all *Passengers*, but even interrupt and prejudice the *Tradesman* in his Shop; for no *Customer* can come to buy his *Goods*, or stay to bargain for them, without immediately being pester'd with three or four; and some are not only so importunate as to take no *Denial*, but withal so insolent and abusive, that I have known People walk away before they had done their *Business*, rather than be expos'd to their *Sauciness* and *Clamour*. But the most unsufferable of all, are such *Wretches*, as being (or pretending to be) maim'd or deform'd in some horrible and shocking Manner, follow *Women big with Child*, whom they terrify with loud Cries and distorted Postures, in order to force Money from them; whereby, sometimes, they occasion their *Miscarrying*, or, what is worse (monstrous Images being rais'd in the Mother's Imagination) mark or misshape the *Child*, to the great Unhappiness of many Families.

THESE Mischiefs and Inconveniencies are much owing to the *Weakness* of some good People, who cannot bear a miserable Appearance, or a dismal Outcry; but give their Money to be rid of it, without examining whether it be real or counterfeit, and become thereby the sure Prey of the most loud and pressing, who usually are the worst *Impostors* and vilest *Rogues* of all; for I am persuaded, that without such Encouragement several Thousands would leave this idle Way, and apply themselves to get an honest Livelihood. — Not long ago, a Gentleman passing cross *Moorfields*, was follow'd by a middle-aged shabby Fellow, who, with a Story of his great Necessity, importunately begg'd for *Six-pence*. The Gentleman wonder'd at this odd Demand, and told him, he had not for him; but the Fellow walk'd along repeating his Intreaties, 'till finding no likelihood of Success. — Well, Sir, says he, (with a melancholy Air) I shall trouble you no more! — but that small Matter would have saved me from doing what I shall now be forced to do! — then fetching a deep Sigh, he slowly mov'd away. — The Strangeness of his Words and Behaviour struck the Gentleman, and fill'd him with Reflection: This poor Creature, thought he, by Want grown desperate, either intends to destroy a miserable Life, or steal from others to support it; and shall my Refusal of such a Trifle drive him to this Extremity, and lose a  
Fellow-



Fellow-Creature? — perhaps for ever! — With that he turn'd, and calling back the *Fellow*, here, *Friend*, says *he*, is *Six-pence* for thee; but, prithee tell me, what you meant by the *Speech* you made just now? — The *Fellow* thank'd him, and pocketting the Money; Why, truly, *Master*, reply'd *he*, I have been *begging* here this whole Day to little Purpose, and unless your *Charity* had saved me from it, must have been *forced to Work*, the Thought of which gave me no small Disquiet. — This impudent artful *Rascal* expressed the true *Sense* of almost all the *Crew*; and therefore I would desire People to consider, that by giving these *canting Varlets*, they do a manifest *Injury* to their *Country*, depriving it of many *useful Hands*, and perpetuating *Idleness* and *Roguary* amongst us.

SOME, perhaps, may cry, would I have *poor Creatures* starve? I answer, *no*; but I would have them *Work*; or if they are unable, *abide* in the *Parishes* they belong to, and be provided for in such Manner as the *Law* directs. And for those *Folks* who are inclined to do real *Acts of Charity*, which is a Disposition highly laudable, let them assist the *Aged* and the *Sick*, support the *Honest* and *Industrious*, and relieve the *Distresses* of *needy Families*: These are *proper Objects*, and easy enough to meet with upon the least Enquiry. — Would People thus bestow what they have to give, and discourage *common Beggars* by *constantly denying them*, our Streets would soon be clear of them: But since the *Hearts* of many are wrought upon so easily that this cannot be generally brought about, it is absolutely needful to make Use of other Methods.

AS from *Idleness* attended with *Poverty* most Kinds of Villany are produced, and especially *Cheats* and *Robberies*, it should be the Care of every *Government* to set the *Poor* to *work*, and enable, nay, *force* them to get their Bread by *honest Labour*: And for this Purpose we have several good *Laws*, which, if duly put in Execution, would not only deliver us from these *Swarms of Vermin*, but make them useful Members of the *Commonwealth*. *Foreigners* complain of these as the *Fault* of our *Legislature*, which, therefore, appears to them, one Way or other, exceedingly remiss, either in not finding



*Employment* for these *Wretches*, or in suffering them to *beg* if there is *Employment* for them: But for their *Information*, as well as with a *Hope* that *Persons* in *Authority* may be hereby excited to discharge their *Duty* in this *Affair*, I shall set forth, what good *Provision* our *Laws* make, both for *employing* and *maintaining* our *industrious Poor*, and for *punishing* such as are *idle* and *disorderly*.

BY an *Act* made in the 43<sup>d</sup> Year of Queen ELIZABETH, a Power is given to *Church-Wardens* and *Overseers of the Poor*, with the Consent of two *Justices of the Peace*, to set to *work*, or put out to be *Apprentices*, the Children of such Parents as shall be judg'd *unable* to maintain and keep them; and also to set to *work* all such Persons, *married* or *unmarried*, as have no Means to support themselves, and use no ordinary or daily *Trade* to get their *Living* by. And such as shall not apply themselves to *work*, being thereto appointed, as aforesaid, may be sent, by a *Justice of the Peace*, to the *House of Correction*, or to the common *Gaol*. And the said *Church-Wardens* and *Overseers*, by an *Act* in the 3<sup>d</sup> Year of CHARLES the First, are authorized, with the Consent of two *Justices of the Peace*, or one if there be no more, to set up any *Trade*, or *Occupation*, and erect *Work-Houses*, for the *Employing* and *better Relief* of the *Poor*, in their respective *Parishes*.

SIR EDWARD COKE complains, that, ' in his  
' Time, *Houses of Correction* were not built as was in-  
' tended, wherein, he says, *no Deficiency was in the Law*,  
' but in the *Justices of Peace*, who should have order'd  
' them to be erected: For seeing, says he, the *Education*  
' of *Youth*, and setting to *work* idle and disorderly Per-  
' sons are such essential Parts of the *well-being* of a *Com-*  
' *monwealth*, and the only Means to compel them to *work*,  
' (as the *Law* now stands) is by *Houses of Correction*:  
' Seeing there hath been a Default in the *Justices of*  
' *Peace* heretofore, and the *Mischief* so daily increasing,  
' we hope the *Justices* having yet Power, will erect  
' more *Houses of Correction*, (which are also called *Work-*  
' *houses*,) so as we shall have neither *Beggar* (as the *Law*  
' of *God* commandeth,) nor *idle Person* in the *Common-*  
' *wealth*. And this, continues he, is without Que-  
' stion

tion feasible: For while *Justices of Peace* and other *Officers* were diligent and industrious, there was not a *Rogue* to be seen in any Part of *England*, but when they became *tepidi* or *trepidi*, Rogues, &c. swarm'd again.' He observes, likewise, that *Houses of Correction* are to be employ'd to three Purposes, viz. For the *Keeping*, for the *Correcting*, and for the *setting to Work*: And farther remarks, that although People have lawful Means to live by, yet if they be *idle* or *disorderly*, the *Justices of Peace* have a Power to commit them to the *House of Correction*, without Exception of any Person. And to encourage *Justices of Peace* to be active and diligent in the Execution of their Office, he tells them, that few are committed to the *House of Correction*, or *Working-House*, but they come out better.

A N *Act* made in the 12th of Queen ANNE, for reducing the several Laws relating to *Rogues*, *Vagabonds*, *sturdy Peggars*, &c. into one *Act*, empowers *Justices of the Peace*, as often as need be, to command by their Warrant, the *Constables*, in their respective *Parishes* and *Divisions*, assisted by sufficient Men of the same Place) to make a general *privy Search* through their respective *Limits*, for finding and apprehending *Rogues*, *Vagabonds*, *sturdy Beggars*, &c. and such to bring before them: And if, upon Examination, the said *Justices* shall judge such *Vagabonds*, &c. to be *dangerous* and *unlikely to be re-form'd*, they may commit them to the *House of Correction*, or common *Gaol*, there to remain and be kept to *hard Labour* 'till the next *Quarter Sessions*: And if, at such *Sessions*, the said *Justices*, or the major Part of them, shall adjudge such Persons to be *dangerous* and *incorrigible*, they shall cause them to be *whipp'd* publicly, and kept to *hard Labour* in the *House of Correction*, or common *Gaol*, during such Time as they in their Discretion shall think meet. And in Case, any Person so committed, shall, before the Time expires, voluntarily *break out* and make an *Escape* from the said *House of Correction*, or common *Gaol*, he or she shall be guilty of *Felony*, and suffer as a *Felon*.

IF the Power given by the 43d ELIZ. was as honestly employ'd in the *Application*, as it is constantly made Use of for the *raising of Money*: If Houses were purchased

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or hired for the *Poor* of every *Parish*, not only to *live* but to *work* in: If the *Manufactures* proper for every *Place* and *Country* were fix'd and establish'd therein, and likewise *honestly* manag'd: And if the *Magistrate* would exercise his *Authority* upon such as are *vicious* and *idle*, I am apt to think, the *real* and *true* *Objects* of *Charity* would cost the *Nation* but little to maintain; and *Crimes* would of Course diminish in Proportion as the *Laws* should be *animated* by those from whom they ought to receive their Strength and Vigour.

\* \*



*Ita comparatum esse naturam omnium,  
Aliena ut melius videant & dijudicent,  
Quam sua* —————

Terent.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

SINCE the Publication of my *Scheme* for promoting *Matrimony*, by honouring and rewarding those that enter into it, and requiring from *perverse Bachelors* certain *Fines* and *Services*, according to the laudable Practice of the wisest and most potent Nations, I have receiv'd innumerable *Letters*, fill'd with Common-place *Invectives* against the *Fair Sex*; loudly charging them with *Pride*, *Affectation*, *Inconstancy*, *Diffimulation*, *Ignorance*, *Impertinence*, *Extravagance*, and a great many other *Failings*; which are heap'd together as Reasons against marrying. But, methinks, it is no more equitable, to impute the Faults of *some*, to *Womankind* in general, than it would be to raise an Outcry against *all* the *Men*, because a few of them happen to be *Rakes*, *Fools*, and *Coxcombs*.

FOR my own Part, I am persuaded, that most of the *Mistakes* amongst the *Women*, are rather owing to *Education*, and the *bad Example* of the *Men*, than to any *ill Disposition* or *Depravity* of *Mind*; and that it is very  
easy

easy to set them right, by *informing* their *Judgment*, and treating them with a decent *Respect* and *Tenderness*. They are *naturally* good-natur'd, generous, and sincere; of a *Temper* gentle, courteous, and complying; in *Capacity*, whenever they employ it, not unequal to that Sex which boasts the most; in *Wit*, more refined and spirited than *Men*: Quick to *think*, and ready to *express* their Meaning; having a *Fluency* of *Eloquence* beyond the Reach of *Art*, and speaking in a much easier and better *Stile* than can possibly be attain'd by Study. There is somewhat inexpressibly *delicate* and *elegant* in their *Conversation*, which softens and wears off the *Ruggedness* of the *Men*, and so remarkably *improves* them, that one immediately may *distinguish* such as have been accusom'd to the *Company* of *Women*; without which, Nobody was ever yet *polite* and *well-bred*. In short, notwithstanding all that can be urged against them, they have certainly much greater *Honour*, *Sincerity*, *Humanity*, and *Piety*; more *Virtues* and fewer *Vices* than their Accusers.—This, I think a sufficient Answer to all the *Stale Reflections* upon the *Sex* in general; only adding, that when *Men* grow better, I make no Doubt the *Women* will do so too.

BUT there's another Sort of Folks that load me with Reproaches, for imposing *Hardships*, as they are pleased to call them, on the *Batchelors*, (meaning, to be sure, themselves,) and being partial on the *Women's* Side; by whom (as they make no Difficulty of declaring,) they suppose I have been *brib'd*.—These *Gentlemen* may fancy what they think fit, whilst I am conscious to myself, that nothing else has influenced me in this Affair, but a warm Desire to restore my *Country's* Glory, promote the general Happiness of my *Fellow Subjects*, and provide a *due Increase of People*, for Ages yet to come; and, angry as they are, even themselves would thank me, could they possibly conceive, how much happier the *State* I am recommending to them is, than what they are in at present. But, lest my Authority should be objected to, in this Case, I will present to their View the *Picture* of their *Condition*, as it is finely drawn by Dr. YOUNG, in his *Estimate of Human Life*.

THE *State of Celibacy*, unless it can work out an artificial Happiness for the Absence of Evils, which



requires a peculiar Strength of Mind, is a *desart, melancholy*, and *disconsolate State*. At the *Maturity of Life*, tender *Affections* awake in the Heart, which demand their proper *Objects*, and pine for the Want of them. In this *State of Celibacy*, they must either be extinguish'd, or continued without Gratification:— The *first* is a great Violence to *Nature*, the *second* her lasting Pain; and a Pain of that Kind, which furnish'd the *Platonists* with their principal Idea of *Hell*. Our *Paternal Affections* must be drawn off, like a Mother's *Milk*, or they will corrupt, and turn to Disease.

*HUSBAND* and *Father* are the Titles of Honour which *Nature* dispenses, and endows them with greater Pleasure than any Titles which *Fortune* can confer. They that resist the Impulses of *Nature*, are resisted by her in their *new Schemes* of Enjoyment; and *Nature* is a powerful Adversary. He that has *Children* multiplies himself, and gives Happiness many Channels by which to flow in upon him. Letting the Heart stream out in Tenderness on its proper *Objects*, as it is the greatest *Duty*, so it is the greatest *Blessing* of Life. To have no one, to whom we heartily wish well, and for whom we are warmly concern'd, is a *deplorable State*.—It may be said, that *Wisdom* will provide us with such *Objects* in every Condition: It may; but it would cost us less Pains, if we suffer'd *Nature* to ease her of that Trouble.



THE *Petition* under-written, is sign'd by so many Hands, that to pass it over would be charged upon me as great Injustice, and therefore, without any farther Preface, I make a Present of it to the Publick.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*  
SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

*The humble Petition of the Hon. John Noble, Cornet ; Richard Gent, Ensign ; William Linguist, Clergyman ; Joseph Tincture, Physician ; Richard Plodon, Counsellor at Law ; Philip Squire, Merchant ; Thomas Scribble, Attorney ; Anthony Bauble, Tradesman ; and Humphry Place, Officer ; in Behalf of themselves, and several other Batchelors, Single-Men, and Widowers, whose Names are hereunto subscribed,*

*Sheweth,*

THAT your *Petitioners* look upon themselves to be grievously misrepresented, as Despisers of *Matrimony*, and Enemies to the *Propagation of Mankind*, in a late *Libel* presented to you ; and therefore hope they may have Leave to state their own Case.

THAT your *Petitioners* are no Admirers of a *single Life*, though fatally and unavoidably constrained to continue therein, by the capricious Humour, Disdain, and Cruelty of the *Fair Sex*.

THAT the Hon. *John Noble, Esq;* lately made an Offer of himself in Marriage to Mrs. *Purisy* in his Neighbourhood, who receiv'd him with great Contempt ; and told him rudely, that antient *Pedigrees*, and tatter'd *Eschutcheons*, would purchase neither Food nor Clothes.

THAT your *Petitioner*, Mr. *Richard Gent*, believing himself duly qualified, applied in the best Manner he was able, to one of those rich *Widows*, who were formerly look'd upon as allotted for *younger Brothers* ; but was coldly answer'd, That a graceful Person, and genteel Address, without a Fortune, would, now, by no Means do.

THAT the Rev. Mr. *Linguist* warmly courted his *Patron's* Daughter, hoping by Vows of perpetual Residence and Incumbency, to win the Heart of Miss *Prue*; but she, to his great Mortification and Disappointment, bid him take Mrs. *Nab*, her Mother's *Waiting Woman*, if he pleas'd, who knew how to toss up a second Dish, as well as any Body alive. But Mr. *Linguist* understanding, that she had several Times been thumb'd over by the *Esquire*, her *old Master*, could in no wise thereto consent.

THAT *Joseph Tincture*, M. D. having frequently been sent for to feel Lady *Catharine's* Pulse, and apprehending by the Quickness and Strength thereof, that Love was in the Case; in Consequence of such Opinion, had ventur'd to whisper in her Ear, that a whole *Apothecary's* Shop would be of little Use; but if she pleas'd to put herself under his *Regimen*, he did not question, in a short Time, by a *Nostrum* of his own, he could remove all her Complaints. Notwithstanding which courteous Offer, she forbids his farther Attendance, advising him to take his own *Elixirs*, and cure his *distemper'd Brain*.

THAT *Richard Plodon*, Counsellor at Law, waited upon a certain young *Lady*, and made a Proposal of as much *Parchment-Skin* and *Engrossing-Hand*, as she should think fit to require; but was immediately assured, that dirty *Acres*, not counterfeit *Rent-Rol's*, must be the *Purchase* of her Consent.

THAT *Philip Squire*, Merchant, imagined once he should have carried off Mrs. *Arabella Prude*; but when he found she insisted upon her *Coach* and *visiting Day*, he was afraid to venture.

THAT *Thomas Scribble*, Attorney, had well nigh crept into the Affection of Miss *Hoyden*; but her Father having an unfortunate Antipathy to Law, could not be persuaded to sign, seal, and deliver.

THAT *Anthony Bauble*, Tradesman, might at last have fix'd Mrs. *Filt*, if he would have cheated all his *Creditors*, and have obliged himself by Bond to leave her worth 2000 *l.* more at his Death, than he was ever likely to be possessed of while he liv'd. But what chiefly broke off the Match, was, her declaring that she expected three *Maids* and a *Footman* in a *Livery*; that he should

should by none of his *mean* and *thrifty Arts* disgrace her *Family*, but wear a *Sword* when she gave him Leave to be seen Abroad with her, and spend his Money as freely as my *Lord* her *Cousin*.

THAT your *Petitioner* Mr. *Place* of the Victualling Office, made no Doubt he should prevail upon Mrs. *Coguet*, by the Help of his *Marrow-bones* and other *Fees*; but after much Encouragement, she pertly ask'd him how she must be maintain'd when he was dead?

THAT all your other *Petitioners*, whose Names are hereunto subscribed, have equal Reason to complain of the *Fair Sex*, though for fear of seeming over-tedious, they forbear being particular; but notwithstanding hope they may have Leave to make this farther joint Request, *viz.*

THAT the *Women* may not by any publick *Act*, be *authoriz'd* to *Court*, since they have made so indiscreet a Use of the *Toleration* for some Time past allow'd them.

THAT *Pin-Money* and *Separate Maintenance* be utterly abolish'd.

THAT *Quadrille Tables* be put down.

THAT *Sumptuary Laws* be made, to reduce the *Women* to a decent *Habit*, and reasonable *Expences*, and to determine how far Mrs. *Gage* the Exciseman's Wife may walk on Foot in *London*.

THAT a Stop be put to the *ruinous* Practice of *setting up a Coach* immediately, upon marrying, unless by People of large Estates.

THAT one Shilling in the Pound out of the *Land Tax* be allow'd for securing *Jointures* for their *Wives*, before People are oblig'd to *marry* for the Publick Good.

AND lastly, your *Petitioners* most humbly intreat, that a *Clause* may be inserted in the intended *Act* for promoting Matrimony, to exempt your said *Petitioners* from all the *Penalties* therein, until such Time as the *Women* will be pleased to accept of such *Maintenance* as their Circumstances can afford, and such *Provision* for *Futurity*, as by *Industry* and mutual *Parfimony* may be provided,

*And your Petitioners shall ever pray,*  
*&c. &c.*

\* \* \*





*Singula quæque locum teneant fortita decenter.*

Hor. de Art. Poet.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, *E/q;*

S I R,

**T**HE Complaints against the Age in which we live, are grown so numerous, as to incline some of the best Judges, to attribute many of them, rather to a Desire of appearing singular, than any real Intention of contributing towards an Amendment. I should therefore very unwillingly have augmented the Number of the Querulous, had it not been in Regard to a Case of the utmost Importance to the Publick, in which also I flatter myself I shall advance nothing, but what your Readers will admit to be just.

THE Subject then, both of my Complaint, and of my Letter, shall be our present Want of Taste. Concerning which, I shall (with your Leave,) lay down my Sentiments with as much Clearness, Brevity, and Candour, as I am able. Taste is a metaphorical Term, and is taken for our Capacity, in judging of such Pieces, as we either read in the Closet, or behold upon the Stage. The Signs of a good Taste, are our giving our Approbation to just and fine Sentiments, cloath'd in a corresponding Elegancy of Expression; as it is a certain Evidence of a bad one, our applauding vicious or improper Thoughts, in any Diction whatever.

I SHALL forbear any Remarks on those Writers, who meddle only with the severer Parts of Learning, and confine myself solely to the Poets, as the Authors more immediately under your Consideration; and whose Works, as they are more generally read, are consequently the best understood, by the far greater Part of those who peruse your Papers.

SHAKESPEAR

SHAKESPEAR and *Johnson* were the two first Writers, who gave any Lustre to the Dramatick Performances of our Nation ; and though we have since them, had abundance of Authors in that Way ; yet I believe I shall hardly be contradicted in saying, that there have been very few, who can with any Justice be call'd their Equals, and not so much as one, who can be said to have excell'd them.

THEIR distinguishing Talent consists in having always kept Nature in their View, from whence the Propriety of their Thoughts recommends them to those who read them with Judgment ; and the entring into the Spirit of whatever Character they represent, moves always the Passions of their Auditors, according to the excellent Observation of *Horace*.

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi :*

THE peculiar Excellencies of *Shakespear*, are the marvellous Boldness of his Invention, and the admirable Energy of his Expression. *Johnson's* Perfections on the other Hand, are his prodigious Art in weaving his Plots, and that nice Distinction there is between all his Characters. This Difference lies in them, merely through the one's Want of Knowledge in the *Antients*, and the other's perfect Acquaintance and profound Respect for them ; which is also the sole Occasion of their Mistakes, the former being often irregular, and the latter sometimes too servile an Imitator.

HOWEVER, their Beauties are a great Over-balance for their Blemishes ; and one may always pronounce in Favour of their Writings, without Fear of being thought to have an ill *Taste*. In the Gross of the Dramatick Poets who succeeded them, the more exalted Characters met with a terrible Transformation ; their Monarchs either thundered in tyrannical Bombast, or whin'd forth their amorous Complaints, with a Tenderness below their Rank. In *Comedy* the Alteration was also for the worse, the grand Parts being almost continually a Beau or Debauchee ; in fine, the *Heroes* of that Set of Writers, were most of them *Almanzors*, and  
their

their fine Gentlemen *Dorimants*; the one a Character altogether out of Nature, and the other a Disgrace to it.

THIS naturally leads me to the Mention of the Source of their Errors, which was plainly this, that the Poets of those Days, either through Force or Inclination, comply'd with the prevailing false Taste of Mankind, rather than they would take any Pains to amend it. Mr. *Dryden*, if I am not much mistaken, has almost own'd this in one of his Dedications; and whoever considers the present State of the *Drama*, will readily observe the Consequence of such a Complaisance, *viz.* that the Town and its Authors both will grow daily worse and worse. Till instead of the manly Entertainments of a *Julius* and an *Othello*; the finish'd Workings of a *Volpone*, or an *Alchymist*; our Stages are polluted with the Conjurations of an *Harlequin Faustus*, or rendered yet more ridiculous, from the Feats of a *Tom Thumb*.

THAT the Growth, at least, of this Viciousness of Taste, may be, with the utmost Justice, imputed to the Want either of Courage or Honesty in the Authors of that Time wherein it prevails, I shall put beyond Question, from another Instance I am going to produce, of a certain great Genius, who by a single Performance, placed himself on the Level, at least, with the greatest Authors that went before him, and restor'd at the same Time in his Audience, a true and just Taste for Poetry. Your Readers will readily perceive, I mean the *Cato* of Mr. *Addison*. As that admirable Performance was every Way worthy of its excellent Author, so it drove, like the Sun, all the former Shades of Darkness before it; all who saw it were sensible of its Merit, it met with every where, and from every Body its just Tribute of Applause; nay, it even overcame Political Aversions, and rais'd a Contest between the two Parties, who should commend it most.

BUT *Cato* itself has increased the Evils of the present Time; how many Poetasters have since then infested the World with wild Notions of Liberty and Patriotism! What strange romantick Whims have they had of Freedom, and Independency from Power! As if, as Mr. *Dryden* says,

*They*

*They led their wild Desires to Rocks and Caves  
And thought that all, but Savages, were Slaves.*

AND how justly may it be said of some modern Authors, that while they describe to us their *Heroes*, they are endeavouring to paint a Non-entity, a Thing that never had a Being, or as a late elegant and noble Author expresses it :

*A Faultless Monster, that the World ne'er saw.*

THERE is one Fault, however, among the Writers of the last Age, that has given great Offence to the Critics, which, I must confess, has been totally expunged in this. The Fault I mean, is a Redundancy of Wit : In old Plays we very often find, even their Fools full of Spirit, and their Blockheads breaking Jest : But in modern Productions, you can scarce meet with a Man of Sense in a whole Play. Whether this Alteration is entirely owing to the Loss of Genius in our Playwrights ; or whether the Fops and Coxcombs of our Days, are so utterly abandon'd to Common Sense, as to have nothing left in their Humours entertaining, I leave to the Decision of those who are best able to compare the Copies we have of that Kind, with their Originals.

BUT wherever this Failure lies, certain it is, that we are now sunk so intollerably low in respect of *Taste*, that Things at present draw an Audience of People of Fashion into our *Theatres*, which in the Days of our Fathers and Grandfathers, would have excited the Hisses of Servant Maids and 'Prentices, at every Pupper-Show.

NAY, I am sorry to add further, that there are some Circumstances that almost indicate our being past Cure. We are grown utterly insensible of the most Poignant Strokes of Ridicule, and like as in Persons of a ruined Constitution, the Medicine given to repress the Distemper, adds but Fury to the Disease. When that Scourge of a declining *Taste*, the *Rehearsal* is now acted, how many of the Spectators do we see gaping at the Transactions of the two Kings of *Brentford*, without so much as dreaming that that Performance has any other End ?  
who



who think Prince *Prettyman* a real fine Gentleman, and the doughty *Drawcanfir*, a *Hero* in earnest; in fine, who go away pleas'd with the Absurdities of the Play, and without the least Relish of the finest and most elegant of Satyrs.

THE *Beggars Opera*, and the loud Applause it receiv'd, is yet a nearer and a stronger Instance. What Opinion must a Foreigner entertain of a Nation, who mistake keeping a String of Strumpets for Gallantry, and divert themselves with beholding the Debauches of a publick Robber? I say not this with any Design of reflecting on Mr. *Gay*; I am sensible he intended that Piece, as a Reproof for certain Follies into which the Age had given before: But his Audience, like Children reading *Æsop's Fables*, take themselves up entirely with the *Story*, not so much as letting it enter their Heads, that there is a *Moral*.

IN the Beginning of this Letter, I have called this a Case of real Importance to the Publick; and indeed it is so, in more Respects than one: But to wave any Observations that may wear the Look of Politicks, as, that a Decay of Taste, has been a constant Forerunner in most Nations, of a Decay of Empire, I shall beg Leave to mark only these two Things: First, that in the present Condition of Theatrical Entertainments, the true End of the Stage is almost wholly lost; we go not thither to see Folly expos'd, but to see it acted; whence the Paradox is solved, That the most applauded Pieces for some Years past in our Theatres, have not been the Composition of *Poets*, but of *Dancing-Masters*. And Secondly, that the present Age seem to have lost all Care of Reputation, as well as Virtue, and never reflect how despicable a Figure they must make to Posterity. If there can be yet any Hopes of Amendment, I would begin my Prescriptions by intreating them to remember, That every *ill Paper* that's printed, records its Author for a Block-head, and every mean Performance that's applauded, is a *Libel* of the Audience upon themselves.

*I am yours,*

LL

CRITO.

*Hæc*



*Hæc Studia adolescentiam agunt; senectutem oblectant;  
secundas res ornant; adversis profugium, atque solatium præbent; delectant domi; non impediunt foris;  
pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rustificantur.*

Cicer.

*From my House in the Minorities.*

I Publish the following LETTER for those *bold Wits* who make SCRIPTURE their *standing Jest*:——  
To whom, at present, I shall add no more, but that, in every Country, whatsoever a Man's own *Belief* may be, a decent Respect is owing to the *profess'd religious Faith* and *Worship*; which, to *vilify* or *scoff at*, is a Proof of excessive *Folly*, *Rudeness*, and *Impiety*.

*To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

S I R,

WE have amongst us a certain very ancient *Book* call'd the BIBLE, which is generally allow'd, by all who have read it with Attention, to contain a great deal of *Morality* and *Good Sense*; nay, some, even go so far as to assert, that for *Simplicity* and *Purity of Language*, for *Perspicuity* and *Magnificence of Thought*, and for the Importance and Dignity of the *Matters therein treated of*, it is scarce to be equall'd by any other *Writings* in the World. Yet, however it comes to pass, this *Book* is grown, of late, so strangely out of *Fashion*, or rather, in *Disgrace*, with our *polite People*, that for a Man to make *Quotations* from it, or so much as mention it, unless by Way of *Ridicule*, is look'd upon as a gross Piece of *Impertinence* and *Ill-Breeding*. But, for my own Part, as I was brought up with a high Veneration for this old *Book*,  
and

‘ and find, as yet, no good Reason to alter my Opinion,  
 ‘ notwithstanding the *Force* of *Custom*, and the *Laugh*  
 ‘ that may be rais’d upon me, I shall venture to be *un-*  
 ‘ *fashionable*, and speak a few Words in its Behalf. —  
 ‘ There is, indeed, an *Order of Men* particularly ap-  
 ‘ pointed to *study*, *explain*, and *vindicate* the *Book* I  
 ‘ mention, and to their Honour it must be own’d, that  
 ‘ many of them have perform’d their Part with great  
 ‘ *Learning*, *Judgment*, and *Force of Reasoning*; but,  
 ‘ as their being concern’d in Point of *Interest*, is fre-  
 ‘ quently, by *Prejudice*, objected to what they say, per-  
 ‘ haps the Remonstrances of a *Layman* may obtain a  
 ‘ fairer Hearing.

‘ I shall not enter into the Dispute, whether *all* or  
 ‘ *any* of this *Book* was penn’d by *Inspiration* from on  
 ‘ High; but believe it will be granted by People of any  
 ‘ Judgment, that there is somewhat wonderful and ex-  
 ‘ traordinary in the *Composition* and *Stile* of much the  
 ‘ greatest Part of it, beyond what is found in most other  
 ‘ *Writings*; and that the *Authors*, if not inspir’d, were,  
 ‘ at least, Men of a most sublime, noble, and extensive  
 ‘ *Genius* and *Capacity*; which, to go no farther, is suf-  
 ‘ ficient to demand for it a *respectful* and *civil* Treat-  
 ‘ ment, from all such as would be thought either *Gen-*  
 ‘ *tlemen* or *Scholars*; since, to despise and use it rudely,  
 ‘ or have no Sense of its *Excellencies*, shews certainly  
 ‘ as *bad a Taste*, and no less *Ignorance*, than we should  
 ‘ justly impute to People, that should laugh at, and  
 ‘ make a Jest of *Homer*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Virgil*, *Cicero*,  
 ‘ or any other the most celebrated *Writers*. For, upon  
 ‘ considering its *Use* and *Value* by the same Rules as we  
 ‘ judge of other *Writings*, we shall find, it does not  
 ‘ only abound with the *true Sublime*, as *Longinus*, that  
 ‘ excellent *Critick*, shews; but being the *most ancient*  
 ‘ *Book* we know of in the whole World, is, therefore,  
 ‘ much more likely to afford a reasonable Account of  
 ‘ the *Beginning of Things*, than any written at a greater  
 ‘ Distance from it; and, consequently, upon this Score,  
 ‘ to be esteem’d equal, at least, to any *Historian* what-  
 ‘ soever; since the *Credit* wherewith it has pass’d through  
 ‘ so many Ages down to us, is nothing less than that of  
 ‘ the best establish’d amongst them all. Besides, it is  
 ‘ pretty

pretty evident, that every Body else, who has attempted to give any Relation of the World's Creation, and the Original of its first Inhabitants, the Deluge, and the Peopling of the Earth afterwards, either has borrow'd it from the History of MOSES, as PLATO and OVID in many Cases seem to do, or else forms a Story much more unphilosophical, and fuller of Fables, Difficulties, and Absurdities, than the most inveterate Caviller can pretend to find in this. As to the rest, after informing us, how Mankind became dispers'd, it contains, in particular, (what can no otherwise be obtain'd) a large and exact Account of the Beginning, Increase, and Settlement of the Jewish Nation; the Establishment and Ceremonies of their Religion; their Laws, together with the Form and Manner of their Civil Government, and the several Changes it underwent for upwards of a Thousand Years; which, certainly, is a Piece of History well worth our Notice and Regard, considering what Figure that People made for some Time; that Christianity is built upon, and Mahometanism takes from it, many of its Rites and Ceremonies; so that, without this Account, it is impossible to understand the Reason and Foundation of the One, and from whence many Things in the Other are deriv'd; both which, was it only out of Curiosity, a Man of Taste and Reading, even tho' he should have no Religion, would wish to learn and know. — Herewith is interspers'd much useful History of the Nations round about, the Lives of several Great Men, and the Relation of many remarkable Events, along with which, such Instruction and Advice is given, as, if well heeded, would make us both wise and good; in short, no other Book I know, contains so curious and useful a Variety, deliver'd in the most elevated, pathetic, and expressive Manner.

THUS far have I spoke of the first Part only of what we call the BIBLE; but come now, in Turn, to say somewhat on Behalf also of the New Testament, which, though written later than the former, is not less valuable or extraordinary: — For, therein we find the most sublime and perfect Scheme both of Morality and Religion, that ever has been yet promulgated; teaching



ing Mankind, the most exalted and just *Notions*, and the purest and most spiritual *Adoration* and *Worship* of the *Deity*, and inculcating, towards one another, *Peace*, *Affection*, *Beneficence*, and *universal Charity*:—  
*Love one another, forgive your Enemies, do good to those that use you ill, bless them that curse you*, and such like, are the generous and constant *Precepts* of the *Book* I mention; wherein is likewise given a distinct Account of *JESUS*, the Preacher of these *Doctrines*; how he went about doing Good to all Sorts of People, making the *Deaf* and *Blind* to hear and see, curing the most obstinate *Distempers*, and raising up even the *Dead to Life*: All which, if I may not have Leave to call them *Miracles*, must, at least, be thought very surprizing and uncommon Performances. We are also here inform'd, how he fell, at last, a Sacrifice to the Envy and Malice of the *Jewish Priests*, who loaded him with Contempt and Reproach, and *crucify'd* him as a *Criminal*; though both in his *Life-time*, and at his *Death*, he was a continual *Example* of the *Meekness*, *Benevolence* and *Piety* which he taught to others; praying God to pardon his Destroyers. This tells us farther, how, on the third Day afterwards, was fulfill'd, the *Promise* he had often made as the sure *Sign* and *Proof* of his *Authority* and *Truth*, viz. the *Resurrection* of his own *Body*, attended with an Appearance of *Angels*, and the Consternation and Affright of the *Soldiers* that were placed to watch him; and how he convers'd frequently with his *Disciples* and *Friends*, for the Space of forty Days, at the End of which, he, publickly, ascended up to Heaven, in the Sight of many Witnesses. It goes on to shew, how, shortly after this, his *Disciples*, who were poor illiterate *Fishermen* and such Sort of People, became endued with a Power of curing the most *inveterate Diseases*, by a *Touch* or a *Word* only; and what is still more strange, were, all at once, made able, *instantaneously*, and without any previous *Teaching*, to speak all Kinds of *Languages*; by which, being duly qualify'd for so doing, they dispers'd themselves, as by him they had been before commanded, to instruct all Nations in the *Belief* and *Doctrines* of their *Master*.

‘THESE

‘ THESE are the wonderful Contents of the *New Testament*; whereof there is, at least, as much good Reason to *believe* the *Truth*, as of any other *Facts* whatever that we find in *History*; for the *Writers* were not only *Eye-Witnesses* themselves of what they say, but, likewise, *published* their Accounts, at a Time, when, if they had been false, the *Imposition* must immediately have been *detected*; since Thousands were then living, who had both seen and known their Master JESUS, and were sufficiently acquainted with the *Circumstances* of his Life and Death. Besides, they did not aim at *Honour*, *Wealth*, or *Power*, and consequently could have no worldly Views in spreading *Fables*: To which may be added, that most of them gave up their Lives in *Attestation* of their *Veracity*, and, that a *Forgery* wherein so many were concern’d, could not possibly have been long conceal’d.

‘ ALL this consider’d, must surely make these *Writings* much esteem’d by all People of *Morality*, by all that wish to promote *Humanity*, *Virtue*, and *Piety*, as well as by the *candid Enquirer* after *Knowledge*, (be his Religion what it will) to whom the History of JESUS must appear as valuable as that of the greatest *Legislators* of Antiquity; since the *Laws* of none are so well calculated for the *general Happiness* of *Mankind*, nor did any of them seem vested with such a super-natural *Power* of doing *Good*, if I may have Leave to call it so; to which I shall only add, that as the *establish’d Religion* of our Country is founded on this Belief, that alone, was there no other Reason, would demand for them the utmost Regard and Reverence.

‘ NONE, I think, can charge me with carrying the Point too high, either in *Vindication* of the *Old* or *New Testament*; for, I have only try’d to shew, that in *themselves*, as to the Importance of what they teach, and upon a *Comparison* with other *Writings*, they deserve a great deal of Respect, and must be highly valued by all Persons of *Virtue*, *Taste*, or *Learning*. — I could have said Abundance more in their Behalf, as there is much good Reason to believe they deliver to us the *Commands* and *Will* of GOD, both as to our *Faith* and *Practice*; but as that Matter has  
‘ been

‘ been so often and so well argued by *others*, I shall not  
 ‘ introduce it here. And, besides, many of the People  
 ‘ I am desirous to convince, have taken such an extrava-  
 ‘ gant Antipathy to the Word *Revelation*, that I dare  
 ‘ not insist on it, for fear of making them throw aside  
 ‘ your *Paper*; whereas, I hope, that by recommending  
 ‘ them in the Manner I have done, as containing a great  
 ‘ deal of curious and useful *Knowledge*, they may be  
 ‘ persuaded to *peruse* and *examine* them without *Preju-*  
 ‘ *dice*; which, I am sure, is all that’s needful to make  
 ‘ such as have any Judgment think them a very *impro-*  
 ‘ *per* Subject for Contempt and Ridicule.

‘ A S the above Discourse has nothing at all to do  
 ‘ with the *Religious Disputes* amongst us, but is only  
 ‘ a *critical Enquiry* into the real Worth of a *Book* which  
 ‘ Men of Learning must set some Value on, I presume  
 ‘ it is in no wise unsuitable to the Design of your *Paper*  
 ‘ to present it to the *Publick*, and by doing so you will  
 ‘ highly oblige, Sir,

*Your most humble Servant*



CRITICUS.



*Natura sat omnibus dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.*

*From my House in the Minories.*

**T**O be easy in all Stations of Life, is in every  
 Man’s Power, if he would but befriend himself.  
 The many Misfortunes we hear daily complain’d  
 of, for the most part arise from our own Impatience, or  
 extended Views, if not from our Follies. Would every  
 Man in narrow Circumstances be subservient to Reason,  
 ’tis possible, nay, ’tis certain, he would greatly alleviate  
 the Burthen he so loudly complains of. We ought,  
 (which is seldom done) before we complain of our Lot,  
 to

to examine well into our Behaviour, to sit in the Tribunal of our Consciences impartial Judges of our Conduct, and condemn or acquit ourselves, as we would another.

IF this was done, I am of Opinion, more would lay their Misfortunes to their Indolence, Vanity, and Credulity, than now do, and we should hear fewer Exclamations against the Stars, &c. We should find those who are now ready to revolt against Heaven, humbly acknowledging its Mercies, and thankful they are not still more depressed: I won't say miserable, since no Man can be so, who looks up to the Almighty, trusts in him, submissively bows under the Afflictions his Creator lays upon him, and blesses that Hand which holds the Scourge.

WOULD we look upon ourselves as we really are, and upon that tremendous *Ens Entium* who has given us Being, with a just Reflection on his Attributes, it would assist us vastly in the Governing our Passions, we should have a thorough Contempt of this Life, and be easy and contented in every Circumstance.

I KNOW a Gentleman, who, by his Resignation to the Divine Will, is the most happy Man living; he is cheerful, nay, he is a facetious Companion, from this one Reflection, *He who made the World, best knows how to govern it*: He was born to and enjoy'd a plentiful Fortune, 'till stripped thereof by private Villanies and publick Calamities. To give his Character: He's one of your very rich Men, not worth a Groat, who avoids the World, as much as the thoughtless Part of it shun his Acquaintance; who is little known, and much esteemed; *who having nothing, yet possesses all Things*; who is become exceeding happy, by what would make many others extremely miserable; and whose Hopes always rise in Proportion to his Misfortunes; who never has a Wish ungratified, as he thinks that best which Providence has willed; is thankful for what Mercies he receives, and humble under Chastisement. In a Word, he is despised by the World for his Poverty, and pities the World for its Weakness; is humane and compassionate, always ready to excuse the Follies or Errors of others, by throwing the Fault on the Imperfection of our Nature; is a Friend to Mankind, and an Enemy to nothing but



but Vice; is a Religious Layman, and an Anchorite in the midst of a populous City.

HE is now at a Friend's House in the Country, where he commonly passes this Season: In the Winter I have often the Pleasure of seeing him, and never made him a Visit, but I came away both pleased and instructed. Last *February* I found him, in a very cold Day, with no Fire; he, without Ceremony confessed the Reason, and added, that could his Penury be attributed to his Vice or Folly, he should have been ashamed to have owned, and perhaps have cloaked the real Cause with a fictitious Reason. I told him, I was sorry a Man of his Merit should, by his Misfortunes, be drove to so great Streights: He replied, ' And I am sorry a Man of your reputed  
' good Sense, should pretend to set Rules to Omniscience  
' in the Government of the World, and should make  
' Use of Terms without Ideas. Take this for a Maxim,  
' the Almighty has no Delight in the Misery of his  
' Creatures; and therefore, whatever we suffer here, is  
' either to prevent a severer Punishment, or to fit us for  
' greater Blessings; either Way it is for our Advantage.  
' We are so short-sighted, we know not how to distinguish,  
' and often take the greatest Blessings for Curses,  
' and the heaviest Curses for Blessings. We are like Mariners,  
' who, by fair Winds, might run into the Way of  
' Pirates, but by those contrary to their Wishes, reach  
' their Port in Safety. The Ways of Providence are  
' inscrutable, they are not to be inquired into; and, if  
' we think them grievous, the only Way to prove them  
' otherwise, is to submit to God's Decrees with an entire  
' Resignation; a contrary Procedure will not alleviate  
' but increase the Burthen. Let a Man endeavour to  
' extricate himself from the Pressures he labours under  
' by indirect Means, (as many have done) and he'll find  
' himself in the Condition of *Æsop's* Ass, which was  
' laden with Salt, and proving Water lighten'd his Burthen,  
' constantly laid him down at the crossing a River;  
' the Master therefore loaded him with Sand, and the  
' Ass pursuing the same Method, so far encreased his  
' Burthen, that it broke his Back. As to what I said  
' of your employing Words which had no Ideas, I beg  
' you would tell me what you mean by Misfortunes?

' You

‘ You must certainly know, that Chance, Misfortune,  
 ‘ good or bad Luck, are Words without a Meaning, or  
 ‘ they signify the Direction and Will of Providence. If  
 ‘ you have no Meaning when you make Use of them,  
 ‘ why then you tell me you are sorry for nothing; if  
 ‘ you have a Meaning, ’tis impious; for ’tis thinking  
 ‘ the Source of Mercy cruel. Therefore, as I have a  
 ‘ better Opinion of you, I take these to be Words of  
 ‘ Course.’ I told him I was glad to see him bear the  
 ‘ Inflictions of Providence (not to make Use of the Word  
 ‘ Misfortune) with so much Philosophy. ‘ I have already  
 ‘ said, *reply’d my Friend*, that we are not able to di-  
 ‘ stinguish between the Scourge and the Blessing; had  
 ‘ my Fortune been continued to me, I had (perhaps) been  
 ‘ wretched; as to what you call Philosophy, it is no  
 ‘ more than every reasonable and thinking Man may be  
 ‘ Master of: Who depends on Providence, can never  
 ‘ want a Support; and sure ’tis not difficult to bring  
 ‘ ourselves to a Belief in the very Fountain of Truth;  
 ‘ especially when we consider, that our Distrust can be  
 ‘ of no Service. But let us say that we are entirely neg-  
 ‘ lected by him, and that all our Endeavours for Support  
 ‘ prove fruitless; who considers the Time he has to suffer  
 ‘ in such Circumstances is inconsiderable; and that Death  
 ‘ (which all must submit to) will infallibly relieve him,  
 ‘ and either lay him eternally to sleep, (which no Chri-  
 ‘ stian can believe) or be his Passport to a better Life,  
 ‘ will, by this Reflection only, find his Constancy sup-  
 ‘ ported, and the Door shut against all repining.

*We’re all but Actors on the World’s great Stage,  
 Some play without, some with an Equipage:  
 Death drops the Curtain, and the Farce is o’er,  
 And all Distinctions cease ’twixt Rich and Poor.*

‘ THE Pleasures and Miseries of Life are equally con-  
 ‘ temprible to him, who reflects on the Shortness of its  
 ‘ Duration. *Solomon’s Wisdom, Alexander’s Success, Cæ-*  
 ‘ *sar’s Courage, Cræsus’s Riches*, could not prolong their  
 ‘ Days; and if the Rich and Great have in the Time  
 ‘ they live, the Upperhand of the Wretched and Despised;  
 ‘ in the Article of Death, the latter has greatly the Ad-  
 ‘ vantage,

‘ vantage, as he esteems it the Period of his Misery, the  
 ‘ former the End of his Happiness; the one dreads, the  
 ‘ other courts the Separation; Death to the one is the  
 ‘ King of Terrors, to the other a friendly Deliverer.’  
 He said this with a Chearfulness and visible Pleasure,  
 which greatly affected me, and rais’d a thorough Con-  
 tempt of myself; for his Life differs in nothing from his  
 Discourses.

I NEVER had the Pleasure to know but one other  
 Gentleman so entirely resign’d to, and dependent on the  
 Will of Providence, who has not been long dead: What-  
 ever Accident happened to him, he not only said, but  
 thought ’twas all for the better: I shall only give one  
 Instance of this Gentleman’s Constancy; he was coming  
 from *Ireland* to *England*, and going into the Packet-Boat,  
 the Ent’ring-Rope broke, he fell into the Pinnace, and  
 shatter’d his Leg. *Well!* said the honest Gentleman, *it’s*  
*all for the better*, (his constant Expression, as I have al-  
 ready said) his Friends ask’d him, how he could think  
 breaking his Leg, the Loss of his Voyage, which might  
 be follow’d by that of a Suit in Chancery he was going to  
 attend, could be for the better? *Providence*, replied he,  
*knows best. I am still of Opinion ’tis for the better.* He  
 was carried back; the Packet-Boat failed, foundered in  
 her Passage, and but one Man was saved.

*The End of the Second Volume.*


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